

PHOTOPLAY

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Movie MIRROR

JULY



DOROTHY LAMOUR
BY PAUL NESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
FULL-COLOR PORTRAITS OF IRENE DUNNE, RAY MILLAND, TYRONE POWER



"Camels are milder than any other cigarette I've ever smoked!"

MRS. ALEXANDER HIXON
Pasadena, California

MRS. HIXON, whose husband is in the Army, takes a deep interest in United States defense work and social welfare movements. For relaxation, she rides... plays golf... studies modern art. Working or playing, young Mrs. Hixon finds a lot of pleasure in smoking Camels.

"Less nicotine in the smoke means a milder smoke," says Mrs. Hixon. "So Camels are my favorite. Mild as can be—really gentle to my throat—and full of marvelous flavor! I simply *never* tire of smoking Camels."

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

A few of the many other distinguished women who, like Mrs. Hixon, "enjoy Camel's marvelous flavor"

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., *Maryland*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. John Hylan Heminway, *New York*
Mrs. Brooks Howard, *Baltimore*
Mrs. Edward M. McIlvain, Jr., *New York*
Miss Polly Peabody, *New York*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

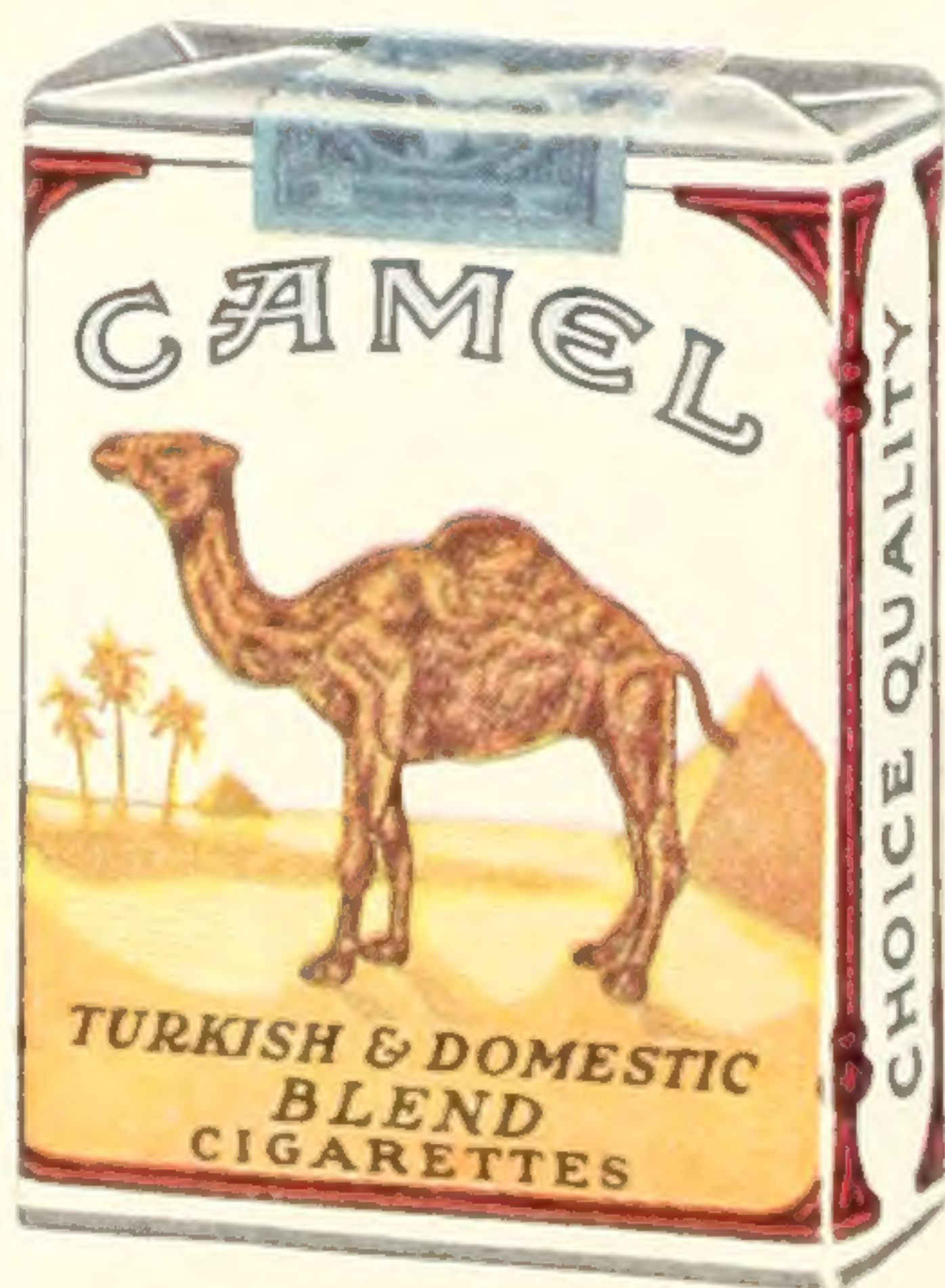
BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

The Smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR and

28% Less Nicotine

than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*



LIGHT UP A CAMEL and see what it's like to smoke the slower-burning cigarette—the cigarette that gives you *less nicotine in the smoke*, the cigarette that gives you *real mildness*. Yes, according to independent scientific tests, the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine! (*See statement above.*) Whether you smoke quite often, or just occasionally, it's nice to know that with Camel cigarettes—so grand-tasting and full of flavor—you get less nicotine per puff. Extra mildness from the first puff through the last! Extra flavor, too! Buy Camels by the carton—the thrifty way!

Camel— *The cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*



A lesson in Kissing Technique



LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.
DR. HENRY GIBBONS

*What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.*
ROBERT HERRICK

*A kiss, when all is said, what is it?
... a rosy dot
Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.*
EDMOND ROSTAND

*The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon,
but its echo lasts a great deal longer.*
O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do.
GEORGE MEREDITH

*Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first
invented kissing.*
SWIFT

*And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.*
H. H. BOYESEN

*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.*
LEIGH HUNT

*A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.*
TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by
Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember . . . nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love . . . yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic con-

ditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

"P.S." TO MEN: Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

Folks, take a friendly tip. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your proboscis clean. Billy the Kid is dustin' into town!



His real name? William Bonney. He's quick on the draw. Shoots with his left hand. Can hit a wart on a lizard. Asks questions later. He's Wanted for Murder!

Garbed in black—to match "Hassie", his horse—Billy the Kid will lift you out of your seats with his ways and means. He's a one-man prosecutor and a one-man court. He's a menace. And handsome as Bob Taylor.

M-G-M's "Billy the Kid" is a "Western" true enough. But you gotta use those words "saga" and "epic". Real galloping tintypes and buckets of blood.

Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peachbloom of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northerns" with their relentless manggetters, your "Southerns" with their crinoline coyness—

But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a really great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

It's another
big hit from

Lea

The

Kid



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY combined with movie MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor
HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor
JULY, 1941
VOL. 19, NO. 2

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COVER: Dorothy Lamour, in Jantzen Swim Suit, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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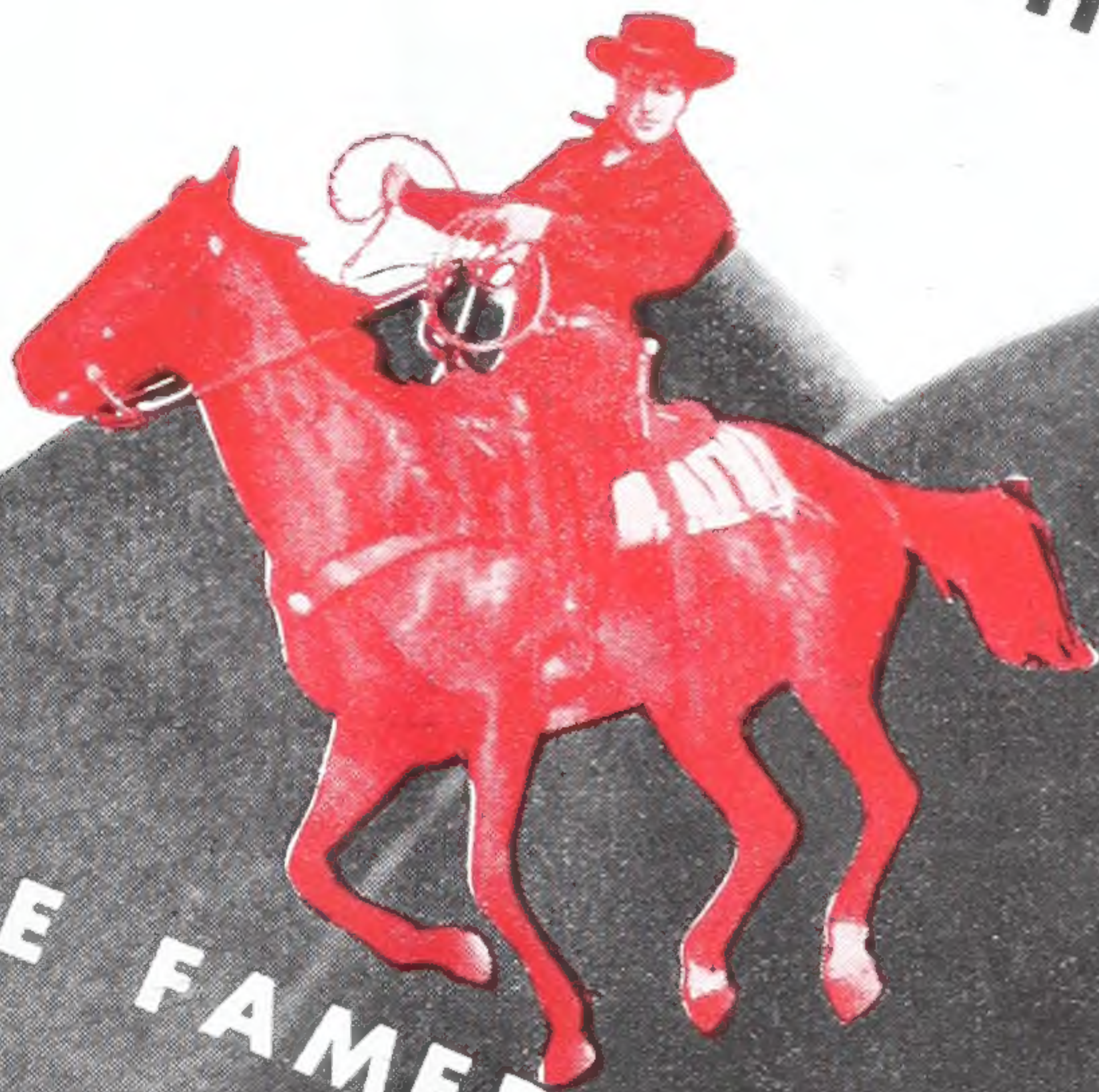
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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

● M-G-M's GREAT OUTDOOR THRILL-DRAMA...



● BIGGEST SINCE FAMED "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"



ROBERT TAYLOR as BILLY THE KID (IN TECHNICOLOR)



ROBERT TAYLOR as BILLY THE KID (IN TECHNICOLOR)

with BRIAN DONLEVY • Ian Hunter • Mary Howard • Gene Lockhart • Lon Chaney, Jr.
Screen Play by Gene Fowler • Directed by David Miller • Produced by Irving Asher • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

JULY, 1941



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

INCOME
TAX

Evidence of new aims:
Hedy Lamarr. . . .



. . . Harold Lloyd, who
took a gamble . . .



. . . Carmen Miranda,
the latest crush



BY RUTH WATERBURY

DESPITE the blessedness of our climate and the sheer distance separating us from the outer world and therefore from the worst of the war nerves . . . Hollywood is being affected by today's history-in-the making . . . is changing its pattern . . . but typically . . . with the rest of the world tending more and more toward mass movements . . . mass thoughts . . . mass reactions . . . Hollywood is doing quite the opposite . . . with every passing fear-wracked month . . . Hollywood is becoming more strongly individualistic . . . more free from its own peculiar laws . . . and much more alive and interesting. . . .

The most powerful force at work (if you exclude the European war) . . . the force that is making this change is the income tax . . . the income tax has been a Hollywood headache for years but up until now . . . it hasn't meant much more to our stellar darlings than not getting an extra mink coat or an extra car . . . this year, however, it was so really tough on big incomes that its inroads have been dictating a fundamental change in the whole Hollywood attitude. . . .

As for instance . . . in one stellar family that I know (I cannot reveal their names since these facts which I have checked and found to be true were told to me in confidence) . . . this year's income tax ate up exactly half of the couple's joint earnings. . . . In this household both the husband and wife are stars . . . and big ones . . . but the income tax for 1940 left them financially in exactly the same spot that they would have been if one or the other of them had not worked. . . .

This couple on March 15 did no more than the normal amount of grumbling that all of us do who shell out anywhere from a dollar to a

thousand for the same reason . . . this pair are deeply patriotic Americans and like all of us they are not only willing but tremendously glad to do anything and everything they can to help win this battle for freedom which we are all fighting in our own way . . . nevertheless, merely as two individuals, they began wondering if they were not to keep the wealth they were earning . . . if it was wise to work as hard as they had been doing . . . they love their work . . . they are keenly ambitious and spectacularly successful . . . but they began to examine their future plans more closely . . . if they couldn't pile up wealth and security for themselves, what could they accumulate?

They decided they could take today's happiness . . . just this day of living as completely and as satisfactorily as possible . . . to be followed by the same routine the day after and the day after that . . . they knew they couldn't do that by being entirely idle . . . but they knew they couldn't do it, either, by working continually, which was about what they have done up until now . . . the result of it all is that they have rearranged their studio schedules . . . one of them will work only when the other does (they don't work together, being under contract to different firms) . . . if this means losing a few roles . . . taking a few lay-

offs . . . they don't care . . . they are going to have their leisure together . . . their life together. . . .

Now this attitude . . . which is the attitude of all married lovers outside of Hollywood . . . has never been the Hollywood one . . . in Hollywood careers have definitely come first . . . and almost without exception the word "career" out here has really meant "money". . . .

Today "career" doesn't mean "money" any longer in Hollywood . . . today it may mean "art" . . . it may mean "fun" . . . it may mean "satisfaction" . . . but "money" . . . No. . . .

Consider Hedy Lamarr . . . a glorious consideration at any time . . . recently Hedy turned down a role at Metro and went on suspension . . . that is, was taken off the pay roll . . . she didn't go off the pay roll because she has suddenly turned arty or temperamental . . . she went off the pay roll simply because she was tired . . . she had gone steadily from picture to picture in the last year . . . but when this newest production came up . . . it was spring in Hollywood, which is the most vivid, most exaggerated, most seductive springtime you ever experienced . . . Hedy had a new house inhabited by her adored baby . . . she wanted to enjoy the spring, the house, the baby altogether . . . money (Continued on page 6)

BLONDE BOMBER

...(America's new-
est glamour girl,
VERONICA LAKE)
raids the hearts of
four flying aces ...

Paramount Producer
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Jr.
and Paramount Director
MITCHELL LEISEN
who created "Arise, My
Love," set this daring
story of tangled loves
against the roaring back-
ground of America's
great flying legion to
give you the biggest and
the best of all air pictures.

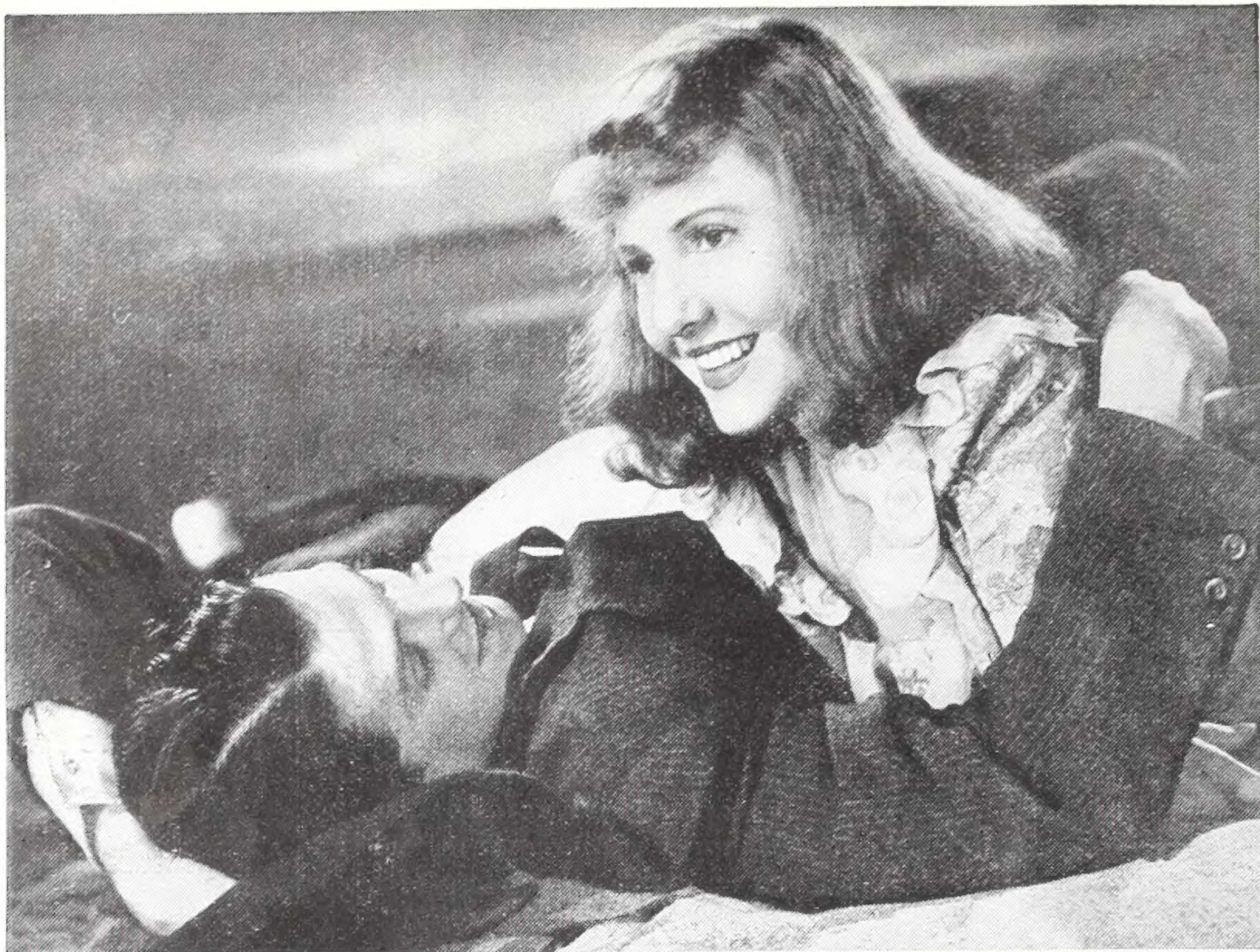


RAY WILLIAM WAYNE BRIAN
MILLAND · HOLDEN · MORRIS · DONLEVY

with CONSTANCE MOORE · VERONICA LAKE · HARRY DAVENPORT

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Tailored to size: "The Devil and Miss Jones," with Jean Arthur and Robert Cummings, is a measure-to-fit film for Miss Arthur, who plays a shop clerk in love with Robert Cummings, the radically minded head of the shoe department. The outcome: Outsize laughs

(Continued from page 4)

and career got silly weighed against the loss of those things . . . so Hedy braved the studio's wrath . . . did a little economizing . . . and took the layoff . . . confidentially, the studio wasn't really angry . . . it, too, understood. . . .

EVEN love is being helped by this new appreciation of leisure . . . it's doubtful . . . for all their young infatuation with one another . . . if Nancy Kelly and Edmond O'Brien, for example . . . would have married this spring if there hadn't been this new attitude about happiness around the town. . . .

They probably would have thought of "careers" . . . believed those stories that it is better for young picture people not to be tied down . . . but this year they gave love its chance . . . and eloped . . . and really you could light up a whole city with the beam on their faces these days. . . .

I think, too, it's this kind of reasoning that is behind Hollywood's current crush on Carmen Miranda . . . the place could eat Carmen off a spoon . . . it's that fond of her . . . the real reason is that she is at once so sweet and so amusing . . . I know that adjective "sweet" is one that makes most women boil . . . it sounds sticky and old-fashioned . . . and the Brazilian bombshell is explosive, exotic, vivacious and everything that is not old-fashioned and sticky . . . but I still insist that she is "sweet" . . . there is more warmth in her smile . . . more friendliness in her hand-

clasp . . . more genuinely "from the heart" friendliness about her . . . than in any star discovered in ages . . . with the result that when she is filming a scene . . . the set is packed with everybody in the studio . . . when she appears for charity in our local night clubs . . . and she appears all the time for charity . . . you can only secure tables from which to watch her at the most fabulous prices. . . .

Yet all these effects on individuals in Hollywood would have no effect upon Hollywood itself . . . if they didn't in turn . . . affect production here . . . after all, as much as we all of us in the town like to forget it . . . it's still true that all that counts out of this place is what gets into the finished cans of film and is shipped out to the world . . . but production is being effected . . . and affected. . . .

THE fact that today, on big incomes you come out about the same if you lose money rather than make it . . . is encouraging experimentation . . . darned if the producers aren't tending more and more to make pictures just for the fun of it . . . or for the self-expression. . . .

There's Preston Sturges at Paramount Studio having a wonderful time (and giving it to us, too) having his own way. . . .

There's Harold Lloyd, retired from acting, unable to invest his gigantic fortune in anything safe . . . taking a gamble and producing the delightfully zany "A Guy, A Girl

And A Gob" . . . which is no masterpiece, no solemn treatise, but a lot of laughs . . . and what do we want more than a lot of laughs these days . . . there are Frank Ross and Norman Krasna . . . the former, Jean Arthur's energetic, intelligent husband . . . the latter, one of Hollywood's cleverest writers . . . these two pooled resources and produced the larksome, delightful "The Devil and Miss Jones" . . . which could equally well be called "To Jean, With Love" . . . so flatteringly, perfectly and charmingly has it been tailored to fit Jean's individual talents (Jean returns the compliment by giving her most enchanting performance masterly seconded by Charles Coburn who plays a very rich man, who, by way of pleasing novelty, is also a wise and kind man). . . . On the other hand . . . there is an actor like Fredric March who last year could have played seven pictures at \$100,000 each but who turned down all but two of them . . . "Victory" and "So Ends Our Night" . . . neither of which turned out to be a box-office hit but which still were no reflection on Freddie's judgment that their stories had deeper than average values . . . and finally, there is Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" the greatest experiment of them all . . . this is definitely one of the most provocative, most original, most compelling pictures ever made . . . I do not guarantee that you will like it . . . but it is excitingly the product of today's Hollywood mood . . . of experiencing and experimenting . . . to get as much out of every day as possible . . . since today is more important than any "today" that has ever dawned, since we cannot foresee what "tomorrow" may mean for any one of us. . . .



Actor who can look down his nose at \$500,000: Fredric March, who forgets about dollars and uses his own sense in choosing the roles he will portray on the screen

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

GREAT NEWS!

"MILLION DOLLAR BABY"

will be shown
immediately!

Hollywood fell head over
heels for this wonderful
story of a girl who falls
into a million dollars!

(You should read those preview raves!)

It's so good, and so gay,
and so lovable that
theatres wouldn't wait a
single moment to play
it for you! Watch for it
and don't dare miss it!

*It stars, in their
very best roles ever . . .*

PRISCILLA LANE
JEFFREY LYNN
RONALD REAGAN

MAY ROBSON • LEE PATRICK
Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT

Screen Play by Casey Robinson, Richard Macaulay and
Jerry Wald • From a Story by Leonard Spigelgass

A NEW WARNER BROS. HIT



BOWLING
'EM OVER

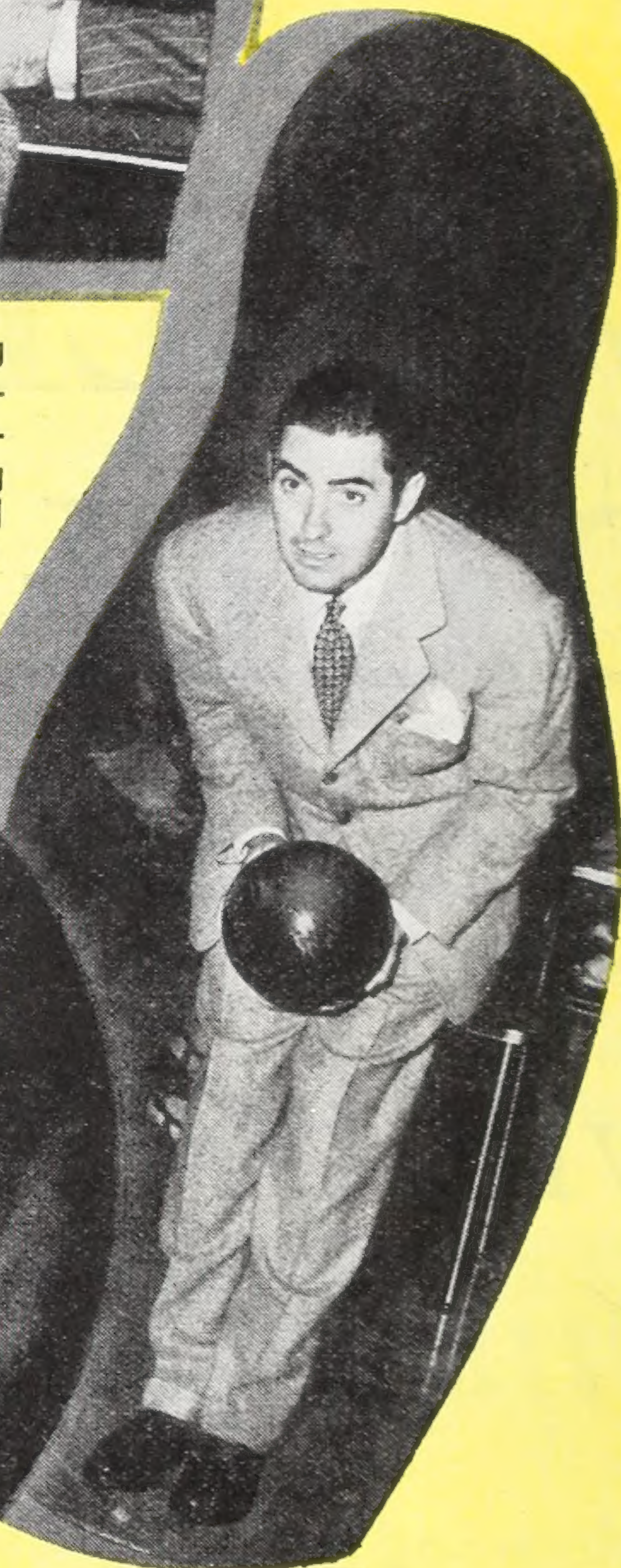


Below: Power in position. Ty was head of a team as were Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Olivia de Havilland, Paulette Goddard, Reginald Gardiner

Charity with a broad "a": A bowling party for Bundles for Britain. Front-row turnout by reason of birth interests: Herbert Marshall, who's saying "Ah" with a British accent; Ronald Colman, pointing prettily; Cary Grant, dreaming of Barbara Hutton

Concentration on pins (both kinds): Ida Lupino, who cuts a pretty figure at any bowling-alley party

INSIDE STUFF



PARTIES — Events — Excursions! Bowling! The sport of the hour in Hollywood! And maybe you think mobs of people didn't turn out for that bowling tournament given for the "Bundles for Britain" benefit.

Practically every British star and many who weren't British sponsored a team and the excitement ran high with the Ronald Colman team, the Cary Grant, Olivia de Havilland, Tyrone Power, Paulette Goddard

and Reginald Gardiner teams racing neck and neck to a finish.

The onlookers were welcome and could ask for all the autographs they desired if they produced a program of events to be autographed. And with programs selling at fifty cents, all of which went to the cause, a grand sum plus a grand time was accumulated.

Hollywood was busy with fun and entertainment this month with one

event crowding another. M-G-M's luncheon (see picture on page 18) for Father Flanagan of Boys Town fame started off the activities with the studio's beautiful dining room crowded with stars and visitors who came to pay honor to the Father of Boys Town.

Rosalind Russell in smart chapeau, and Norma Shearer, with the busy Mickey Rooney buzzing about, were the center of attraction. Lana



Left: Anna Lee keeps her eye on the ball, lends an ear to Bart Marshall. Mr. Colman points (again!). Binnie Barnes and Livvie de Havilland just look pretty and listen

If you're smart enough to read between the lines, you'll find here a top-notch tip-off on some private doings

Above: Limbering-up act by Paulette Goddard who wore black shorts, white blouse and an intense expression

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

A-I catches of autograph hounds were Gary Cooper, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Sandra Cooper. Onlookers could get any fifty-cent program autographed

Turner, glorious in her Ziegfeld costume, and Ann Sothorn as just Annie, listened with rapt attention to the amazing voice of newcomer Kathryn Grayson.

"I'm looking this soulful because I'm about to be murdered," Donald Crisp told us from across the table.

"By whom?" Cal gasped, wide-eyed. "By Spencer Tracy over there," he chuckled. We glanced over at Spence, spiritually at peace

in his robes as the priest of Boys Town. "We're going to do the scene in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' this afternoon, where Spencer as Mr. Hyde goes berserk," Donald said. "I hope he makes my death as painless as possible."

Enchanting place, this Hollywood. An old-fashioned ice cream social right in the midst of Hollywood was next on the program with Ty Power, resplendent as a Gay Nineties blade,

dishing out the ice cream. The party was held in Susan Hayward's own ice-cream store on Santa Monica Boulevard and proved a riot, with hostess Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) and guests spinning the bottle like village cut-ups.

Jane Withers capped the climax of good times with a circus party for the younger set. How those kids did celebrate! Clowns, bearded ladies, ringmasters and bareback riders

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Two excited see-all tourists at the party were Joan Blondell's Ellen and Norman Powell. The 100-pound cake was cut by Jane Withers and Gloria Jean



Scene of a super party for the Quiz Kids was Disney's studio. Above are Quiz Kids Joan Bishop, Cynthia Clive, Richard Williams, Gerard Darrow, Jack Lucal and Claude Brenner with Jane Withers (right, back row)

Featured attractions — besides the cake — were models of Disney characters. Right: Gerard Darrow with Clarence Nash, the voice of Donald Duck



packed the grounds and lobby of the beautiful Beverly Hills Hotel.

Jane was a beautiful little hostess with Freddie Bartholomew (Was that long underwear, Freddie?), Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, Joe Brown Jr. and others having the time of their lives. And guess who won the jitterbug contest? None other than Virginia Weidler and Larry Nunn.

By the time Deanna Durbin's beautiful wedding to Vaughn Paul rolled around, the town was keyed up for a grand finale. The event didn't disappoint.

No more beautiful bride ever breathed than Deanna who walked, like a flower herself, to the altar with Vaughn.

Yes, it was a big month in Hollywood and, as you can see by Hymie's pictures, we didn't miss a single trick.

Thisa and Thata: Sweaters are no longer being worn, on the screen, by our Hollywood beauties. The Hays office says they are—er—naughty.

The town is still in hysterics over Gable's gift to wife Carole Lombard on their second wedding anniversary. When Carole, all atwitter with excite-

ment, opened the gorgeously wrapped box, there lay the darndest set of calico panties, brassiere and petticoat you've ever laid your eyes on. Clark took that "calico for the second year" edict literally and had a studio dress-maker whip up the ruffled numbers. Carole is now trying to think up a comeback gag.

And speaking of fashions—well, weren't we?—Joan Crawford's adopted baby, Christina, wears pinafores upon which are embroidered "God Bless America, Mommy and Me."

And speaking of Joan, the instant "A Woman's Face" was completed, the star, with her baby, embarked for New York for another six-months stay. Joan's true love lives in the big town. God bless Joan, New York and Romance.

For Wives and Maybe Husbands, Too: We've maintained and always will maintain the same old troubles (plus a lot of other ones) that pop up in the lives of wedded couples everywhere happen to people in Hollywood.

Now take the problem of Louis Hayward's old hat. And doesn't that

sound familiar, you men who love old battered hats?

Well, recently Ida and Louis were making a short trip and that old hat of Louis' was a sore spot throughout the journey.

"I won't let you take that hat back to Hollywood," Ida scolded and, while Louis wasn't looking, she hid it under the cushions of the davenport in their hotel suite.

Louis almost lost his mind trying to locate his hat but finally gave up—to Ida's great delight.

But the actress hadn't reckoned with American efficiency. A week later back came the hat to Louis, cleaned, blocked and refurbished by the hotel.

Louis couldn't be more pleased. Ida couldn't be more chagrined.

French for Sex Appeal: Hollywood is adither. For once it has been shattered out of its blasé indifference into teeming, fuming, fussing, feverish
(Continued on page 12)



**ANNA
NEAGLE** in

Songs that stole the heart of America
... in America's favorite musical
romance, now filmed in splendor
with a host of stars and eye-widen-
ing novelties! ... No wonder Holly-
wood's saying—"Sunny's a Honey!"

SUNNY

With

RAY BOLGER • JOHN CARROLL
Edw. Everett HORTON • Frieda INESCORT
Helen WESTLEY • And The HARTMANS
Produced & Directed by HERBERT WILCOX

Screen Play by Sig Hersig • From the Musical Comedy "Sunny"
Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II

RKO RADIO PICTURE

1941's Greatest Dancing
Show, Featuring Famous
JEROME KERN
Hits, Including "Who",
"Sunny", "D'You Love Me"



A circus party "Happy birthday": Hostess Jane Withers, lion-tamer Bobby Jordan



Long and the short of it: Rita Quigley in gauze, Freddie Bartholomew in woolens



Seeing knee to knee: Virginia Weidler and Larry Nunn win the jitterbug contest

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 10)

interest. Why? Jean Gabin is in town. Literally he is taking the place by storm. He is *the* man of *the* hour with every celebrity in town breaking his neck to get near him.

So far Dietrich and Pat Morison are the only lucky ladies to win his attention, Gabin being a bachelor.

He will be taught to speak English by—guess whom? None other than our own Gable with his good old Middlewest twang. Oh now, Clark himself won't actually teach Jean, but Gable's pictures have been chosen as the ones Gabin must see and study, as Hollywood believes Clark most nearly approximates average English as it is spoken in America.

S. R. Mechnich, a linguist, will do the actual teaching and hopes to have Gabin letter-perfect in three months. Gabin, in French, says no, it will be six months, for first he must *think* in English.

And gals, we've seen him and can only say oooo la la, how you ladies will rave. For more personal data on him, see page 36.

Tidbits About Bigbits: Alice Faye and Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, are so in love Alice couldn't stay away from Hollywood long enough to take that long-awaited vacation.

Now that that dark 'n handsome agent, Vic Orsatti, is caught in the draft, half the lovely blondes in Hollywood will be dateless. And eligible men in Hollywood are at such a premium, the gals tell me.

But don't look at me, you lovelies,



Popular corner was where Gloria Jean told fortunes. Above: She has tough ringmaster Joe Brown Jr. speechless

Cal doesn't make that kind of money.

One of the sights of the month was Gary Cooper, in carpet slippers yet, slipping into a Santa Monica Boulevard dance studio for a rumba lesson.

Swing it there, Coop, old boy.

Nose Dives for the Dive Bombers: The most embarrassed star in Hollywood is Errol Flynn, who is filming "Dive Bomber" at the U. S. Navy air base, San Diego, California.

Flynn, like all other players in the Technicolor epic, has to wear the regulation Navy life preserver for certain scenes. They are made of soft rubber-impregnated cloth, air-tight, and are inflated by the release of gas contained in an attached metal tube. Like soda siphons.

But Errol made the mistake of pinning his identification button to his life preserver. He now owns the life

preserver. He had to buy it. But it isn't any good. It leaks.

Which reminds us of the dear old ladies who live the year around at the famous Hotel del Coronado near San Diego where the "Dive Bomber" cast, including Errol, Fred MacMurray, Regis Toomey and others, are staying.

Instead of cutting their usual swath, the troupe is looked upon as rank intruders by the rich old guests. Errol himself told us the story of overhearing an elderly bellboy (everything seems old down there) consoling a sweet old thing wearing pounds of diamonds and yards of black lace.

"Yes, we all feel the same way about these actors," the elderly bellman said, shaking his head, "but we'll just have to try to make the best of it."

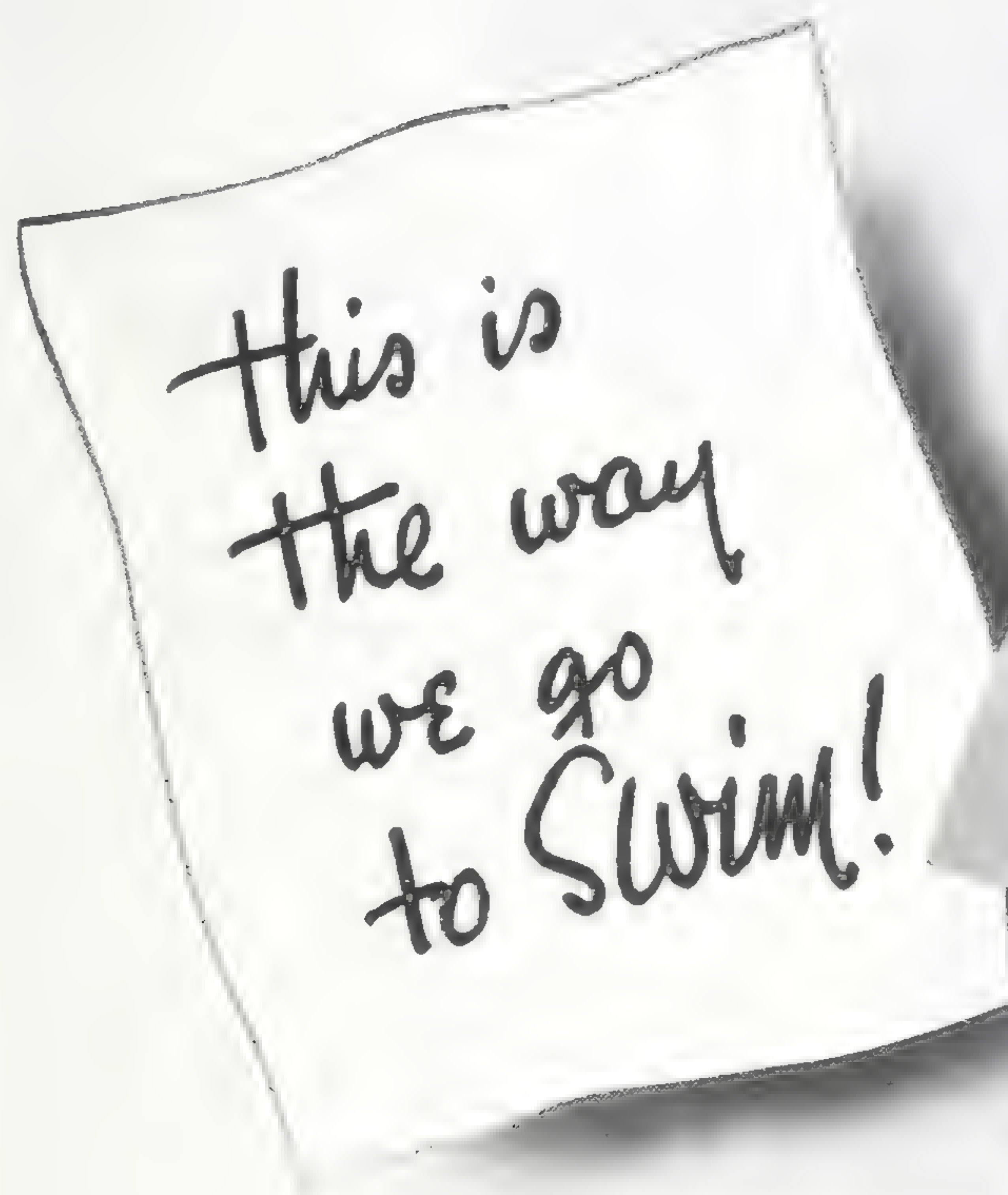
This 'Orrible Wicked 'Ollywood: A visit to the "Flight Patrol" set revealed an odd thing, or at least it seemed odd to Cal. Between every take Ronald Reagan would literally race off the set and breathlessly race back in time for the next scene.

"What's got into you, Reagan?" we demanded. "We remember way back when you were glad to stay put so long as you were on a sound stage."

"Come along," Ronald said after the next scene. "I'll show you how come."

With the actor we entered the joint dressing rooms of Ronald and his wife Jane Wyman and then stopped short. There, in as complete a nursery as you can imagine, lay the couple's new

(Continued on page 14)



We believe in swimming for our figure's sake... we believe in Jantzen for our figure's sake... so we put the two together and have a wonderful summer looking wonderful. There's "Smoothie" (right) in the new seal-sleek, 4.95; "Surplice" (left) in lush Velva-Lure, 6.95...and plenty more, all in those heavenly figure-fixing "Lastex" swim suit fabrics, with the wonderful Jantzen foundation control, and the new Beauty-lift Bra. The colors are divine. At the leading stores or write for illustrated style folder.

Jantzen

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS

PORTLAND, OREGON...VANCOUVER, CANADA

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Below: Aftereffects of the Durbin wedding: Guests Dave Rose and Judy Garland act out love's old sweet song at the Mocambo—with gestures

First shot at a Hollywood lion: Awarded to Pat Morison who dances at Ciro's with Jean Gabin. (See story on page 36.) Background man is Spencer Tracy



(Continued from page 12)

baby, Maureen Elizabeth.

"We never got to see her at home," Ronald explained. "She was asleep when Jane and I left for the studio and asleep when we got home at night. Now that we're both working out here we've fixed this up as a nursery and we can see her often during the day."

Next time you hear any of those fantastic stories that emanate from Hollywood, remember this story of a young couple who just couldn't bear to be away from their baby.

Notice to Brides-To-Be: Sit down, all you engaged or about-to-be-engaged girls, while we ask this all-important question. Otherwise you might faint on old Cal's hands.

Now then, how would you like a solid-gold wedding ring as a gift from Bing Crosby and Tyrone Power?

Absolutely, we're not kidding. It's all on the gold standard, believe us, and here's how it can be gotten.

Ty and Bing, along with some other Hollywood biggies, are about to build a new million-dollar hotel near Las Vegas, Nevada, to be called "The Desert Ambassador." Now right on the grounds is a real honest-to-goodness gold mine with gold in it and everything.

Well, the boys have conceived the idea of turning that gold into wedding rings and giving one as a gift to every bride who comes there to be married.

Cozy? Why sure. So if you want one of those Crosby-Power rings, girls, just stall along the wedding till the hotel is completed. Here's wishing you happiness.



Blondie takes a back seat as Arthur Lake (Dagwood) concentrates on the real Mrs. Lake at Ciro's

Love and Stuff: The old Dietrich-Garbo struggle is liable to break out anew since Garbo annexed for her own Marlene's former escort, Eric Remarque. The two can be seen any day riding through the Hollywood hills with Greta's former beau, Gaylord Hauser, left to stew in his vegetable juices, at least temporarily.

Incidentally, the Garbo talks, Garbo laughs slogans have developed into Garbo sings (Cal can't wait) for her new picture, "Anna and Anita."

Love, great gobs of it, has hit Wally Beery, the prune-faced box-office draw of Hollywood. Wally will marry his lady love, one Mrs. Robinson, a wealthy widow with (hold your hats, friends) five children.

With Wally's adopted two, that promises to be some household.

Re Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, the cutest sight of the month was Bill toddling off to kindergarten with Brenda's little girl (by a former

marriage) by the hand. Her mother had an early studio call and couldn't be on hand to enroll the child in the summer session. Bill, who is rapidly developing into one of Hollywood's best actors, made a solicitous daddy.

Babies, Bless 'Em: Mary Martin, the gal who rose to fame because her heart belonged to daddy, is going to have a brand-new baby of her own and husband Richard Halliday couldn't be happier. Mary is the mother of a nine-year-old boy by a former marriage.

No, kind friends, the Errol Flynns will not call their new offspring Mickey Flynn or even Sirocco Flynn after his boat. Wife Lili Damita will have something to say about that.

They tell me the sight of Boris Karloff pushing his baby up Fifth Avenue, New York, in its hooded perambulator is almost too much for the natives.

Papa Frankenstein!

London Calling: "War or no war, I miss silk stockings!" writes Ann Dvorak from London. "And not that I care, but, believe it or not, the boys in the service actually want the girls who drive ambulances to wear good-looking hose."

Well, war or no war, a good-looking leg is a good-looking leg; or is Cal speaking out of turn?

The story of American-born Ann and her director husband, Leslie Fenton, is a worthy one. At the time of their departure from Hollywood to wartorn England, Leslie was coming into his own as an ace director, a life-long ambition about to be fully realized.

Ann had just been offered \$500 a week on a Warner studio contract and Leslie, who is British, had persuaded

(Continued on page 16)

THIS OLD PHOTO OF ME IS GOING **OUT** OF MY ALBUM **Right Now**

Don't Let Ugly, Poor-Fitting Eye-Glasses
Rob You of Your Beauty



Posed by Professional Model

THOUSANDS upon thousands of men and women permit ugly, cumbersome, ill-fitting eye-glasses to rob them of their natural attractiveness.

Many years ago Bernarr Macfadden had a most trying experience with his eyes. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so, always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started upon a course of natural treatments that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so satisfactory that he associated himself with a great eye specialist of the day and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

The essence of their findings is contained in Mr. Macfadden's great book, *Strengthening the Eyes*. Here, in plain, simple language the author describes a series of corrective eye-exercises. If you already wear glasses, find out for yourself how this treatment may be beneficial to you and how you may possibly spare yourself the agony of wearing glasses. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your eyes are failing, then find out how vision may be strengthened without the use of glasses.

Send No Money

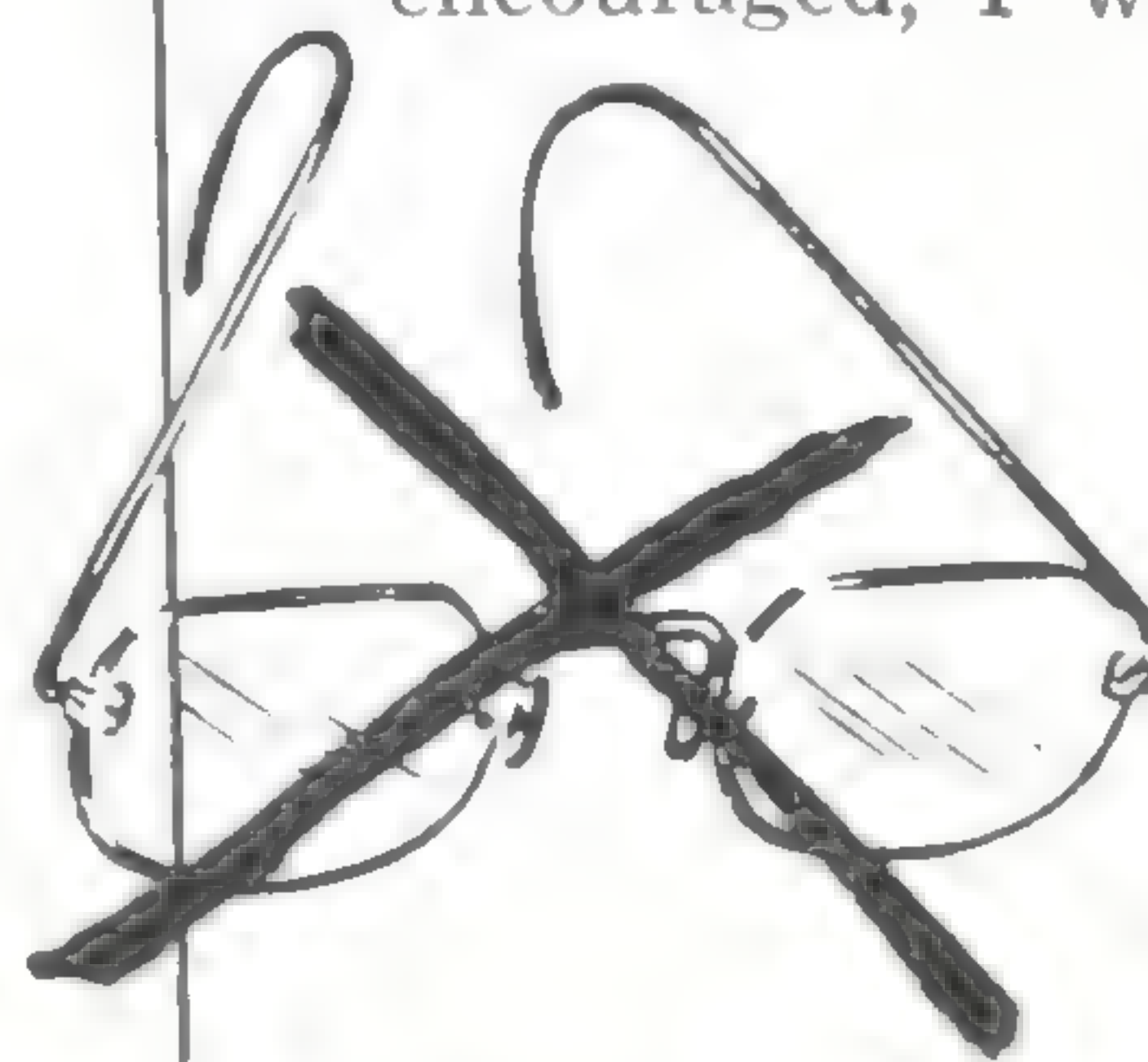
You need send no money now—simply mail coupon below and upon receipt of book pay postman \$3 plus postal charges. If, after reading this remarkable book for 5 days, you decide that you do not care to follow the simple instructions—return it to us and we will refund your \$3 at once and without question. Sign and mail coupon below—NOW.

"Discards Glasses"

Here is a woman who writes: "After following the instructions in *Strengthening the Eyes*, I have discarded my glasses and read more now without them than I could with them."

"The Happiest Moment of My Life"

Another lady writes: "I must confess that it was with very little faith that I followed your instructions and began daily routines of eye exercises. But to my surprise I soon noticed improvement. Greatly encouraged, I went ahead with it, until one day I discovered I could lay off my glasses for good. It was the happiest moment of my life."



These inspiring results bring a message of hope to many who are troubled with weak eyes or poor sight.

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Send me a copy of *Strengthening the Eyes*. I will pay the postman \$3, plus postal charges, upon delivery of the book. It is understood that if I am dissatisfied with the book I can return it within five days and you will refund my \$3 at once. (We pay postage on all cash orders)

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From This Unique Book

The methods suggested herein are not only practical, they are scientific and have been proved capable of so strengthening the eyes that "eye-crutches," as I have learned to call eye-glasses, will in very many cases not be needed.

Bernarr Macfadden

USE *Sub-Deb*

avoid
Lipstick
Parching



There's nothing smart or attractive about lips rough and chapped from "Lipstick Parching."

That's why every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains an added ingredient to help keep your lips adorably smooth as satin. Coty "Sub-Deb" gives you not only exciting color... but also valuable protection against parching. Try Coty "Sub-Deb," and soon you'll be telling others of its blessed magic. \$1.00 or 50c.

New Shades

4 OF THE 9 EXCITING SHADES

Gitane smart and dashing "gipsy" shade
"Magnet Red" a dramatic red red
Dahlia a flower-soft red...very young
Tamale new "Latin-American" shade

COTY

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



(Continued from page 14)

her to remain here when he departed to join England's Navy. But he'd no sooner gone than Ann knew she had to be near him.

Today, Ann is broadcasting on the radio to cheer up British soldiers for the sum of \$26 a week, which isn't \$500 a week any way you figure it. Leslie, she writes, has obtained special permission from the government to make a picture starring David Niven.

And so it goes. Brave, selfless people, Ann and Leslie, who didn't have to go but couldn't be kept away.

Here's luck to them.

Tut-tut Department: Cal's eagle eye rested on an item in June PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR that sent a blush to his faded old cheeks. The name of Cedric Gibbons, prominent designer for M-G-M, appeared as Cedric Adams in a caption. The staff of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR is herewith standing on its head in the corner. It won't happen again, Mr. Gibbons—you bet it won't!

Special Treat: Curious, the interesting bits and pieces of a story that come to light months later. Hitting 1941 right on the nose was the news break of Bette Davis' marriage to Arthur Farnsworth. Now we have this charming little account direct from the pen of Bette's mother, telling of their 750-mile trip to the altar:

Writes Mrs. Davis: Our secret plans seemed to be going smoothly. Then as we were sitting before the fire at Bette's house on a cold rainy

Mixed doubles: Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer (who used to go with Lana Turner); Lana Turner and Tony Martin at Hollywood Stars Ball Park

night, a horrible thought came to me. How could we get the wedding bouquets and not be found out? Bette's friend, Ruth Garland, who, with her sister, was to stand up with her, saved the day. "I have a plan," she said.

Benny, "The Parisian Florist," had always kept Bette's house filled with such perfect flowers that we felt it only fair to let him do this, too, even though we must try to keep him from suspecting our secret. Benny himself greeted Ruth as she entered his shop the next morning. "Benny," she said, "I want you to help me. I have a little friend who is going to be married New Year's Eve. She's way up in the hills and she doesn't have very much. The flowers are to be my contribution. She must have the most beautiful flowers you have ever made—THE most beautiful." He fell hard for her sincerity and eagerness. She then told him the disturbing fact that these flowers must travel twenty-four hours by motor. This meant that the lilies of the valley we so much wanted would be impossible to use. Finally white roses and white orchids were decided on for the wedding bouquet, and pale pink carnations for the attendants, green orchids for the bride's mother and a corsage of white orchids, which, if he had only known, were to be for Jane Bryan, now Mrs. Justin Dart, our hostess. He could give her



Hollywood homework: Roz Russell and Cary Grant rehearse "His Girl Friday" for the C. B. S. Screen Guild show

no assurance that even these flowers would be fresh after such a long journey, but he promised to pack them as well as possible and she had to take the risk.

Through rain, snow and landslides went the flowers. Bette and her party had left Monday morning, but due to the falling of a huge boulder in Jerome they were obliged to make a one-hundred-fifty mile detour through Flagstaff and only arrived at the ranch three hours before the wedding was scheduled. Ruth Garland and I had left Sunday and so were lucky enough to avoid the detour, but we spent the extra day worrying about the rest of the party AND the flowers.

At eight-thirty a horn blew and the boys in something faintly resembling a car, but mud from top to bottom, drew up at the door. With bated breath we bore the huge boxes into Bette's room.

Removing the covers we lifted the still damp cotton, layer after layer, and there, crisp as the day they first bloomed, lay the wedding flowers. Bette gasped, as did we all, and Ruth G.'s face was wreathed, not in smiles, but grins. Her plan had worked. Jane had brought with her by plane from Phoenix a bunch of lilies of the valley. These we tucked in among the roses and the orchids, so Bette even had her much-wanted lilies of the valley after all.

Finally at nine-thirty all was in readiness and the service, so beautifully read by Dr. Price, was performed.

And so ends the tale of the flowers.

RUTH F. DAVIS.

P. S.—Benny was gratified.

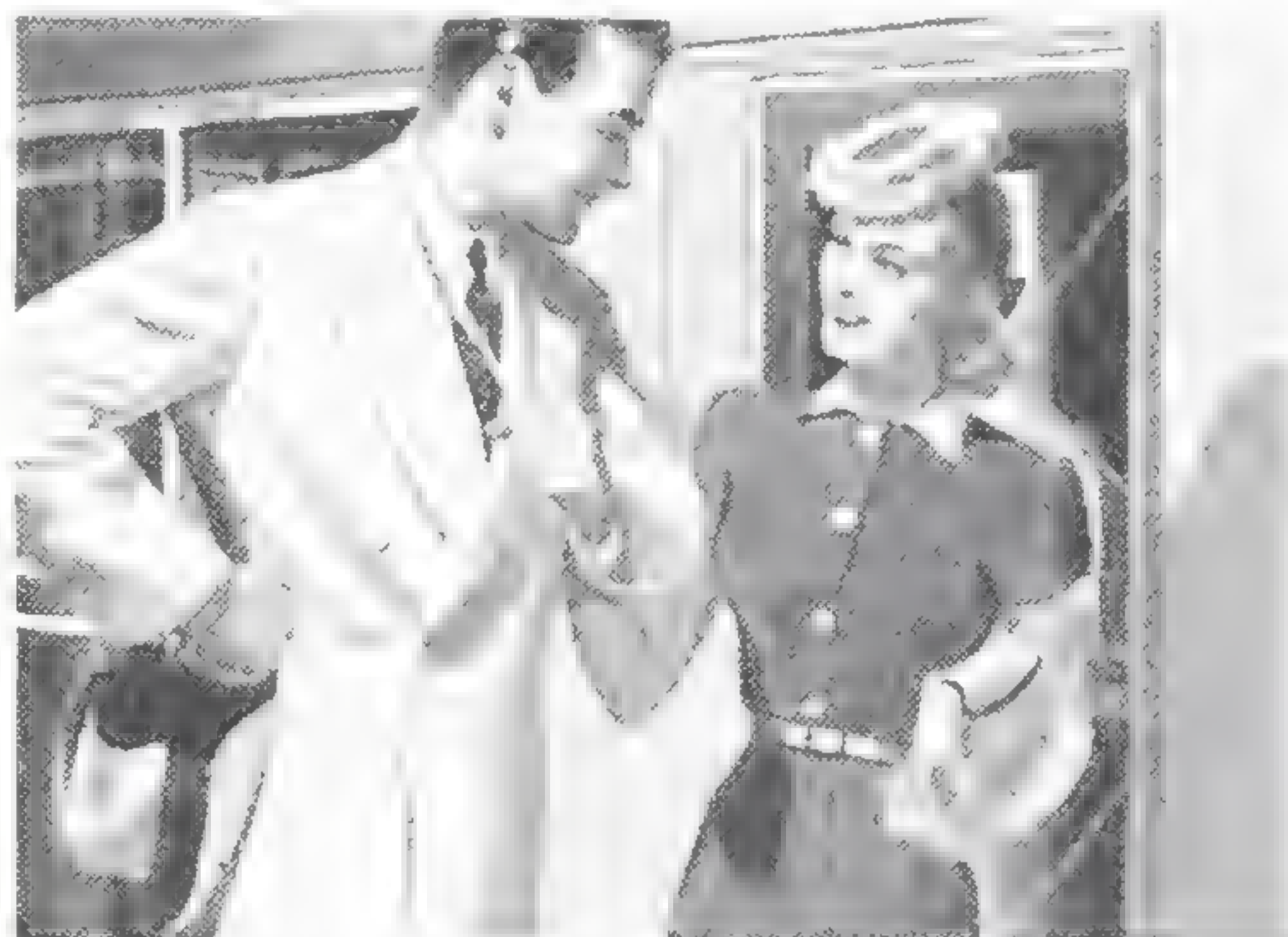


MUM is quick, safe, sure!

SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!



DAY-LONG DAINTINESS starts with a touch of Mum under each arm, for bath freshness vanishes quickly unless you prevent the formation of future odor. Mum is sure, dependable... preferred by millions of women.



DINNER DATE TONIGHT? Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!



SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS have this red letter rule..."Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!



HELP ROMANCE ALONG! Romance... how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it *without stopping perspiration*.

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor... that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even *after you're dressed!*

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

IRRESISTIBLE

You



WITH
Irresistible
PINK ROSE

MATCHED MAKE-UP

Be utterly Irresistible in PINK ROSE, Irresistible's flirtatious new lipstick. It's a deep pink, keyed to the new summer fashions . . . dramatic for daytime . . . seductive for evenings. And so s-m-o-o-t-h, creamy and long-lasting . . . as only our secret WHIP-TEXT process can make it. PINK ROSE Rouge adds that delicate natural glow while matching Irresistible AIR-WHIPT Face Powder and Foundation brings out that fresh, velvety look that men find so Irresistible. Only 10¢ each at 5 & 10¢ stores.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ADAM HAD FOUR SONS**—Columbia: Unusual is this beautifully enacted story dealing with a father's love for his four sons. Warner Baxter plays the father; Ingrid Bergman as the governess and Susan Hayward as the unfaithful daughter-in-law are outstanding. Richard Denning and Johnny Downs as the two older sons are splendid. (May)

ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE—Paramount: This tries very hard to be very funny, but it's pretty corny. Jackie Cooper causes everyone a lot of trouble and grief in his efforts to earn a hundred dollars. Eddie Bracken is Jackie's pal; Hedda Hopper and Fred Niblo his parents. (Apr.)

✓ **ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY**—M-G-M: We prophesy stardom for newcomer Kathryn Grayson who becomes Mickey Rooney's secretary during the high-school commencement week. Her lovely voice, good looks and acting ability make her a sure bet. Mickey fails his examinations and gets into plenty of trouble. It's a hundred percent entertainment. (May)

ARKANSAS JUDGE, THE—Republic: The Weaver family play straight in this story of a small town divided into two factions by vicious gossip. The Weavers are good and Roy Rogers is a fine hero. Homey melodrama. (Apr.)

✓✓ **BACK STREET**—Universal: Margaret Sullivan is superb as the woman who lives only for a few stolen moments with her lover, Charles Boyer, who is married to another woman. Boyer, too, is excellent as the selfish lover. It's a tear-jerker so bring plenty of handkerchiefs. (May)

BAD MAN—M-G-M: Wallace Beery's fans are going to be pretty disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who plays Cupid. Beery's performance throws the whole story out of gear and despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day, it remains a fair-sized dud. (June)

BLONDIE GOES LATIN—Columbia: *Dagwood's* boss decides to take the *Bumpsteeds* on a vacation to South America, with much fun and havoc as the result. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms play their roles with the ease of long experience and it's a treat for the *Bumpstead* fans. Tito Guizar sings beautifully. (May)

BOWERY BOY—Republic: Strictly routine is this story of an underprivileged boy, Jimmy Lydon, who falls in with racketeers, but is saved by idealistic doctor Dennis O'Keefe and Louise Campbell. (Apr.)

✓ **BUCK PRIVATES**—Universal: Abbott and Costello find themselves in the Army in this hilarious comedy high-lighted by their amazingly funny routines. Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Alan Curtis, are also in the Army and the Andrews Sisters contribute plenty of songs. (May)

✓✓ **CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP**—United Artists: Beautifully told tale of a young school-teacher in a Midwest college who meets and renounces love and goes through the years giving of herself to the young students eager for knowledge. Martha Scott is wonderful in her transition from youth to age, and William Gargan as her lifelong suitor is perfect in his role. It's a tear-jerker, and a triumph. (Apr.)

✓✓ **COME LIVE WITH ME**—M-G-M: Smart and gay is this cute little story of an Austrian refugee, Hedy Lamarr, who marries struggling young writer Jimmy Stewart in order to stay in America. Hedy's boy friend, publisher Ian Hunter, causes much of the complications in spite of the fact that he's married to Verree Teasdale. You'll love it. (Apr.)

DOUBLE DATE—Universal: Almost every possible laugh-getter has been thrown into this light-hearted little comedy about Rand Brooks and Peggy Moran's efforts to break up the romance of Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel. The result is really very funny. (June)



One getting ready, one all set: Kathryn Grayson, who hit the fame jackpot in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," and Mickey Rooney, who doesn't need to hit jackpots any more, at the M-G-M luncheon for Father Flanagan of Boys Town

ELLERY QUEEN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is the famous detective who wades through danger and international intrigue to solve the murder of a ventriloquist on a secret governmental mission. Margaret Lindsay is his pretty secretary. (May)

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK—Warners: Errol Flynn's first modern picture in three years has him an amateur detective who runs headlong into a real-life murder and almost loses his life and his wife, Brenda Marshall. It's heavy-handed comedy and we prefer Flynn in his swashbuckling roles. (June)

✓ **GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB, A**—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Lucille Ball is the girl, Edmond O'Brien the guy and George Murphy the gob in this bright, amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It's packed with chuckles and good cheer; you'll enjoy every minute of it. (June)

GOLDEN HOOFS—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers falls in love with Buddy Rogers, helps her grandfather establish a local hospital and saves her homelands for the breeding of trotting horses, and does it all with the greatest of ease in this Withers specialty. With Buddy Rogers, Katherine Aldridge and Buddy Pepper. (May)

✓ **HARD-BOILED CANARY, THE**—Paramount: A grand musical treat is this film with Allan Jones, as the son of the head of Camp Interlochen, rescuing a young burlesque singer, Susana Foster, from a raid and placing her in the camp, with havoc as the natural result. (May)

✓✓ **HIGH SIERRA**—Warners: Entertainment is yours in this absorbing story of a paroled convict, Humphrey Bogart, who goes back to his racket. Ida Lupino is grand as Bogart's girl and Joan Leslie shows great promise. Bogart's portrayal of the gangster is terrific. The whole picture has great dramatic impact. (Apr.)

✓✓ **I WANTED WINGS**—Paramount: This thrilling story of men and planes, laid against the background of America's own flying fields, is a smash hit. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden as the three young cadets who become fliers turn in their best work, as does Brian Donlevy as a flight instructor. Sirenish Veronica Lake makes her screen debut. (June)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

✓ **INVISIBLE WOMAN, THE**—Universal: John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes lovely Virginia Bruce to become invisible and thus have herself a lot of fun. Oscar Homolka as an exiled gangster is very clever, but the gag of invisible people walking about is no longer a novelty in pictures. John Howard falls in love with the invisible Virginia. (Apr.)

KEEPING COMPANY—M-G-M: Too much adherence to routine material and hokumy situations spoils this homey little picture about the tribulations of an average young married couple. John Shelton and Ann Rutherford are the young husband and wife and you'll also see Frank Morgan, Irene Rich and Virginia Weidler. (Apr.)

✓✓ **LADY EVE, THE**—Paramount: Bright, gay, charming and funny is this latest Preston Sturges story, with Henry Fonda as the young millionaire who is almost hooked by card-sharper Barbara Stanwyck and her father Charles Coburn. How Barbara gets her revenge on Fonda is wonderful and Barbara herself is excitingly glamorous. (May)

✓✓ **LAND OF LIBERTY**—M-G-M: The colorful history of the United States is told in scenes from feature pictures, shorts and newsreels. It's impressive and exciting, although occasionally dull. All the profits go to war-relief charities, so seeing it is part of being an American. (Apr.)

LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE, THE—Columbia: No sooner does Warren William bet that he can keep out of trouble for twenty-four hours than he becomes embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnaping and all sorts of mayhem that keep him dashing all around. Eric Blore is very funny, as usual. (June)

✓ **MAD DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount: One of the best horror films we've seen in some time. Basil Rathbone is wonderful as the mad doctor who marries rich women and leaves them dead. When Ellen Drew falls under his spell, her fiancée John Howard suspects the worst. Brrrr! (May)

✓ **MAISIE WAS A LADY**—M-G-M: When playboy Lew Ayres causes Ann Sothorn, as the hard-boiled *Maisie* with a heart of gold, to lose her job, she's given the job of maid in his home and what she doesn't do to that family! For sheer down-to-earth comedy, you can't beat this *Maisie* series, and this is one of the best. (Apr.)

MAN BETRAYED, A—Republic: John Wayne is the young lawyer who arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He also discovers crooked politics and grafters. Besides that, he meets lovely Frances Dee, who provides the romance. (June)

MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—Universal: Pretty unbelievable is this farce about a wife who can't tell two absolutely strange men apart, even though they both look alike and live in the same house. Brian Aherne plays the dual role of the wealthy husband and his double, and Kay Francis is the bewildered wife. S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer. (June)

✓✓ **MEET JOHN DOE**—Warners: Another of Frank Capra's brilliant successes is this story whose theme is the power of love over hate. Barbara Stanwyck is superb as the newspaper girl who invents a *John Doe* and Gary Cooper's performance as the ex-ball player who's hired to be *John Doe* and becomes a great humanitarian is his best. Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason and Regis Toomey are also outstanding. (June)

MEET THE CHUMP—Universal: Ridiculously funny, this silly little dilly, with Hugh Herbert having himself declared insane because he's swindled his nephew, Lewis Howard, out of \$5,000,000 and wants to avoid explanation, as who wouldn't? The whole thing gets battier by the minute, but it's full of laughs. (May)

✓ **MICHAEL SHAYNE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE**—20th Century-Fox: Another first in a new series about a private detective, with Lloyd Nolan doing a swell job as the smart detective who outwits a bungling police captain to solve a murder mystery. Marjorie Weaver is very pretty as the girl who is addicted to gambling. (Apr.)

✓ **MR. AND MRS. SMITH**—RKO-Radio: Happily married Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery discover they aren't legally wed so Bob starts in to court her all over again. Gene Raymond, his law partner, is his rival. It's pretty trite, but there are enough comedy moments to keep you amused and give you much fun. (Apr.)

MR. DYNAMITE—Universal: Baseball pitcher Lloyd Nolan goes out for an evening of fun and is tossed headlong into a sabotage plot and a murder charge. His amateur detective work involves him with secret-agent Irene Hervey. Ann Gillis and J. Carrol Naish are also very good and although the story's none too well constructed, it's acceptable entertainment. (June)

You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



Photograph by David Berns

This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

SO MANY WOMEN cloud their beauty through improper cleansing... use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be. "My skin is so responsive to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says this lovely bride. "It seems so much fresher-looking."

Mrs. Langley is so right. Skin specialists recommend a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day, twice a day, give your skin Camay's gentle cleansing care. Be constant—put your entire confidence in Camay. And in a few short weeks you may hope to see a lovelier you.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the
CAMAY
"MILD-SOAP"
DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.

did he
mean... doggy
legs



or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine... or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms...leave it for a few minutes...then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stubble to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

*Better Get
neet today*

THE FUGITIVE AND THE SEARCHERS—Paramount: Another horror tale, involving a mad scientist, but still pretty fascinating. A man's brain is transplanted into a dog's body, and the dog must try to avenge the man's murder. Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Paul Lukas are very good. (May)

MURDER AMONG FRIENDS—20th Century Fox: The beneficiaries to a multiple insurance policy die suddenly and mysteriously and John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad from suspect to suspect to prevent more murders and solve the ones already committed. In spite of all the murders, it's a gay little offering. (June)

✓ **NICE GIRL?**—Universal: Although there are several gay moments, this is the weakest Durbin film to date. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone and then rebounds to Bob Stack, the boy next door. Bob Benchley is Deanna's father and Ann Gillis her cute kid sister. (May)

PENALTY, THE—M-G-M: Edward Arnold is a ruthless criminal who teaches his son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his footsteps, but Gene is sent to reform school and then released to farmer Lionel Barrymore where slowly he's regenerated. Veda Ann Borg is the moll. (June)

PRIDE OF THE BOWERY—Monogram: A C.C.C. camp in Arizona is the background for this latest picture of New York's East Side boys. Leo Gorcey is tricked into joining the camp and causes everyone a lot of trouble. Despite its low cost, it's good film fare. (Apr.)

✓ **RAGE IN HEAVEN**—M-G-M: Gripping fare is this dramatic picture of a psychopathic case, played by Robert Montgomery, who marries refugee Ingrid Bergman and eventually involves her and his best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. It's exciting and novel and the performances are outstanding. (June)

RIDIN' ON A RAINBOW—Republic: Gene Autry joins a showboat troupe in order to track down a gang of bank robbers, but we prefer Gene back on his horse and riding the prairie. Smiley Burnett, Mary Lee and Carol Adams help Gene along. (May)

ROAD SHOW—Herald: A little Howard Hughes comedy, with a lot of gags and a few laughs as the result. Adolphe Menjou as a hairless fanatic and Patsy Kelly are fairly funny. (May)

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR—Paramount: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are a couple of sidekick kids in Africa who take Dorothy Lamour for a ride through the jungles. The story doesn't matter because of the gay antics of Hope and Crosby and the gags and ribbing between the two are the whole show. Bing's and Dorothy's songs are tuneful and Eric Blore is fun. (May)

ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE—20th Century-Fox: In this episode of the adventures of the *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero pretends to be the son of a rich ranch owner in order to bring a gang of thieves to justice and there's quite some excitement. Patricia Morison and Lynne Roberts are very pretty. (Apr.)

ROUNDUP, THE—Paramount: Richard Dix again proves himself one of the best Western actors in this triangle picture of the old West. Preston Foster is the ex-fiance of Dix's wife, Patricia Morison, and his return to see her creates doubt and jealousy. Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly add to the doings. (June)

✓ **SCATTERGOOD BAINES**—RKO-Radio: Guy Kibbee brings to the role of *Scattergood* all the human qualities you've imagined in this fictitious character. He's humorous, shrewd and understanding as the small-town sage who foils promoters and aids a young couple's romance. With Carol Hughes, John Archer and Francis Trout. (May)

✓ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Warners: Too brutal for top entertainment is this remake of Jack London's sea story with Edward G. Robinson as the psychopathic, bestial captain who terrorizes his crew. Ida Lupino plays the derelict waif rescued by John Garfield, member of Robinson's crew. (June)

✓ **SIS HOPKINS**—Republic: Judy Canova sweeps this musical on to success as the Hoosier girl who goes to college with her rich cousin Susan Hayward, with Charlie Butterworth financing the education. The story's full of gags and Bob Crosby adds the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy. (June)



Repeat performance: The team that made laugh history in "The Awful Truth," Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, turn their minds to the problem of adoption in Columbia's current "Penny Serenade"

SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA—Universal: This weak little number teams that pair of funsters, Leon Erroll and Lupe Velez, but nothing much comes of it. Helen Parrish is cute, but altogether it belongs in the "too bad" files. (Apr.)

SLEEPERS WEST—20th Century-Fox: Lloyd Nolan, as detective *Michael Shayne*, does his sleuthing on a fast train in this second of a new series. Lynn Bari's the girl reporter, Mary Beth Hughes a defense witness, Edward Brophy and Don Costello detectives, but the plot's awfully complicated. (June)

✓✓ **SO ENDS OUR NIGHT**—United Artists: This tells of the bitter plight of European refugees, without passports and tossed from country to country. Glenn Ford and Margaret Sullivan as the homeless couple who face their situation together are wonderful, as is Fredric March, who flees Germany, leaving his wife Frances Dee behind. Despite the weakness of too much story, this is a memorable picture. (Apr.)

✓✓ **STRAWBERRY BLONDE, THE**—Warners: This picture of the Gay Nineties has a nostalgic charm that will delight you. Jimmy Cagney is excellent as the tough little mug who imagines he loves the Strawberry Blonde, Rita Hayworth, only to find real happiness with Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is sparkling and gay in her role. (May)

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME—20th Century-Fox: Softhearted gangster Cesar Romero locks up his rivals in his private prison, while pretending to have rubbed them out. Virginia Gilmore, nightclub dancer, falls hard for him, and Milton Berle and Charlotte Greenwood add to the fun and gaiety. (Apr.)

✓✓ **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**—Korda-U. A.: Powerfully wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great and tragic love that defied traditions and nations. Vivien Leigh plays the beautiful and notorious Lady Hamilton who desperately loves England's naval hero, Laurence Olivier, and both their performances are magnificent. It's a great picture. (June)

✓✓ **THAT NIGHT IN RIO**—20th Century-Fox: Lavish color, risqué dialogue, Carmen Miranda's songs and much whoop-la are all part of this gorgeous musical that's a riot of fun. Don Ameche plays a dual role as an American entertainer who's hired to impersonate a South American baron. Alice Faye is the luscious wife of the Baron, which leads to many complications. (June)

✓ **THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING**—Lubitsch-U. A.: The Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this gay, frothy, comedy of marriage, with Merle Oberon as the wife who, bored with husband Melvyn Douglas, becomes infatuated with erratic pianist Burgess Meredith. Adult and sophisticated. (June)

✓ **TOBACCO ROAD**—20th Century-Fox: Vivid, though repellent, still-life sketch of the shiftless, ignorant people of Georgia's "Tobacco Road." Charley Grapewin as *Jeeter Lester* and William Tracey as his son give great performances, but Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted *Ellie May*. Depressing. (May)

✓ **TOPPER RETURNS**—Hal Roach-U. A.: One third mystery and two thirds comedy is this newest "Topper" story, with ghost Roland Young aiding ghost Joan Blondell solve the mystery of her murder. The two departed spirits materialize all over the place. Billie Burke is still the confused *Mrs. Topper* and Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads. (June)

TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE—M-G-M: Laraine Day proves herself worthy of complete stardom as the innocent woman on trial for murder. Robert Young is excellent as her lawyer lover who defends her case. It's well done, suspenseful, and Tom Conway, Frieda Inescort and the rest of the cast do fine work. (May)

✓ **VIRGINIA**—Paramount: For sheer pictorial beauty and gorgeous scenery, for the delightful performance of little Carolyn Lee, you should see this. The story deals with the return of Madeleine Carroll to her old home in Virginia, where she becomes steeped in the traditions of the South and falls in love with Fred MacMurray. Stirling Hayden is destined to become a star. (Apr.)

✓ **WESTERN UNION**—20th Century-Fox: Good old rootin', tootin' Western, built to a formula that never fails—two men, Randy Scott and Robert Young, who love one girl, Virginia Gilmore, with marauding Indians, gun fights and plenty of excitement. (May)

YOU'RE THE ONE—Paramount: Bonnie Baker, the "Oh, Johnny" girl, and handsome Orrin Tucker are in this picture, but nevertheless it's a dull and silly movie. And that fine actor, Albert Dekker, is completely wasted. The plot's about a singer's attempt to land a job with a band. (May)



PALE WHITE damsels
fade out of the picture
today!



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wear rosy-beige powders**
The most flattering powder style you've ever tried!

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**THEIR LOVE
BURNED ALL THE
BRIGHTER—BECAUSE
IT FLAMED IN THE
SHADOW OF DEATH!**

TYRONE POWER

...as Juan, the matador of
Vicente Blasco Ibanez' immortal novel...

**BLOOD *and*
SAND**
IN TECHNICOLOR!



with

LINDA DARNELL • RITA HAYWORTH

Nazimova • Anthony Quinn • J. Carrol Naish • John Carradine • Lynn Bari • Laird Cregar • Vicente Gomez

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Associate Producer Robert T. Kane • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Nelson Eddy: He gets a logical pat on the back from an aroused Indiana "MacDonald-Eddy" rooter

\$10.00 PRIZE

EDITORS' NOTE: *Because this letter contains a really creative idea which some Hollywood producer would do well to adopt, we are awarding it first prize. Let's have more such creative ideas from you Speakers!*

I'M a very regular theater-goer, but I never see any novel ways of introducing the cast, etc. I see the same old thing—just a little scribbling.

Now, I've thought of a new idea that I'll let you fellows in on. It may not be very practical, but I promise you it'll be something different. Here 'tis. When introducing the stars why not flash their individual pictures on the screen and pronounce their names so we won't be calling them everything but the right thing? And why not flash a picture of the playwright, director, producer, designer of gowns, etc.? There are those of us who just can't imagine how those geniuses look really and truly.

WALTER G. JONES,
Salisbury, N. Car.

\$5.00 PRIZE

Critique on Capra

DID "Meet John Doe" and derived no pleasure from the encounter, since he but carbon-copies his famous twins, *Mr. Deeds* and *Mr. Smith*.

Why this undeviating insistence upon the ignobility of the rich, the powerful, the successful, the hard-working? Are tramps and hoboos, the inept and weak, the only ones who love God's laws? The popularity of Capra's one track viewpoint frightens me. This glorification of the nobodys, this gospel of defeatism has so often marked the decadent period of a nation. It flourished among the literati just before the French Revolution . . . so when liberation came it was used destructively and not wisely as did our virile pioneer patriots use their new freedom. This "culte de moi" was prevalent in France just before Hitler came. He conquered not because he was so strong but because the French were the victims of their own psychological frailty. Is the popularity of the Capra theme an indication that America has gone soft?

No, I think America's own uninfluenced choice would still be the go-getter Horatio Alger hero who doesn't contemplate suicide when things go wrong but sweeps all obstacles from his path by grit and hard work.

EMILY LEE DOVE,
Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

True-to-Life Endings

IT'S refreshing to see movies with true-to-life endings. They're endings such as we saw in "Flight Command." The story isn't brought to a "wishful thinking" conclusion. It ends

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



Speak
FOR YOURSELF

on a note of stark reality—the husband isn't "killed off" conveniently, so the leading man can marry the heroine.

A movie with a true-to-life ending always leaves me with a sensation of complete satisfaction. It's often perfectly permissible to escape from reality, to absorb the rays issued forth from a planet of make-believe, but it's also stimulating occasionally to step back and view existence as it really is.

Movies have become our greatest teacher. They've extended knowledge in every field over a wide expanse of territory. Every group of the earth's people has felt the weight of this pleasant form of education. Isn't it fitting that the message carried by this medium should parallel life as closely as possible?

The recent popularity of stories such as "Grapes of Wrath," "The Good Earth" and "Tobacco Road" proves that plots with social groups as a background are catching on quickly. This shows that we are realizing that life can be the most fascinating subject for portrayal.

RUTH MAY KNELL,
Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.
(Continued on page 86)

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Artistically different entertainment: Orson Welles and Dorothy Comingore in "Citizen Kane"



Gripping intensity: Conrad Veidt, Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas in "A Woman's Face"

✓✓ Citizen Kane (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The life story of a prominent publisher.*

THE question of whether twenty-six-year-old Orson Welles is a genius or an accident seems to be settled for all time by his very first screen effort, written, produced, directed and acted by Welles himself. The verdict is Genius with great capital letters, with Hollywood paying homage to the skill and artistry abounding in "Citizen Kane"—an absorbing tale, told in strange flashback method, of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own.

Welles plays the unhappy newspaper publisher as a youth, a middle-aged man, and as an aged and lonely recluse. He plays every period of that man's life with amazing understanding. As the men associated with the publisher, Joseph Cotten and Everett Sloane give amazingly keen and different performances.

In her first role Dorothy Comingore proves a brilliant young actress. In fact, everything about "Citizen Kane" is rare and wonderful to behold.

Your Reviewer Says: A masterpiece.

The Best Pictures of The Month

Citizen Kane	The Great Lie
Penny Serenade	Ziegfeld Girl
A Woman's Face	

Best Performances

Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane"
 Joseph Cotten in "Citizen Kane"
 Everett Sloane in "Citizen Kane"
 Dorothy Comingore in "Citizen Kane"
 Lana Turner in "Ziegfeld Girl"
 Judy Garland in "Ziegfeld Girl"
 Cary Grant in "Penny Serenade"
 Bette Davis in "The Great Lie"
 Mary Astor in "The Great Lie"
 Spencer Tracy in "Men of Boys Town"
 Mickey Rooney in "Men of Boys Town"
 Jean Arthur in "The Devil and Miss Jones"
 Robert Cummings in "The Devil and Miss Jones"
 Charles Coburn in "The Devil and Miss Jones"
 Robert Benchley in "The Reluctant Dragon"
 Jack Oakie in "The Great American Broadcast"
 Wendy Hiller in "Major Barbara"
 Joan Crawford in "A Woman's Face"
 Conrad Veidt in "A Woman's Face"

✓✓ A Woman's Face (M-G-M)

It's About: *The rebirth of a woman scarred physically and spiritually.*

WE dare you to face this almost repellent story and not find yourself held by its gripping intensity. To director George Cukor, to Joan Crawford and Conrad Veidt, to Melvyn Douglas and the rest of a splendid cast, we owe unending thanks for the talent that lifted this so far above the usual pattern of films to a unique standard in motion-picture making.

Crawford gives a performance of almost masculine strength. There are no tricks, no false bits to mar it. As the woman hideously scarred who fights back at a world that shuns and hates her, she is simply magnificent. Conrad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who teaches her love and who takes horrible advantage of that love.

To tell the story would ruin the suspense for you, so we shall only say it's one of the best films to come out of Hollywood in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: Fascinating.
(Continued on page 89)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 99



WESTMORE'S

Star Lovely" Make-up

wins a man
for Betty!

"Mary Martin, starring in the Paramount Picture, 'Kiss The Boys Goodbye,' with make-up by Wally Westmore."



I had a date with Bob to go to the movies... his attentions had been sort of half-hearted so it worried me when I noticed that my complexion was having one of its "dull" days.



I remembered what an ad said about Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder... how it covered up that sallow, spotty look, those tired shadows, with a flattering "film of beauty."



I decided to try it... found there were four skin tones in the Foundation Cream, and eight blending tones in the Face Powder to choose from. I took the shades most flattering to me.



Honestly, it was remarkable what a difference it made in my looks... smooth, fresh, glowing—"star-lovely"! I really felt glamorous when Bob came for me! And the look in his eyes told me lots!



We went to see Mary Martin in the Paramount picture, "Kiss The Boys Goodbye"—and there on the screen I saw the film credit, "Make-up by Westmore." The same make-up I was using!



It was a wonderful evening. Bob held my hand when the picture made me cry a little. But the tears didn't hurt my make-up I found, when I glanced in my mirror. It was fresh and lovely as ever!

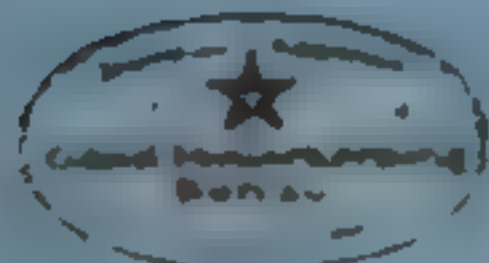


Afterwards Bob told me I looked beautiful. I thought (but didn't say), "Why shouldn't I... using the same make-up as Mary Martin?" I used Westmore rouge, lipstick and eye make-up, too!



I honestly believe, as Westmore says, that using the combination of Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder will make anyone look lovelier. They're only 50¢ each... Smaller sizes at variety stores, 25¢!

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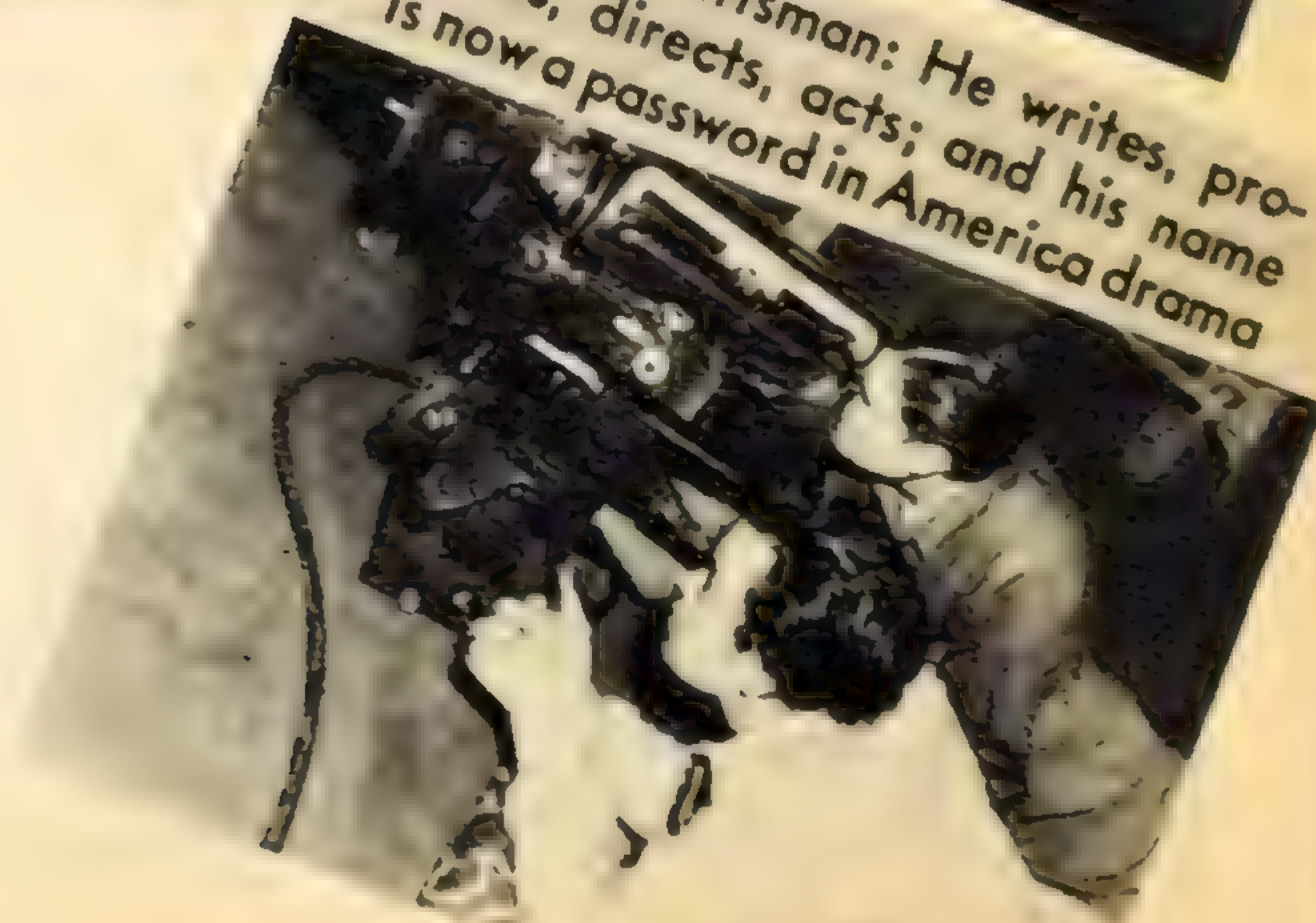


Hard-working visionary:
Orson Welles, who has
given new ideas to
the arts of Hollywood

Superb actor: He takes such
as dreams are made of and turn
into a great film—"Citizen Kane"



Master craftsman: He writes, pro-
duces, directs, acts; and his name
is now a password in America drama



MAN Of The Moment

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



IF you have seen the much-publicized, much-discussed "Citizen Kane," inevitably you must be asking "Who is this Orson Welles?" The man who conceived that picture, produced it, directed it, and played the leading part of the scapegrace, but idealistic millionaire newspaper publisher transformed into the self-willed, super-ambitious, ruthless tycoon; that man is, as I designated him on the opposite page, the "man of the moment"—and I should like to be able to find a very few words, besides those thousands already written about him, that may convey his curious spirit to you.

I feel that there hovers about Welles—I might better say swirls about him—the bitter and doubting reaction of Hollywood, which early branded him as "phony." He earned that epithet principally, I think, because he took so long to produce. He arrived in Hollywood in August, 1939, started to work on Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," got as far as sending camera crews to the bayous of Louisiana to find a war-time substitute for Africa; the exact fortune expended we are not told, but the picture was abandoned. Then he tackled the English thriller, "The Smiler With a Knife," but the feminine star whom Welles desperately wanted declined the invitation on the grounds that if the picture failed, which was probable (she thought), her reputation would suffer, but in the unlikely event of success Little Orson Annie would get the credit.

At last "Citizen Kane" was begun a year ago this coming August. There were delays, problems, uncertainties. ("Won't he ever start?" . . . "They better send him back to Mars!" . . . "Who does he think he is?") Then,

final indignity, Welles sprained his ankle while shooting a scene. Topper: He fell in love with lovely Dolores Del Rio, and vice versa. Final proof of his "phoniness": The picture was going to be shelved because the famous publisher who thought it was modeled on his life was bringing pressure on RKO . . . or was it the whole frightened industry?

I think that *Charles Foster Kane*, with all his faults, is deeply moving, understandable, a kind of Hamlet without rhetoric. I have been wondering if those who are protesting have really seen the picture.

AT any rate, the picture has been released and no one can doubt that it is one of the most important ever produced. It reminds you, in its impact, of an earlier picture, "The Scoundrel," which offered the film audience Noel Coward for the last time. That, too, was a novelty, daring in its story and its approach. If there is a complete parallel, it means that "Citizen Kane" will fail at the box office, that Orson Welles has starred in his last picture and that we are witness to another Pyrrhic cinematic victory.

I don't believe that. A few years ago, when Orson Welles had produced and starred in his modern version of "Julius Caesar," I sat in the eighth row orchestra, unable to hear the gentleman (Mr. Welles himself) who was playing the role of *Brutus*. Suddenly, during *Brutus'* most famous speech, a voice from the top balcony could be heard shouting, "Louder!" Then Welles' voice was at last audible, practically for the first time—clear and impressive. Later, after the show, we learned from a member of the cast that Welles was in despair. "Stay with me," he had asked his

friend. "This is awful! Did you hear him? He shouted 'Louder!' I'll never get over this!"

I have since been told that ever thereafter Welles' voice could be heard from the last row of the balcony.

That is the difference. Welles believes in the audience. He would take from a man in the balcony criticism he would not have tolerated from a Reinhardt. With all his advanced ideas, with all that terrific sense of novelty and shock, he always believes the audience knows best. But, most important of all, he wants the audience stirred up. As Roger Hill, headmaster of Todd School which young Orson attended, put it: "From the day Orson landed at my school, he was searching for some bizarre way to disturb people."

THE audience first! That is why I believe, contrary to many prognostications, that the American public is going to go for "Citizen Kane" in a big way; that it will make money. Orson Welles has taken Hollywood's don'ts—and made them do's! He has dared to be different in casting (virtually all the actors in this picture are new), in subject matter, in the setup of his organization. He has made exciting entertainment out of an adult theme, once and for all silencing the cry "Why can't we have better movies?"

More than that, he has proved himself utterly fearless, bucking Hollywood and Hollywood's concern for itself and its reputation; making the town like his ideas.

He has said "The audience comes first . . . and the audience has the sense to like art . . . and art is not just a graceful imitation of the other guy."

Ernest V. Heyn



FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE

GAY STEVENS was startled when the red plane swooped down out of nowhere to fly beside her.

She had thought herself alone in the sweet blue sky; and that the early morning was all hers. She had been enjoying her isolation, the smoothness of her engine, the perfection of the new mechanism and the sight of California lying in the brilliant sunlight a mile and more below her.

She had just touched the new button for its final test—when presto!—there

was the red low-wing monoplane.

"Move over," she cried, and laughed at herself because of the outburst.

There was a man in the plane and he was waving to her.

"Fancy that," she said aloud. "Even a mile above the earth a girl's not safe from peeping Toms."

She banked suddenly and circled to the left. But the red plane banked and circled too. And its pilot continued to signal her.

Gay gave her little white and gold ship the gun and smiled encouraging-

ly at her instrument board. Two hundred miles an hour. Two hundred and ten. Two hundred and twenty-two. Two hundred and forty. But the red plane wasn't shaken off.

On the contrary, it put on speed. It flew ahead, wings glinting beautifully in the sun. It zoomed upward a thousand feet or so and rolled over on its side.

"We are not amused," Gay said grimly to the instrument panel. "Go show off before some other girl, little boy. I have other plans for me."





Some women have the courage to love even though they know they'll be hurt, badly hurt. Gay was such a woman. A smashing twentieth-century story of Hollywood in the air

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

fear tinged that emotion and forced her to dive downward.

"What are you trying to do?" she murmured, half-defiant now, and half-alarmed. "Kill me? Frighten me? Force me down?"

Suddenly the solution came to her. "He's a spy!"

He must be a spy. In some way he might have got wind of the test job she was flying. She was unarmed and she couldn't get away. His was the faster ship, the better all-round ship. Gay pulled her plane out of the drop and levelled out.

The red plane was at her side again and the pilot was waving once more. He was waving her down.

There was just one chance to escape, Gay remembered suddenly. In the mountains east of San Diego there was a level space, long but narrow. She had never landed there, but had many times thought of doing so.

"He'll never follow me," she thought, and banked suddenly to the right, racing only a few feet below the red plane's undercarriage. But when Gay looked again, there was the red plane and the gesticulating pilot.

There was no chance of making that mountain pass, that lovely level place of refuge. She must land where the sheep dog drove her, that gravelly, rocky, cactus-strewn mesa at the base of the mountains. And then?

Gay was nervous, but no longer afraid. She knew what she must do. And if she died doing it, well, that wasn't such a bad way to die. She wasn't too nervous to make a perfect landing in this imperfect landing place. She waited until the plane stopped—in a little clump of flowering cactus. Then she put her right hand firmly on the lever her father had installed only a few hours before—ready to (Continued on page 77)

She banked again, merely to show her indifference, and turned again to the left. But she had scarce completed the maneuver when she saw the red plane ahead and above, swooping down directly at her.

"You fool!" Gay screamed.

For the barest fraction of a second she could think of nothing to do, so filled with fury was her mind. Then

"Get out of that plane, you crazy little goof!" Bob shouted at her





For the first time Diana Lewis
has been persuaded to tell the
real story and the real problems
of her marriage to the suave
and sophisticated William Powell

BY SARA HAMILTON

Second Year



Handholders at Ciro's: Diana and Bill. "From Mr. to Mrs." record: Bracelet, first month; brooch, second; earrings, third; watch, fourth; ring, Diana's birthday

FINK

DIANA LEWIS POWELL stood before the telephone and hesitated, her hand on the receiver.

She wanted so badly to make that call and yet, perhaps, it would be better if it were never made at all; if she really never knew whether Bill's friends would like her and accept her, the little unknown stock player, years younger than Bill, who had now become his wife.

It was Bill's birthday in a few days and she did want Bill's friends to be there with him. If only she'd gone right ahead and done it and not let it grow out of all proportion this way.

Then, two days before his birthday, she stole from the set and telephoned.

"They all accepted," this mite of a girl told us as we sat talking there in her beautiful bedroom in the Powell home. "You see, I was afraid they might resent me, those friends of Bill's who had seen him through so much.

"But they all came, everyone I'd invited—Merle Oberon and her husband, Alexander Korda, the Richard Barthelmesses and the Herbert Marshalls and everyone.

"It was a success, I'm sure, for the last guest didn't leave until four-thirty in the morning!"

A success? Of course it was—the hostess was Mrs. William Powell, a young girl who has made of her marriage an enduring companionship.

That marriage, a little over a year ago, had rocked Hollywood on its heels.

"Well," the town had said, shaking its head sadly, "it's too bad. That's one marriage that will end on the rocks with a great deal more unhappiness added to Bill's already large store of troubles. The difference in their ages alone, to say nothing of different stations in their careers, their ideals and ideas would be enough to wreck the experiment."

Oh yes, they called it that—an experiment. They called it several other things, too, such as "Bill's attempt to eradicate memories." Even his closest and dearest friends were unhappy about "Bill's strange adventure."

The columnists had their say, too. They intimated, first, a misunderstanding; then a quarrel; and lately there have even been bold statements as to the weakness of the marriage itself.

"Is it true the Bill Powells are fighting? Is it true?" they have queried.

Throughout all conjectures not one word of denial or affirmation has come from the Powells. Night clubs, private parties, seldom have seen them. It has been exactly as if they had suddenly been shut off from the world—until this moment. Then, this afternoon, tiny Diana Lewis Powell sat up in the privacy of her lovely bedroom and for the first time poured out this story, a firsthand description of the Bill Powells fifteen—no, sixteen—months after their marriage.

Through the entrance hall we had glimpsed the lovely pool in the garden at the rear and our mind flashed back

to the moment when Bill Powell first set eyes on the girl who was to be his wife. The M-G-M studio frequently borrowed his pool when they wanted to shoot publicity pictures. This day they were making "bathing-suit art" of a new little contract player, Diana Lewis; a youngster who was struggling hard to grab some sort of foothold in the movies.

She wasn't, by any stretch of the imagination, a particularly striking-looking girl. For one thing, she was so very tiny, scarcely over five feet. The best feature her face boasted was an engaging pair of dimples. Her figure, however, was slim and well-rounded, which to Hollywood was a natural for bathing-suit art.

The publicity men were busy posing Diana that afternoon, when Bill strolled out casually to watch the proceedings. The result of that gesture gave Hollywood one of the biggest jolts it has ever known.

Now, today, here in her pretty bedroom, that little unknown of sixteen months ago sat and talked, as Mrs. Bill Powell, of her husband—and of her marriage.

She didn't need to say, "We're happy." It was apparent in everything she did, every word she spoke.

"My marriage means more than all the world to me—much more than a career. I've been in show business all my life, but this is more important to me than anything else."

Diana Powell was talking now as a

natural, honest woman should talk, but seldom does in Hollywood. And as she talked, we understood more and more why Bill Powell chose this girl, so young and inexperienced in the hoity-toity ways of Hollywood. Bill was tired of show; he was seeking honesty—and believe you me, he found it in Miss Diana Lewis.

The first evidence of that honesty we had noticed a few minutes before when, in the downstairs sitting room, we had been waiting for Bill to arrive. When he entered the room, instantly Diana was in his arms. There was no freezing reserve or stately dignity such as we've encountered in other couples out here. It was as if they hadn't seen each other in weeks, so genuine was their joy at being there together in the same room.

"I had to go slowly as a mistress of a home," Diana said now, "because I knew nothing of bills or managing servants. So we kept the housekeeper and servants Mr. Powell had when we were married. I learned to know the things he liked to eat, how he liked things prepared and served, and then, six months ago, I felt ready to take over the management of the home myself."

PRIDE shone from her eyes as she talked. "We have new servants now. I order the meals, the flowers for the house, go over monthly accounts. It's just working out wonderfully!"

"After our marriage, Mr. Powell and I talked over my going on with a career. He told me I could stop right then, if I chose, and he'd assume all responsibilities, but I felt I wanted to go on as long as it didn't interfere with our marriage. So far it has offered no problems.

"Mr. Powell has the wonderful gift of being able to amuse himself when alone, reading or shopping. Quite frankly, he's really only getting his strength back now and tires readily, so we go out very little. We usually dine at home, just the two of us, and go to a movie or stay home and read, as we feel like it. We need nothing outside, it seems, to make us any happier than we are.

"Naturally, I'm so embarrassed when Mr. Powell sees me on the screen I could die," she laughed. "There wasn't much to my role in 'Andy Hardy Meets Debutante' and in fact, badly as I wanted the role, I

thought the studio was making a mistake in casting me in it. I'm not a debutante. I come from show people, you know. I've worked really all my life. But the studio insisted I play the part and Bill went with me to the pre-



Standout couple on the Hollywood scene: Diana and Bill, who don't hide love behind false dignity

view. Afterwards he said, 'Darling, I thought you got everything out of that role that could be gotten. You neither overplayed nor underplayed it. But I'll tell you frankly, it will never make you a star.' Of course, I knew that already and was too pleased with his praise to worry over the role."

We learned, from little things she said, of his kindness and goodness to her family, of his happiness in giving them pleasure. She spoke of his par-

ents as though she loved them as her own and of Bill's fifteen-year-old son.

"We get along fine," she said, in speaking of the boy. "When Mr. Powell was rehearsing nights for his radio show, I had his son over for dinner and afterwards we went to the movies and had a grand time."

There is plan and system to their marriage. Diana spoke of the thoughts and discussions and exchange of ideas they'd had about the building of strong foundations for marriage. Of the obligations of husband and wife in keeping a marriage safe. "I made one promise to myself and to my husband then," she said. "I told him I'd never ask his help or direction in how to play any role I was called upon to play upon the screen. Never to feel his great talent and success were mine to draw upon simply because he was my husband. In that way I felt we could keep our work and our love apart. I've kept my word.

WE'VE agreed, too, not to let the rumors, printed or otherwise, that we are quarreling or unhappy upset us. We talked that over one morning at the breakfast table when we read in one movie column that question, 'Are the Bill Powells quarreling?' It was so unexpected to two people so much in love as we are, it really stunned us for a minute. Then came the other printed questions—"Are the William Powells expecting a baby?" and 'Are the William Powells adopting a baby?' All with no foundation at all.

"We talked it over after our anger had died down and decided to deny no rumors of quarrels or anything else. Just ignoring them is the one right way to keep happy, we believe."

"And about the baby?" we ventured, pretending to dodge behind a lamp shade.

"I'd love nothing better," she said simply and we noticed then that, as she talked, the feeling of youth and girlishness that had surrounded her had somehow grown into womanliness, and strength, and understanding; and her mere prettiness had become loveliness as the sweetness of her mouth, with its dimples, took second place to the honesty of her eyes and her words.

And that's the girl Bill Powell, star, scholar and sophisticate, calls "wife."

Bill Powell is a lucky man.

Loretta really talks



"It seems to me marriage primarily means the need of one particular woman for one particular man and the natural result is children."

The pleasant little bombshell exploded in well-modulated tones among the soft greens and muted golds of the Park Avenue apartment of Loretta Young Lewis. Mrs. Lewis had been engaged in hiring a maid when the discussion arose which brought forth from her this observation on the marriage relationship. Two questions which most frequently

Subject: How to make a man say "I love you"—and keep him saying it always

BY HELEN GILMORE

confront the romance department had been posed: How to make a man say "I love you" and how to keep him saying it through those crucial years after marriage. On special invitation, as one eminently fitted to reply, Loretta sailed into the latter of the two, being in the first year of her own marriage to Tom Lewis, successful

young executive in the advertising business.

"That, of course, is simply the way I figure things out for myself," continued Mrs. Lewis, pulling the long graceful white house robe more closely around her slim hips. "It would be the most inexcusable presumption on my part to say how other people ought to figure for themselves. The only important point is that they *do* figure. If we're going to do an intelligent job of getting what we want, obviously we've got to know what it is. Once the goal is established the difficulty of getting there



A "Mrs. Tom Lewis" picture of Loretta Young: Dancing at N. Y.'s Stork Club with husband Lewis, advertising man

isn't nearly so great. It's amazing how many of us pass up this perfectly self-evident fact and spend our lives messing around with things we don't want.

"For instance, a girl has a frank conversation with herself and realizes that what she wants from her marriage is a playmate rather than a mate. Perhaps her life has been lonely and limited by the circumstances of her home. What she longs for is a good time and a companion to share it with her—at least for a fling before she settles down to the graver responsibilities of marriage. She probably works, since the majority of girls nowadays do, and she's willing to continue so that her twenty or twenty-five dollars a week added to her husband's income will make it possible for them to have some of those good times.

"She'll have the occasional better dress for a bit of night-clubbing and more money for beauty parlors. The family budget will accommodate some dinners out and the more expensive short-order food for fast meals at home, such as steaks, chops and frozen vegetables. And it seems to me that's fair enough provided the boy she marries understands and agrees.

"But let them both consider carefully the matter of children before it's too late; before they've cultivated

tastes in living which make the sacrifices necessary to fit the budget to babies seem out of the question.

"I believe in large families. Both my husband and I come from large families—six children in his, five in ours. We learned to stand on our own feet and scrap it out among ourselves without continually running to Mother, as an only child is apt to do, and we acquired a sense of proportion as to our own place in the scheme of things."

"How about the career girl and marriage?" we asked.

"Ah, now there I'm on a little firmer ground," Loretta laughed, "because for fifteen years I've been a Hollywood career girl. I know what it means to struggle through years of apprenticeship, learning the tools of your profession the hard way—by doing it wrong more often than right. Where how you did your lesson wasn't a matter of whether or not you won a pat on the head from the teacher but whether you won the next good part or lost it—along with your bread and butter.

"Yes, I'm continuing with my career, because now that the preliminary hard work is over I should like to have the opportunity to prove that the finished product is worth the pains of production. But perhaps I have no

right to inject my own experience into the discussion, since this decision has been no problem in my marriage, due to the understanding of my husband. We both walked into it with our eyes open. His business is in the East, mine is in the West. That's an inconvenience to us and a great one, we've learned. But do you know anyone whose life is completely without inconvenience? I don't. Adult people face their problems without whining or magnifying them and the very act of facing a problem often is as good as overcoming it. There's a price tag on anything you want in this world.

"So you see, I have sat myself down and figured out that nothing is so important to me as my marriage. That's obvious, of course; otherwise I wouldn't have gotten married."

BRAVE words, these, for Career Girl Loretta Young, who plays another kind of career girl in Universal's "The Lady from Cheyenne." According to this lively picture, told with the personal enthusiasm of Frank Lloyd, its noted director, a valiant little schoolmarm made Wyoming the Rocky Mountain cradle of woman suffrage, whence it spread to the cradles of the rest of the United States. Not that she intended it to be a world movement. Goodness, no! She was merely interested in cleaning out a dirty politician. Once the job was finished, she turned back to her dreams of a home and a fireside and the man she loved. In this respect she and Loretta, who loved playing the part, had much in common.

How much in common, however, has the career girl who continues with her work after marriage not so much by choice as by financial necessity?

Loretta considered the question, then said slowly, "I think necessity is a word which each individual must define for (Continued on page 76)

FRAME FOR FAME

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, one of the best women golfers in Hollywood: Irene Dunne of Universal's "Unfinished Business"

Natural Color Photograph
By Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Joane Dunne





You have heard many refugee stories, but this you will remember as long as you live.

It is about "the Spencer Tracy of France": Jean Gabin

ILLUSTRATION BY SI MESEROW

by
**WILBUR
MORSE, JR.**

IF YOU refuse, it may mean a concentration camp!"

The thin, nervous little emissary of the Paris Nazi propagandists looked up at tall, bushy-haired Jean Gabin to see what effect this threat would have on the actor's obstinacy.

For an hour, the Paris agent had been vainly arguing with Gabin, in his Riviera retreat, attempting to persuade France's most popular motion-picture idol to take part in a series of French language films which the Germans proposed to produce in a campaign to calm the fears and allay the hatred of the defeated country.

"You seem to forget, Monsieur Gabin, that it is not a German habit to tolerate unfriendly lack of cooperation."

"And you, monsieur," replied the screen star, rising angrily, "you seem to forget that I am still a Frenchman! I tell you again, and for the last time, I will not make these propaganda pictures . . . no matter what the punishment may be for my refusal!"

And as the messenger from the Nazi headquarters in Paris discreetly departed, Jean Gabin, hero of a hundred screen escapes, began to plot his second real-life flight from his German enemies within a year.

His first escape from the Nazi conquerors had been in May, last spring, when Gabin, a sailor on leave from duty with a French minesweeper at Cherbourg, had been caught up in the blitzkrieg on Paris, bombed out of his home in near-by Dreux and evaded capture by the invading German Army by only fifteen minutes.

Then he had fled to Toulon, in the South and, after the Armistice and his automatic demobilization, had remained in Unoccupied France, safe so long as he restrained himself from

ESCAPE

FROM THE NAZIS

any outright act of antagonism against the hated Hitlerism.

Now the Germans had sought him out in his quiet retreat at Cap Ferrat, near Nice, and were putting on the first pressure that could end only in a concentration camp or his surrender to their demands that he aid their insidious propaganda campaign. Without funds, without a passport to leave the country, Gabin knew that his rescue this time must come from the outside.

Accordingly, he cabled André Devan, his friend of many years and formerly a prominent French film producer, who a few months before had been signed by Twentieth Century-Fox as a producer in Hollywood. Could Devan arrange from America for the proper visas and transportation to get him to Hollywood, Gabin queried.

While he waited for a reply, Jean ironically mused on the number of times Hollywood had cabled *him* before the war, each tissue-thin billet a more generous offer than the last, urging him to leave his beloved Paris to make pictures in America. Now the plea was reversed. Hollywood, which he had once rejected, was his only hope of succor.

Back from Devan came a cable reporting that not only would he arrange for Gabin's evacuation from France, but that Darryl Zanuck wanted the French star to come to act in his movies. This time the actor eagerly accepted.

So it was that when the liner *Exeter* nosed up through New York harbor one blustery morning in March, a tall, muscular man in a black turtle-necked sweater, a dark suit and an old fur coat, stood on deck eagerly watching the distant dock where he

knew Devan awaited him. His once blond wavy hair had turned grey. There was in his eyes the look of a man who has seen death and destruction and despair. But on his lips was the broad smile that has ingratiated him and his simple sincerity to so many French film-goers in the years gone by.

That smile was a smile of triumph. For the second time he had escaped seizure by the Germans!

JEAN GABIN told me about those escapes over a leisurely luncheon at the famous Colony Restaurant a few days after he arrived in New York. Around the room, the smartly dressed, faultlessly groomed women who make up the top layer of Manhattan's cafe (Continued on page 88)

"Pepe Le Moko" the French version of "Algiers": Jean Gabin in his great success, playing the role refused by Charles Bover





The Tyrone Powers

Fight It Out!

By GLADYS HALL

OFFICE MEMO

To Staff:

Please put this Tyrone Power-Annabella story in work at once. It is the most intimate story of these two that I have ever read.

Ann

"GEORGE CUKOR wanted me for a second lead in one of his pictures," (Annabella speaking) "but Tyrone advised me against it. To say no to Cukor . . ." Annabella raised hands and eyebrows in a gesture of dismay . . . "to Cukor," she repeated, "whom I adore. I was sick for three weeks. I am still sick when I think about it."

"You don't want your wife to return to the screen, then?" I asked Tyrone.

"Oh," he said comfortably, "as far as I'm concerned, it's entirely up to her. If it would make her happy to work, by all means. If she prefers to stay at home, also by all means."

I said—reasonably, I feel—that I didn't understand. The statements seemed at odds. Annabella felt "sick" because Ty said "no" to a screen offer. Ty said that, so far as he is concerned, it is entirely up to Annabella. Which, I wanted to know, is what? Or what is which?

That's how we got into it, there in the Powers' living room over the tea things, one of the most friendly family arguments to which I have ever been a privy third party. . . .

Tyrone: It is a mistake, I feel, to tell a person who has had a career whether or not to continue with it. The responsibility is more than any one individual has any right to assume. I'm afraid (*smiling*) I could never play a tyrant or a dictator convincingly. I can't impose my will on others. I detest giving orders. If

I have any credo, it's 'Live and let live.'

Annabella: But because I am your wife—maybe that makes a difference . . . maybe?

Tyrone: No. That makes no difference whatsoever. It drives me insane when I hear actors say, 'If I had a son or daughter, I'd never let him work in pictures!' or 'I wouldn't allow *my* wife to have a movie career!' It drives me insane because it's snobbish. It's snobbish because it is the prerogative of the successful. You never hear an unsuccessful person say this. The ones who say it are always in a position, financial or otherwise, to enforce what they say. That's why it's snobbery and I (*fiercely*) detest snobs!

Annabella: But the Cukor offer, then. Perhaps Miss Hall does not quite understand about that.

Tyrone: I simply felt, and I feel, that it is no use Annabella's going back to the screen at all, unless the part is a big part, a really important part in an important picture. I was asked for my advice about it—as you will recall, Madame?—and advice is what I gave. I did not lay down an ultimatum. I am not an ultimatum-layer-downer (*laughing*), either in my marriage or elsewhere. No, I'd never try to influence Annabella against screen work. For if you have been in professional life, as she has been, the urge remains. I understand that too well to. . . .

Annabella (*coming out of a reverie*): But . . . pardon me, Ty, but is it not so that a woman is more glamorous, more exciting, more stimulating to a man when she works than when she just stays at home, darning the socks?

Tyrone (*laughing*): And do you darn the socks, Annabella? If so, you must hide under the rugs while engaged in this womanly occupation! But to answer your question: Not necessarily. I think a man likes to be able to discuss business matters with his wife, yes. A woman who has worked, or who is working, is more understanding, naturally. But that a woman who works is more glamorous—no!

Annabella: When have I looked most glamorous to you, sir, tell me that!

Tyrone (*winking at me*): In the bathing scene you did in 'Wings of the Morning.'

Annabella: Ahhhh, you see!

Tyrone: . . . and one night, cook's night out, when you got the dinner and had smudges on your face and hands. You looked like a little chimney sweep and were enchanting.

Annabella: Now you are making fun with me.

Tyrone: No, I'm not. Both times you looked as if you were having fun. You looked *happy*. A woman is always most beautiful when she is happy. A woman is never more beautiful (*Continued on page 74*)



Ray McLeod

Oh Baby!



An "oh boy!" angle on Sanford Stock Esq. and his co-worker, Miss Greer Garson of M-G-M's "Blossoms In The Dust." Things start out pleasantly enough at the top, with Mr. Stock showing a typical male reaction to red-haired, green-eyed beauty. Then he changes his mind, thinks dark thoughts (above) and closes the matter (right) with a definite stroke of finality no lady could but love

Photographs by
Clarence S. Bull



Happiness

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST LOVE STORY

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The world saw and loved their marriage. But the world has never before been allowed to see how Deanna and Vaughn made of a first attraction an all-enduring married love



THEY were both shy, both completely inexperienced, Hollywood's young lovers, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul.

For a time neither of them made a move, content with their dreams, happy in their knowledge of the miracle that had come to them, looking forward to each day because they would see each other on the set. They would speak a few words that would sound casual enough to the many listeners but to their ears would be all the love speeches of Romeo and Juliet.

They danced a stately little minuet of love, those two, a step forward, a step back, and created their own scenery and music out of imaginations tuned to beauty by their beating hearts.

So this was love—this knowledge that they belonged together. Yet no one suspected anything. Deanna was only sixteen—and she was so absorbed in her work, so busy with her music and her studies. They kept their secret well.

It happened in Hollywood where, of course, a very different kind of love affair flames up often for the public to see. But both these children were fortunate. The little star had grown up in a happy home, with a mother and father who had married in England when they themselves were very, very young and who had loved each other through sickness and sorrow and poverty and trials. Deanna had always hoped for such a love in her own life. So had young Paul.

To a close friend Deanna once explained their love. "Each of us had an ideal—I had an ideal boy I hoped to meet someday and he had an ideal girl. That's all. When we found each

other, we knew it had come true."

Any sixteen-year-old girl—any boy at twenty-one—finding romance, finding love. That's why this is such a great love story. So often it doesn't happen that way. So often the young in heart have to compromise for so much less, so often the dream is sullied or hurt or broken before it can come to reality.

Perhaps Deanna began to be a little afraid, or perhaps she knew that the time had come to bring on the nearer and truer part of love. It couldn't just go on being a dream. There is, I find, a strong and steadfast courage in the little Durbin. Life is to be lived and faced, and like all people of her race she knows that everything must be put to the test of everyday living, even dreams. *Can you trust your life to it*—that would always be her test. And she doesn't expect life to be all happiness, any more than she expects to go on being a great movie star without hard work and hours of study and grind and effort.

She was the star—a Hollywood princess. Necessary then for her to make the first advance. After all, even the nicest young men are very shy where Hollywood stars are concerned. I know myself of many a pretty young thing in Hollywood who hasn't as many boy friends as the everyday girl because men are shy of approach, they feel they can only adore from afar.

Moreover, the picture on which Deanna was working was finished. It was the last day on the set. What would happen? Maybe when she came back for the next one, there would be another assistant director and Vaughn (Continued on page 72)

Ahead-



Not In The Script

If you roll in the aisles at the movies, you can't always blame it on the million-dollar script writers. Sometimes, as in these six saucy scenes, you're chuckling at a few purely accidental monkey tricks

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Accidental antic on Gladys George's part was this scene in "Lady from Cheyenne." At rehearsal, Loretta Young touched her comedy hat and asked, per the script, "Do you think it would look better without the feather?" Ad libbed Gladys, "Why don't you try the feather without the hat?" The cameraman roared; Director Lloyd knew a good thing when he heard it; the line went into the picture



This is what happened when Robert Young, a hard-riding, fast-shooting cowpuncher for the first time in his movie career—in "Western Union"—climbed aboard the wrong horse. The script called for him to run and jump on one of four black horses at a hitching post. Two horses were gentle; two were "wild." Young got mixed up as the scene started, picked out one of the wild horses and the nag tried to throw him. Director Fritz Lang kept the cameras grinding. Result: A smash "natural"





Script for "The Lady Eve" had Henry Fonda, after a quarrel with wife Barbara Stanwyck, pack his bag, get off their train and step into a mud hole up to his waist. During the filming, Fonda slipped, fell flat on his back in the mud. The pretty picture he made was too good to miss; Director Preston Sturges incorporated it into the finished film



Fun, unpremeditated: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (Robert Montgomery and Carole Lombard) have a cat as company in a restaurant, which leads Mr. Montgomery into a side-splitting discourse about whether or not the cat has sampled their soup. This scene came in the back way; i.e., the cat jumped on the table by accident; Montgomery did some ad-libbing just for the fun of it; and Director Hitchcock immediately wrote cat and chat into the film script



You remember this scene as the funniest in "The Great Profile," but it wasn't in the script. The official sequence called for Barrymore to fall into the orchestra pit. He did, but added this tidbit: He spotted a trumpet left by a set musician on a near-by chair and got up blowing with all his might. This spur-of-the-moment prank was the hit of Director Lang's picture



This bedroom scene from "Nice Girl?" has Anne Gwynne, Deanna Durbin and Ann Gillis getting laughs by walking around the room with books on their heads. The scene is in the picture because Director Seiter happened to walk by a schoolroom on the set, saw Ann Gillis practicing posture thus and followed a smart hunch that a book-on-head routine would add spice to his sister act

YOU CAN Star WHEREVER YOU ARE



Errol Flynn: All girls who squeal at a mouse make a quick exit at this point



A man who meets you on your home ground—orchids and calico: Fred MacMurray



George Brent: If you have what he likes you're a bright gal

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

ANY girl can star in her own life if she has the right qualities, or sets about to develop them!

That's what fourteen of Hollywood's top men say of the opposite sex. And their reasons are highly enlightening in this poll on feminine charm from the man's viewpoint. Not one of them, strange as it may seem, gives beauty as a requisite to success, popularity or happiness.

Robert Taylor, for instance, leads off with this: "No matter what a girl hopes to do or be," he says, "I believe business experience is the greatest asset she can have. Because she can use it every day, in everything she does. Whether she works as a secretary, a salesgirl, a receptionist, a clerk or a cashier, she learns to meet people, to discipline herself and to develop a system in everything she does.

"That training will help her crash the movies, climb to stardom, run a home, scale the social ladder or fascinate the man that interests her. It curbs her temperament so that she won't rail at her fellow workers if she's a star or rant at her husband if she's a wife. It makes her think straight and understand that she can't expect all the breaks. It drives home the fact that she must work for what she gets. It teaches her to read character and to understand human nature. In other words, it prepares her for anything she wants to attempt and gives her a big advantage over the girl who sets about to get what she wants in a hit-or-miss fashion."

But, perhaps you get enough "sound business talks" in your office, shop or home and would like something subtle, with a Hollywood tang to it. For that sort of advice you'd probably pick someone like Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

"I don't believe the average girl realizes that nature intended she should draw things to her, not go out after



"You can marry the man you want to marry if . . ." and the "if" is supplied by Cary Grant

be wholesome; then follow up with two "s" attributes



When is a girl a headliner in everyday life?

When she pleases men. How do you do that?

Find what they like. What's that? Read on!

them. The quality which I think most valuable for a girl to possess is the impression of always holding back, of having something in leash, of being a bit mysterious. The art of capitalizing that 'inner something' we are always hunting in women—that intriguing something that leads us on.

"I'm especially intrigued by the woman whose eyes hold mystery and lure. Not by the individual who works her eyes. I don't like the flirtatious use of eyes and I can't bear the aggressive type of woman. Dignity and restraint—and the quality of not wearing her emotions on her sleeve—will give even a young girl poise and an air of mystery and charm that will open many doors to her."

Clark Gable and Bing Crosby pass out identical advice. If you want to be popular, successful and happy, say they, develop a sense of humor.

"Because a sense of humor will let a girl be natural," specifies Clark Gable. "It will act as a shock-absorber for the rough spots a girl's going to find wherever she goes. And because it's a pleasure to work with jolly people, she will find herself in demand everywhere."

"A sense of humor makes affectation impossible," explains Bing. "A sense of humor and a sincerity set off a girl's wholesomeness. That's the best bit of happiness and success insurance any girl can have."

Robert Young also puts a sense of humor as the most valuable asset a girl can have. "Provided," to quote him, "it doesn't express itself in screwy hats or a bubbly giddiness that makes her act as though she's been carbonated."

George Brent specifies mental stability as the most valuable asset a girl can have and suggests that its acquisition be put ahead of anything (Continued on page 70)

Melvyn Douglas:
Get your minds on
your work, ladies!



Basil Rathbone:
You won't be a
bit surprised at
what he thinks
gets girls places

WATER

Labeled lady is Anne Gwynne of Universal's "Tight Shoes." The label: "T. N. T. Girl" (Trim, Neat and Terrific); labelers: Sigma Chi Fraternity

Beach outfit is "T.N.T." too. It consists of a red Sea Ray U. S. Rubber suit with white wool straps, modeled princess style and having matching underpants. Essential extras: Strollers' beach shoes and smart Howland swim cap

Girl who's called a lot of nice names on the set of Universal's "Beyond The Law": Anne Nagel, who can be caught with her sewing most any day in the week

A matchmaker on the beach is the two-piece white U. S. Rubber swim suit. The belted shorts have front pleats and separate white rubber underpants; the bra has white wool straps. The U. S. beach bag is blue and white; the cap is a Howland model; the shoes are Strollers, multi-striped

Possessor of the face that made a million ads: Georgia Carroll, now hitting Hollywood's pace in Warners' "Navy Blues"

Pretty picture on the sand is the U. S. Rubber Water Wear one-piece suit in yellow, white and aqua, with fitted underpants, trimly flared skirt. Addenda: Howland swim cap and striped Strollers Beach shoes

DAUGHTERS

—who with figures not mathematical play their cards the right way on the beach and end up with trumps in all suits

Good bet no matter how you look at her is Mary Howard, champion diver of Oklahoma, now busy winning more prizes in M-G-M's "Billy The Kid"

A best beach bet is this Jantzen suit of Seal-Sleek fabric made of rayon and Lastex with its self-shoulder straps and V back, ideal for action

Reason why a lot of Hollywood bachelors are all calling the same number these days: Cobina Wright Jr. (right) of Fox's "Moon Over Miami," import from N. Y. society

Something to cause a ripple on the waves is this yellow Jantzen two-piece suit with knitted bra, quarter panel trunk with a soft bow and an adjustable draw cord that anchors the trunks at the waistline. The material is body-molding Velva-cord with knit-in Lastex yarn

Recipe for ladder-climbing: A famous name, a pretty face and an engaging role in Warners' "Million Dollar Baby." Girl who has all three: Lucile Fairbanks

The suit—"Jack Tar," a red Jantzen eye-catcher with white nautical trim, boasting princess lines, a flared skirt and foundation panties

My Life With CAROLINE

His wife looked like a little girl, but the trouble was she didn't act like one

Fiction Version by
LEE PENNINGTON

An RKO-Radio picture. Screen play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard. Based upon the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. Executive producer, William Hawks. Producer-Director, Lewis Milestone.

THE CAST	
Anthony Mason	Ronald Colman
Caroline Mason	Anna Lee
Paul Martindale	Reginald Gardiner
Paco del Valle	Gilbert Roland
Bliss	Charles Winninger
Helen Hamilton	Katharine Leslie

"We're going to the races," Bliss said significantly. Anthony just cocked an eyebrow and grinned; Caroline looked wistful; Paul tried to seem totally unconcerned

THE airport shimmered green and silver under the insistent Florida sun as a sleek cabin plane dropped onto the incoming runway and floated gently to a stop. A tall dark-complexioned man was at the controls.

"You can take over now, Bill," he told the pilot. "Get her into the hangar, then bring my bags up to the house."

Without waiting for Bill's "Okay, boss," Anthony Mason slid to the ground and set off at a brisk long-legged stride for the airport waiting room, but when he reached it, instead of going into the lounge he ducked behind a pillar and observed in secret three people seated at a table near the bar.

They were a very blonde and very lovely girl—Anthony's wife, Caroline; an elderly rotund man—Caroline's father; and a younger man with black hair and close-clipped mustache, whom Anthony had never seen before

but who, he reflected with amusement, was the real reason for his own unexpected plane trip.

Anthony relaxed at the discovery that his efforts to complete his trip before Caroline could begin hers had succeeded. When he had received Caroline's wire announcing that she was flying to New York to see him he had realized that it meant one thing and one thing only—Caroline, in her usual impetuous, ingenuous fashion, had fallen for another man—and the purpose of her New York visit would be to ask Anthony for a divorce.

Now Anthony was madly in love with his wife in spite of her romantic inclinations—perhaps even partly because of them, as he would have acknowledged cheerfully—and he knew that the one chance of saving their marriage was for him to circumvent Caroline's plans before they reached such a stage that through

sheer stubbornness she would feel herself obliged to go through with them. So he had immediately hopped into his own plane and headed for his winter home in Florida where Caroline and her father were vacationing.

From his strategic position behind the pillar the first words Anthony caught were his father-in-law's, "Give Anthony my love."

"Father!" Caroline's tone matched the reproof in her blue eyes. "I'm not taking this trip just for a social visit."

The young man, equally reproachful, spoke up. "I don't believe you take Caroline and me—our plans—seriously, Mr. Bliss."

"I take you very seriously indeed," Bliss retorted plaintively. "I've had to, with all Caroline's talk about going to New York."

"But I have to see Anthony, Father," Caroline said seriously, "to make him realize how important this



is to me. Make him understand how I've been stifled by that big house, the silly parties—"

"You were always the last one to leave," Bliss observed mildly.

"—make him understand," Caroline ignored the comment, "that Paul has opened up a new world to me, the world," she went on dreamily, "of beauty—"

Bliss drew a pencil and notebook out of his pocket, wrote for a moment then tore off the page and handed it across the table to the young man. "When Caroline starts on one of her long-winded speeches, Paul," the latter read, "the only way to get a word in edgewise is to write it." Paul crumpled the note reprov- ingly, then turned to Caroline who was still talking.

"I feel that I never really lived before I knew Paul, knew that he needed me—"

"To be my (Continued on page 82)

"Do you love me very much, Anthony?" Caro- line asked him dreamily



LADY BEWARE!

WE'RE putting you out on a limb this month by asking you these seemingly harmless questions you'll find at the right. From your perfectly honest (we hope!) answers, we'll discover for you your clothes bugaboos—the trends in your character that may influence your clothes-buying code.



Group I

1. If you went to visit your best beau at camp would you wear those pretty high-heeled pumps he has always especially admired?

2. If you were wearing a green dress that did things for you and you entered a room in which two chairs were vacant, one gold, one blue, the blue one directly beside an attractive man, would you choose the blue chair?

3. If with some hard-earned pennies, you bought a most becoming evening dress for a special party, then found at the last moment that the rest of your crowd weren't dressing, would you wear the evening dress as planned?

Group III

1. Do you *always* wait to have a man light your cigarettes for you?

2. Did you ever make anything—sweater, hat, dress—for yourself to wear?

3. Do you always (not counting emergencies) wait for your escort to come around and help you out of a car?

Group II

1. If you see an acquaintance on the street and he doesn't see you, are you inclined to let him slip by without speaking?

2. If you have a hat that looks very well on you, are you prone to try and find something similar when you shop for the new season's model?

3. If you were going to a gathering of "ultra ultra" people and were reading a sensational book that you know they think is common, but which interests you for personal reasons, would you ditch the book before meeting the people?

Group IV

1. Do you always have at least one hat with flowers on it every spring?

2. When you're drinking from a cup do you look over the brim and never down into the cup?

3. Do you know the difference between knit and purl, single and double crochet, basting and French seams?

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

Group I

If you answered yes to at least two questions in Group I, beware this clothes bugaboo—you don't dress for the occasion. Don't wear what you'd like to wear, wear what you should wear, and remember that old oxfords are better for muddy camps. Remember, too, that a green dress against a blue chair will kill your chances; and that being overdressed at a party will only get you the wrong kind of side glances. Hint for summer: A yellow piqué sports dress and matching tailored straw; the material is right night or day; the color will set an pace any place.

Group II

If you answered yes to at least two questions in Group II, you're apt to be too conservative, too standardized, in choosing your clothes. Don't always stick to the same type hat; a tricorne may be becoming but may also make you look as if you didn't know what gives in the new styles. Forget your inhibitions, go out and buy something you've probably never worn before—i.e., an old-fashioned black and white striped linen sun-bonnet with a yellow rose. You'll be surprised as to how much it breaks down barriers—your own and other people's.

Group III

If you answered no to at least two questions in Group III, better watch out—that masculine instinct of yours, if it isn't curbed when it comes to buying clothes, may turn you into a woman who never dresses to please a man—and you know the result of that. Try turning feminine, be sure to sit back and get all the attention you deserve, play around effectively with some needlecraft and deck yourself out in a pale pink marquisette dress. It's new for summer and it's a good counteract for your independent impulses.

Group IV

If you answered yes to at least two of the questions in Group IV, you're well on your way to looking like the type woman Billie Burke plays. Remember that frills and feathers sometimes only serve to annoy other people and that too feminine clothes may get you a lot of places without really getting you anywhere. Try buying a pastel plaid silk suit, satisfy that feminine side of you with a little lace bib at the neck, leave your knitting home and talk about Orson Welles. Incidentally, if you really want to have something to say on that subject, see page 27.

STYLES FOR SUMMER

Sirens



"... by the dawn's early light . . ."
To be seen in the best early-morning swim circles: This four-piece outfit designed by Mabs and worn by Rita Hayworth of Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich." You take your before-sunrise dip in fitted lastex trunks and bra top; then you switch on a circular, scarlet shirt, zip yourself into a fitted white lastex jacket and win on any tennis court you choose

Schofer

"... And the rockets' red glare . . ."
Explosive addenda for a Fourth of July picnic is this pastel plaid slack suit designed by Connie Foster to be worn by a girl like Rita Hayworth. The secret behind this number-one summer sports outfit lies in three cardinal points: First, the fit—a sleekly tailored line that gives you a one-in-a-million figure; second, the pockets, large patch ones that make the suit a somebody; third, the hand-stitching on the trousers and jacket, sure sign of "good goods" anywhere

10-1000





"...bombs bursting in air..." Resounding note in the summer fashion air is gabardine; smooth example is this belted gold coat dress of that up-and-coming material. You'll hang one like this in your closet right away because the brown buttons travel so smartly down the front; because the notched collar and faked flap pockets are two new high signs in the summer fashion picture; and because when you wear it you'll feel exactly the way Rita Hayworth looks

"... the land of the free ... " Product of the international democratic spirit is Miss Hayworth's white crepe Bagheera dinner dress that gives a distinctive bow to Grecian influence. Definite "look-sees" in this Robert Kalloch model are the unusual side draping and the black lace epaulets that match the wider-than-wide lace belt. Lovely to look at, nice to have, is the Paradise fox



Sch



"... in the twilight's last gleaming ..." A pretty picture at the cocktail hour is this white crepe street dress with cool-looking navy in a suggested plastron treatment on the bodice and set-in squares on the sleeve—a perfect outfit to take care of the fresh-as-a-daisy business



For girls who crave a mane
to woo
There are lions in the zoo.

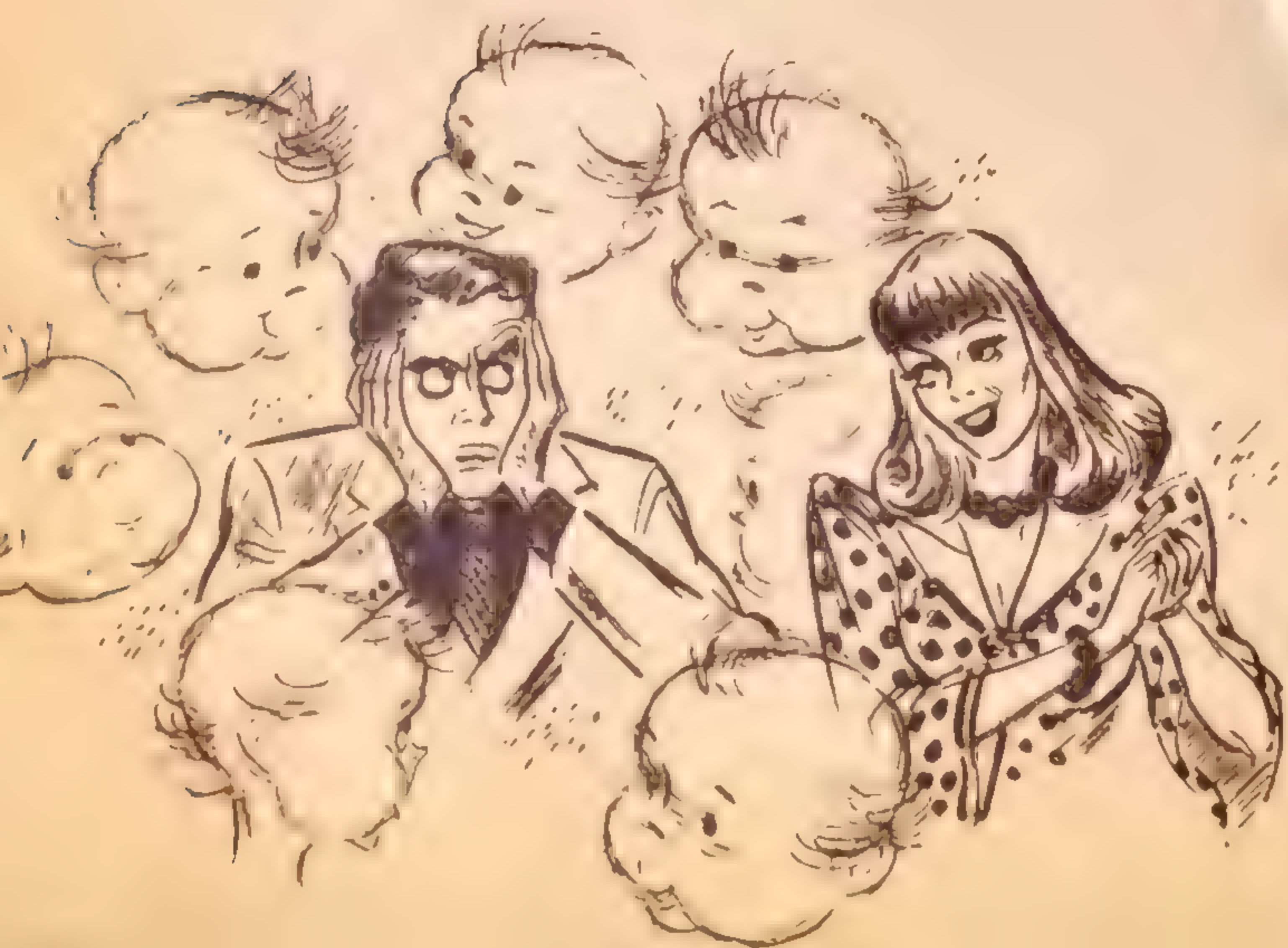
How to Spoil

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GREGORI



Constant talk of babies' weight
Will quickly turn man's love to
hate.



It is a moonlit night; a soft breeze, sweet with honeysuckle, crosses the garden; from somewhere issues the lilt of a love song. It is a romantic moment if there ever was one.

"And you want me to tell how a girl could spoil a mood like that?" demanded John Howard in a tone rich with horror. "Oh, no. Nothing doing. Don't I have trouble enough without putting my neck in a noose?"

When it was pointed out to him that there wouldn't be half so many lovelorn editors, spinsters or divorcees as there are if every girl in the world didn't—at some time in her life—muff a romantic moment, he relented a little. When it was added, furthermore, that he couldn't have lived for four years in the Deke house at Western Reserve without having heard sundry complaints about feminine behavior from the brethren, consequently his comments needn't be construed as personal revelations, but simply as general opinions, he broke down completely.

Teetering on the back two legs of a chair (he can do more things with a common four-legged straight chair than the Flying Canzonieris can do with a slack wire) he said, "Well, there's nothing that throws a man off his sentimental beam as much as a gal who kids the moment. That may sound like an unnecessary observation, but it's astonishing how many girls nowadays wisecrack their way out of a romance that they have given every evidence of encouraging. After all, it's next to impossible to get that thrilled feeling when a girl keeps you laughing."

Surreptitiously, we made a note of this information, to wit:

Laughter is fine and nice in its place,

But she who gets kisses wears no grin on her face.

"Another thing you might mention," John added, chuckling, "is that the average man has an aversion to having his hair mussed. Or his tie disarranged. Every once in a while, so the lads tell me, they meet up with some girl who thinks the way to a man's heart is via scalp (Continued on page 94)

a Romantic Moment



John Howard and Our Cover Girl,
Dorothy Lamour, give some versions as
to why "old maid" and "jilted swain"
are still in the romance dictionary

What girl can exhibit that
appeal known as "sox"
With her teeth rattling
'round like dice in a box?

WE CAUGHT Dorothy Lamour on the set of "Caught in the Draft," where she was caught in a whirlpool of men.

"Only a traitor to her sex would pass up an opportunity to reveal how men muff a romantic moment," she said, trying to find a comfortable position in one of those canvas chairs. "I think the very worst sin of mankind against a sentimental evening . . . well, I'll tell you about it."

It happened several years ago, when Dottie was living in Chicago. Through mutual friends she had met a young viking: one of those terrific torso boys with all the muscles that rubbing alcohol pictures, and then some added for good measure. He had blue eyes, a mass of curly blond hair and a voice that did things to the feminine spine.

When he asked Dorothy for a date, she said "yes" and rushed away from the telephone to buy a new dress—a feat that took a bit of budgetary planning in those days.

The evening started auspiciously enough. When Viking was presented to Dorothy's mother, his manner was properly deferential and Dorothy received one of those okay telegrams by eye from her mother. So far, so good.

In the car on the way to the club, he explained who was featherweight boxing champion and why; how the lightweight situation stood; what the crucial problem in the welterweight department was; and then, having primed himself, he launched a blow-by-blow description of every heavyweight hostility that had taken place since the days when what John L. Sullivan thought about hobble skirts was news.

For dinner they had the Olympic games; during the first dance Viking revealed all known football strategy; second dance—basketball; third dance—track and field with a complete recital of records and record-holders. He was going into the perennial problem of the Brooklyn Dodgers when Dorothy begged to be taken home.

"I had Charley horses for a week, just from listening," confided Dorothy. "It would have (Continued on page 95)



Muscles are nice—just look
at Gable
But who wants them ver-
bally flexed at table?





Man with a trademark: Charles Boyer of "Hold Back the Dawn" who talks with his eyes to women who listen with their hearts

...ady with a keynote: Jean Arthur of "The Devil and Miss Jones" whose trick voice is preferred stock in Hollywood trade





Out of

BY
HARRIET FONDA PEACOCK
and
JAYNE FONDA SCHOENTGEN



Henry Fonda's Attic

—comes this story of Hank, one of the grandest we've ever printed. It ought to be. It's by his sisters and it brings to light some things only a sister would remember — and tell!

HAS Hank changed much?" Schoolmates, members of his Boy Scout troop, girls he danced with in high school and older folk who knew him as a boy are constantly asking us if Henry has changed since the cloak of Hollywood glamour fell on his shoulders.

You'd expect an answer in the negative from his sisters, younger sisters to whom Henry was always pretty much of a hero even before movie scripts provided him with the halo of histrionic heroics.

But recently we've had occasion to see emphasized just how little change there has been in Henry through the years since he staged his first backyard circus; change, that is, in the fun-loving simplicity and the earnestness of enterprise which are the essence of his character.

Not long ago Henry wrote us asking that we forward to him in Hollywood the trunkful of old letters and photographs which Mother had saved, that traced, in yellowing notepaper and fading snapshots, the story of his Omaha boyhood.

As we sorted through the memorabilia of a family that has always saved souvenirs, there were hundreds of reminders of Henry in the days when movies were a Saturday after-

noon treat and not a Monday morning job.

Here was a picture of Henry at six, taken in the back yard of his grandfather Ten Eycke Fonda's house, with Henry all dressed up in his Sunday school suit, with Buster Brown collar and wide bow tie and a crushed hat like the one Percy Crosby's "Skippy" wears, looking longingly at a baby chick in a brood of white leghorns.

It may have been that same afternoon that Henry inadvertently stepped on a newly hatched chick and rushed upstairs to his grandmother's room, closed the door and fell on his knees beside the bed to offer up an eloquent prayer for the recovery of the injured chick. That prayer lasted forty-five minutes by the clock and Henry would not leave the room until he was assured that the chick was going to live.

There was another prayer of Henry's that was answered, though not so promptly.

One of the first shows he did at the Omaha Community Playhouse when he was twenty, and on a summer vacation from the University of Minnesota, was "Merton of the Movies." In the play, one of the most touching lines is the prayer of the film-struck farm boy who is trying to crash

Hollywood. Tearfully he petitions: "Oh, God, make me a movie actor . . . one of the best . . . for Jesus' sake, Amen."

Henry often has said it was when he played that role, the role Glenn Hunter made famous, that he decided on a theatrical career and his earnest reading of those lines may well have been an unconscious prayer that he, too, might touch film fame. It was ten years before he was to face a camera, but when success came it was on a grander scale than even Merton could have wished for.

It was, however, not as an actor that Henry first showed talent. His ability at writing and drawing won his earliest distinctions. At eight, he won the first prize of \$2 in a short story contest conducted by the Dundee News, a neighborhood newspaper in the section of Omaha in which we lived. His flight into fiction was called "The Mouse's Story," and on receipt of his prize, and the publication of his brain child, Henry thereafter signed all his letters: "Henry Fonda, author of 'The Mouse's Story.'"

That was about the time that Henry began a long and regular correspondence with his other grandfather, Henry Jaynes, Mother's father, who lived in (Continued on page 103)

In cahoots: Younger sister Jayne and older sister Harriet in the process of finding some gay skeletons in closets



Family portrait: Jayne, Harriet and Hank, a promising group that made things hum in the Fonda home on the shaded street in Omaha (see other page, top)



Ilona Massey: Girl with a nice voice; a nicer husband, Alan Curtis; and a net-profit picture, Alexander Korda's "New Wine"



Douglas Fairbanks Jr.



Joan Bennett



Joan Crawford



Gary Cooper



THE TRUTH about STARS' AGES BY "FEARLESS"



Clark Gable



Claudette Colbert

Hollywood's motto on ages is "Bigger fibs
make better box-office." We think

you'd rather know the facts

A COUPLE of years ago Claudette Colbert, who is a fantastically honest soul, went around Hollywood telling whoever asked her that she was thirty-one. Actually she was thirty-one, which constitutes a kind of feminine miracle, not only in Hollywood but anywhere on earth. After she had told her age to several inquirers her family, her agent and her best friends began ganging up on her.

"You can't do that," they all ordered.

"But why not? It's the truth," said the ex-Miss Chauchoin.

"Okay, okay, but nobody will believe it is the truth and everybody will automatically add at least two years to what you tell them."

All of which is a solemn and well-known fact in Spotlight Center, a fact that has led to much gnashing of records, much laughter and a crocodile tear or two.

Take the cases of Joan Crawford and Irene Dunne as regards their personal histories. La Crawford has been in Hollywood and pictures ever

since 1925, some sixteen years ago. Let the subject of age arise, Crawford will look you straight in the optics and remark, "I don't see why women are so silly about revealing their years. I don't mind telling anybody how old I am. I'm thirty-one."

Before Hollywood, Crawford was a chorus girl on Broadway; according to some reports, a chorus girl in Chicago; before that, according to her own statement, an attendant at Stephens College in Missouri before she invaded the world of the theater; and prior to Stephens a resident of Kansas City; and a bit before that little Billie Cassin of Texas, which adds up to a crowded fifteen years, certainly.

We defy anyone to be able to check up even that much on Irene Dunne, however. Beautiful, delightful, talented, Irene is more elusive than a super-Raffles when any attempt is made to tie her down to any of the time factors of her life. Vaguely you

can prove that she was a prima donna on Broadway before she came into Hollywood for "Cimarron" in 1931. Enchantingly, but indefinitely, she will admit that she was married before she came West. Obviously, she was born, but try to nail Irene down to the vital statistics and you will suddenly discover the subject switched to petunias, the careful raising of leading men and what on earth is really going to happen in the ASCAP-BMI quarrel.

Dunne is so self-protective on all this that once when an interviewer tried to find out the type of house she was born in, the star refused to remember even that and this past fall when a Los Angeles paper published the mere fact that it was her birthday and then Garson Kanin, who was directing her at the time, started teasing her about it, the atmosphere on the set became so tense that even that debonair young man backed hurriedly out.

Probably Irene is somewhere in her middle thirties, that region where so large a (Continued on page 98)

"The

If you've ever wondered what men say to each other in private on this subject, you'll want to read what George Raft said so openly to Herb Stein



The girl in Raft's present: Betty Grable. Says George: "When I'm with her I'm completely happy." Says Hollywood: "He's never been so crazy about any girl before"

Women In My Life"

"I DON'T know what Betty Grable's got, but I do know she's got me!"

And that's how George Raft admits what all Hollywood has been buzzing for months. Since that night at Ciro's several months ago when Betty danced her way into George's life, there hasn't been a more discussed twosome in the film capital since Bill Powell knocked the town's prognosticators for a loop with his sudden marriage to Diana Lewis.

Lots of folks agree that Grable is George's last romance, but she's far and way from being his first.

What has Raft that gals from every walk of life go for? Why does this former Broadway dancer rate the "rep" with his friends of never wanting for a beautiful lass? "George never had trouble with girls. He never will," they'll tell you.

"The women in my life," Raft admitted to us in his first gab session on the subject since he's been in Hollywood, "have ranged from theatrical

nobodys to society bigwigs; from college girls to movie stars; from dizzy career seekers to the kind of gal one should never have dated in the first place. I know I'm not the smartest guy in the world, but I do know what I like. And I like *class*—whether it's food, horses or women—they gotta have *class*!"

Take the case of Norma Shearer. Staid, proper, intellectual Norma—the "First lady of Hollywood"—fell head over heels for the first guy from Tenth Avenue. As George would probably tell you, "Little did I dream when I was flipping coins as a lug in 'Scarface' that I would ever know, let alone date the girl who was that far on the other side of the Hollywood tracks."

The country at large was long under the impression that the Raft-Shearer romance was a smartly conceived publicity stunt to give Raft class and bring Norma down to earth. It was nothing of the sort. Press agents had no more to say about it than advisors

of the Duke of Windsor when he took "the woman I love."

As George tells it, "The first time I met Norma was at a party three years ago at Jack Warner's home. We talked, danced and later I drove her home. I never attempted to date her after that one meeting because I—well, I just felt it wasn't the thing to do with the 'first lady of Hollywood.' The really first chance I had to know her was a year later in New York. Norma was with Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson. Boyer called me at my hotel one day and asked me if I wouldn't care to join the threesome on a tour of the World's Fair. Naturally, I was pleased at being asked and promptly accepted the invitation."

A round of the New York night spots followed. Shearer, utterly new to this whole routine, was fascinated by it. She found a new world in Raft's friends and habits. Where Shearer and Boyer were always formally addressed as Miss Shearer and

Member of one of the first families of Chicago was Virginia Peine with whom George went for years. He says now: "It wasn't fair for me to continue seeing Virginia however much I loved her"



In the past: Norma Shearer, staid, proper, intellectual. In her ice box there were kept special steaks just in case Raft should drop in to dinner



Predecessor of Virginia Peine in Raft's life: songstress Helen Morgan. This romance made sparks fly on Broadway

Mr. Boyer, people ran up to Raft with, "H'ya Georgie, how's dat Hollywood life? . . . How ya doin', Georgie?" Raft became a new experience for the woman, a regular guy, one of the boys, a chap who not only knew his way around but all the folks along the way. Norma envied all this. She wanted to become a vital part of it.

Her past had consisted of very intimate parties at the homes of close friends. A movie to her was of the private, leather-cushioned seat projection room type. She hardly knew what audience reaction to a picture was like, because she seldom went to a movie house.

"If I opened Norma's eyes to the world of night clubs and ball games," Raft says, "she opened the pages for me to the blue book of Hollywood society. On our trip to Europe with the Boyers, she was a wonderful guide for me through the museums and art galleries. By the time we had returned to Hollywood, I was wearing formal clothes more often to dinner and she was becoming more carefree and at ease in public."

They split fifty-fifty on everything. She taught him to enjoy quiet dinners and he taught her to roar with the

mob when her horse ran in the lead down the stretch. "If I was her fourth at bridge," George relates, "she was the first to dance a rhumba. We not only went to quiet dinners at the Zanucks, the Warners, the Leroy's and the Fairbanks, but we went to Ciro's and Victor Hugo's for gay times."

Before the year's romance was over, Shearer was very attached to George and he to her. She was wonderfully generous in so many ways. She'd bring crazy knickknacks to his home, rearrange little things here and there to give the place a woman's touch.

"You'll never hear about or know a more thoughtful and more kindly person," Raft says of Shearer. "And you'll find no mother more wonderful to her children. And as with her children, so with her friends. When anyone is ill, she's the first to call and suggest old-fashioned remedies."

Raft is notorious for packing away at least a steak a day, every day. Shearer, at her home, always had special steaks in the ice box in the event he dropped in for dinner. Photographs of Raft were all over her place. When she returned from New York after a five-day visit, she went right from the airport to visit him on

the set of "They Drive By Night" which was then shooting.

What broke up the romance? No one knows, and the two most concerned about it won't talk. On a trip to New York, Raft was linked in the columns again with former heart-throb Virginia Peine. But he and Shearer are still excellent friends.

So much for Raft's experience with the lady of a Hollywood first family.

HE HAD a much longer romance six years ago with a girl of a first society family of Chicago. This was the chic, smart, vivacious Virginia Peine. This was Raft's first experience with society and it knocked Hollywood haywire.

"If ever there was a girl I would have married, Virginia is that girl," Raft told us. But he couldn't marry Ginny. Raft's wife, from whom he's long been separated, so far has refused to give him a divorce.

"It wasn't fair for me to continue seeing Virginia however much I loved her," Raft relates. "I was not only mad about Ginny, but I was crazy about her daughter, Joanie. There wasn't a thing I wouldn't do for that little Joanie. Maybe I'm softhearted. Maybe I'm a sissy, but I got more of a kick out of buying that kid gifts than seeing my horse win a race." To this day Raft still sends Joanie all sorts of presents, while she's in New York with her mother, who is in "Lady In The Dark."

"How did I meet Virginia? Oh, it was at the Clover Club in Hollywood one night. Some friends introduced us. I thought she was a very swell gal, but I didn't dare think of asking her for a date. All the advance ballyhoo was that she was a society girl from Chicago and who was I at the time to make a pass at a girl like that? But the next day I almost fell off my feet when she telephoned and invited me to one of her cocktail parties. From then on we saw each other regularly. Yeh, it lasted four and a half years. You're darned right—I took *plenty* of ribbing from the boys. They said I was going social, high-hat and that sort of stuff. To hear them talk, you'd think I'd gone North Hollywood. But they didn't know at the time what a peach of a kid Ginny was. They found out, though, just as I did. I'd never met anyone like her before. She taught me more about the finer things than anyone before or since. To be with her constantly was the greatest thing that could have happened to me. I'd do anything for Virginia—she's a swell girl."

Before the Peine girl, Raft's great love was Helen Morgan. When Morgan was sitting on a piano doing her stint, Raft was sitting at her feet adoring every (Continued on page 96)

Geraldine Spreckels

—skin like a rose pearl!



EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY... HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give YOUR skin HER Glamour Care

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!



Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with *more* Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Lovely clean!

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft feel—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're glamorous as a dream girl!



Glamorizing
1-Minute Mask



SHE'S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin.

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual every day.

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I'm keen to start Geraldine Spreckels' glamour care. Please send right off Pond's Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream for the glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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(Offer good in U.S. only)



How to be a good mixer: Cultivate the quality George Raft likes in women and you'll star with bankers, race-track touts, truck drivers and newsboys alike

You Can Star Wherever You Are

(Continued from page 47)

else. So Brent lines up with Robert Taylor in listing self-discipline and a sane viewpoint as infinitely more important than beauty or any subtle feminine art.

"I think mental stability will do more for a girl than anything else," George says, "regardless of her ambition or goal. Without it she can't balance her desires with reason or success professionally, in business or as a wife.

"If a girl hasn't mental stability she not only can't handle her business affairs, but she doesn't know how to proceed with her career, her job or her everyday life in an intelligent manner. Not only girls, but men, too, must fight flightiness and keep their feet on the ground if they hope to succeed.

"Mental stability prevents a girl from getting too lightheaded over a good break or bright prospects, or too heavyhearted over delays and disappointments.

ERROL FLYNN names a Spartan quality as the most important single asset to help a girl "star" in her own life.

"Not all girls remember to include courage when they outfit for their conquest of life. Some of them forget that it must be the pivot around which their whole campaign, whether professional, business, social or romantic, must revolve.

"I speak with authority, because I've been fighting fear all my life and I know that it is the greatest menace to a man's hopes and peace of mind. So it must be to a girl's ambitions and plans. For a girl on her own has more things to fear than has a man and, I imagine, she needs greater courage.

"A girl need not be ashamed to be afraid. Fear is all around us and is as natural to us as love. Only fools never know fear. The shame—and the folly—is in not fighting it, not pushing ahead in spite of it.

"Terror isn't the worst trick in fear's bag. Terror hits us most often and hardest in the form of embarrassment, self-consciousness and lack of confidence. It works black miracles with little things—like putting us ill at ease among strangers, making us afraid to speak our minds.

"These days the most important thing a girl can possess is the courage of her convictions and the courage to carry on to the goal her ambition sets in spite of obstacles, of criticism or of fear of consequences. The courage to take a chance

when she feels she is right."

Cary Grant also named courage as the "top" quality for a girl these days. But a courage of a different type than that described by Errol Flynn.

"I think more girls marry the man they want to marry, get the jobs they want to get and do the things they want to do because they have courage than because of any other reason or quality. The courage to hold to their course and hang on in spite of obstacles is all-important. Give a girl an idea of what she wants, a little common sense and the ability to hang on in spite of disappointments and you've presented her with the quality that will make her star wherever she is.

"Another quality I would recommend acquiring, if I'm entitled to a second choice, is the ability to see yourself as others see you. The habit of looking into a mental mirror not to see if your lipstick is on right but to look yourself in the eye. Recognize and analyze your faults. Then call in your courage and keep pecking away at them until they are whipped."

"In my opinion," says Edward G. Robinson, "self-honesty is the quality that will win popularity for any girl. By facing facts squarely and not cheating herself with alibis, illusions or self-sympathy she avoids the burden of pretense and can be herself. And being herself, she can head straight for her goal, without having to cover deception or put on an act to keep in character.

"When a girl shows respect for herself by being herself, she gains the respect of others. They take her and her aims seriously. When she pretends to be what she is not, others grow suspicious of her.

"Too many girls undertake a profession or a job or a romance with their bag full of tricks and depend upon their wits to keep people fooled. A girl goes to a lot of useless trouble doing this, because as many people will like her for herself as would like her for being someone else. But in aping or pretending she can't be convincing enough to impress anyone."

Don Ameche raises a point none of the others mentions. "In life, as in motion pictures, sound is as important as action or appearance. The girl who realizes this has a secret to charming and persuasive personality. To men gentleness and warmth are synonymous for women. So

the girl who develops the qualities of warmth, sincerity and gentleness in her voice possesses an incalculable asset.

"Millions of men have fallen in love with women's voices. Millions of employers have found a girl's 'voice with a smile' a tremendous commercial asset. Any girl can develop and put warmth into her voice. Every girl should."

Fred MacMurray meets the girls right on their home ground. He says:

"I think the ability to dress well—intelligently, not expensively—is a valuable asset to any girl. But she shouldn't just follow fashion, regardless. She should make the study of dress an important part of her life. She should know that extreme and bizarre clothes not only cheapen her but actually detract from her personality. A beautiful girl loudly dressed is like an orchid wrapped in red and yellow calico. She should learn how to dress to reflect her personality and her character. I think that when she has done this she will have attained a great quality for success, popularity and eventual happiness."

"To me," says George Raft, "a girl needs two qualities to star in her own life: Feminine charm and sincerity. In other words, if a girl is what she is supposed to be, she will do all right.

"A girl should be sincere for two reasons—because everyone wants sincerity in a woman and dreads the thought that it isn't there; and because she needs sincerity for her own protection. Sincerity breeds sincerity and respect. And a girl needs sincerity and respect from others more than she needs anything else on earth.

"Sincerity doesn't mean prudishness. The honestly sincere girl is the most democratic and most free of her sex. She can mix with bankers, politicians, artists, men-about-town, newsboys, truck drivers and race-track touts and be equally welcomed and respected by all. In her sincerity and feminine warmth men of every type see the qualities they respect and cherish.

"Feminine charm and sincerity are not only a girl's most important spiritual quality but the safest commercial asset she can possess."

Basil Rathbone says he thinks the most important qualities a girl can possess are intelligence and real sophistication. By real sophistication he means understanding and the result of intelligence, not a wise attitude or a show of bizarreness. He thinks that intelligence not only attracts but holds friends and loved ones with an ever-tightening grip.

Melvyn Douglas says: "I believe the most valuable qualities a girl can have are sincerity and its inevitable companion, application. I believe that no girl who is genuine in her interest can help but absorb a certain amount of professional efficiency, regardless of what she is doing.

"There is considerable difference between enthusiasm and sincerity. One can be enthusiastic about success and enthusiastic about a job in hand and yet not be willing to take the licking and the disappointments and stick with it. If a girl is truly sincere and really puts her mind to work and follows what she believes to be a systematic method of pursuing her course I don't see how she can help but be successful, within the limit of her natural capacity. But definitely successful. Only genius or the breaks will carry one beyond that point.

"That goes not only for the professions that lead to fame but for every walk in life. Sincerity makes plants to grow and happiness to be."

And there are the tips from the stars on how to star, wherever you are!

*Follow this
Guide Line*



*to fit with freedom
to control with comfort*

It doesn't matter what type of figure you have or what style of swim suit you fancy. You'll look and feel and swim better if you insist on a suit made with "Lastex" yarn. You can have its advantages in one-piece or two-piece suits, in romper models or in the various skirted and dressmaker designs. You can benefit by that famous stretch in woven or knitted fabrics, in silk, cotton, wool or rayon, in mixtures of these or in the new swim fabrics shirred with "Lastex" yarn. Ask to see the new swim suits made with "Lastex" yarn at the stores you usually patronize, under the name of your favorite maker, if you have one. In any case, the most important thing to remember in shopping for a suit is to insist on the elastic yarn that makes the American bathing figure the envy of the world.



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...THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company,
makers of "Laton" yarn, Rockefeller Center, New York City



Happiness Ahead

(Continued from page 42)

Paul would be somewhere else, working with another star, and she might not see him at all.

That thought brought her out of her dreams. Very shyly, she spoke to him in passing. "Tomorrow," she said, "is Labor Day and—that's a holiday. Wouldn't you like to come and swim in our pool?" Vaughn Paul said he would like to very much and Deanna went home in ecstasy.

He came—and the day was one of those perfect California days, with the scent of the hills and the sea mingling and the sunshine warm gold over everything. They swam in the pool, diving and laughing at nothing at all, and lay in the sun and talked and found with a sort of awe that they liked the same things, that they had the same viewpoints, that they wanted the same things from life—a home, a family, work and friends.

"Would you—like to come back on Sunday—and swim?" Deanna said shyly, looking up at him from under her wet, curling dark hair. And young Vaughn Paul looked down from his height into the blue eyes that were so honest and said he certainly would.

THE little princess had opened the door—and so, of course, after Sunday he asked her to go out to dinner and to see "Boys Town," which had just opened.

They didn't have any agreement then about going out with "anybody else." Only—they just never wanted to. They didn't declare their love or speak of the future, just at first. It was enough to be together and to explore, as though they were the first two who had ever fallen in love, and to discover each other.

Soon they began to talk of marriage. Inevitably. It was that kind of love, as they were that kind of people.

Of course, their families said they were too young. The studio protested that Deanna was too young. They could not see their little starlet as a married woman—not realizing that this love story would entrance a disillusioned and suffering world.

They agreed. They could wait. They would learn to know each other better.

Too, it was necessary for Vaughn Paul to make his way up in the world a little.

He wouldn't like being "Deanna Durbin's husband," and there was always the immovable fact of Deanna's huge salary.

That is one of the things that makes this such a great love story. Everybody knows that it is sometimes very easy to keep the sweetness and the charm of first love when you can keep it in a flowering garden, with a full moon, with fragrant spring flowers, with loveliness shielding it. But these two have kept theirs in the turmoil and the trouble and the difficulties and never lost its magic. They have faced things honestly.

They know, for instance, that they face a real injustice where Paul's work is concerned. I made some rather thorough investigations around the Universal lot. The old-timers, whom I have known for years, and who are plenty hard-boiled about Hollywood and its fables and its customs, tell me that Vaughn Paul has real and definite talent as a producer. Steeped in Hollywood tradition from the day his eyes opened, he is a second-generation member—and the second generation is doing very well out here. His judgment is unusually sound and, as the old-timers told me, the boy is a worker. That counts.

As soon as the studio knew of the romance between their star and the young assistant director, they took him off her pictures. That was natural and, even Deanna understood, wise. Since then Paul has worked his way up to be an assistant producer with a very bright future.

YET it is inevitable as he goes ahead that some people will say—for some people love to say unkind things, I don't know why—his success is due to the fact that he is married to a great star.

It won't be true. For Deanna, with her clear young wisdom, knew that the man she loves wouldn't be happy unless he could do his own work, unless he would find it possible to achieve in his own field.

After those first days when Deanna asked him to her house, the courtship was Vaughn Paul's always. And it wasn't long before it became obvious to everyone who knew them well that

Vaughn Paul, to use a slang expression, wore the pants in that combination. They went with his friends, they followed his habits, they did what he would have done had he fallen in love with Sally Smith instead of Deanna Durbin.

In many ways, that was the best thing that ever happened to Miss Durbin.

I find it very significant that the "crowd" they go with calls her Edna, which is her real name, and not Deanna. They are young people—some young married couples, some fellows Vaughn Paul knew in school and their girl friends. They are completely normal, everyday young Americans. Apparently they are not impressed by the fact that Deanna Durbin is one of the great box-office movie stars of our time—in fact, that is a handicap if anything.

When a beautiful young girl—and by the way, it is too bad that Deanna Durbin movies cannot be photographed in color, she is so much prettier off the screen than she is on, which, I may tell you, is somewhat rare among movie queens—when a beautiful young girl becomes a star, it is natural and almost inevitable that she find herself surrounded by older people.

SO little Deanna, a child wonder, was drawn more and more into groups of older people who always regarded her as just that—a child wonder—because of her great artistic achievements.

But the crowd her boy friend took her to see and with whom they kept dates regarded her simply as a girl their own age—and she had to make good on her own. One sign of snootiness, one bit of Hollywood up-stage tactics, one taking advantage of her name and position, and they would have regarded her as a dope and not good enough for Vaughn.

They had all lived in or near Hollywood all their lives and they were used to seeing screen luminaries about. Movies were by no means the beginning and end of existence to them. Most of them were vitally interested in sports, many of them were experiencing in their own lives the great changes in work and economics going on in our democracy. All of them, I find, were active in politics in some way—keen and eager to follow the new trends, anxious about world events and how their own lives would be affected by them.

Edna made good in that crowd, as she had made good in her own. And it has helped to make her different from a great many Hollywood girls. Her mind is keen, alert, she is intelligent about everything that is going on, you can talk with her for hours without ever mentioning Hollywood or motion pictures.

So—their engagement became a fact, they set a date for their marriage and changed it when they realized how close it was to the date upon which Deanna's mother and father had taken the vows they had never broken.

Two things they have deep in their hearts that make for real companionship. Motion pictures as a life work—a big opportunity. They are serious about that. Pictures, they feel, are a real influence in the life of a nation. The other thing is music. Vaughn isn't a musician, but an honest music lover—and I think that music as part of a home, great music as an everyday companion, gay music as a friend at the hearth is one of the finest things that can happen.

The greatest love story in Hollywood. That's what everyone thought in the

A picture that would ordinarily speak for itself; being of Abbott and Costello, they both talk through their straws thus:

Costello: I just got a bottle of milk.

Abbott: Is it A milk or B milk?

Costello: Bee milk? Do bees give milk?

Abbott: No—honey!

Costello: Thank you, dear, you're awfully sweet to me.



gardenia-laden Wilshire church as the bride, clad in long-trained ivory satin, swept up the aisle on the arm of her father to meet the clean-cut lad waiting for her at the steps of the altar. At the altar itself, Deanna and Vaughn, in a double-ring ceremony, placed the wedding bands on each other's fingers. Then the bridegroom took into his arms his chosen bride and before the eyes of 900 friends and studio workers placed a kiss full on her lips—a kiss which in thirty seconds was to seal the rest of their lives to each other.

I suppose the ideal in every heart is that a first love, with all its wonder and magic, all its exquisite tenderness, should go on forever. That it should be perfect and lead to a love marriage, and carry on through the years.

That's the ideal. I don't say that great love doesn't come when people grow older. It does, often. I have never seen two people more deeply in love, happier in their understanding of and companionship with each other, than the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. She had been married twice before, he certainly had been in love with other women before they met, and they are both past forty.

But the scars are there, the memories of wasted years, the fear as well as the faith that comes from experience in love.

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul don't make for great drama, that must be true. But they make for great romance and in a world already too full of drama it is a delightful thing to see them. Their love has a great quality of fact about it. They face the future with a sort of pride.

THERE is, I find, a strong domestic strain in Deanna. They own the ground upon which their home is to be built, ready for them not so long after they return from the honeymoon at Santa Barbara. It will be a house not big and not little, according to young Mrs. Paul's plans. There will be a garden and a swimming pool, of course. A swimming pool has delicious memories for these two. And it will be Deanna's house—they are going to select everything in it themselves and she intends to run it herself and not leave it, ever, to servants.

There are things they will both miss, because of her work. The old conflict of every woman who has a career, big or little, is bound to be there. Their problem is on a different scale from that of any young American couple who say, "Shall she keep on with her job after we're married?" and they recognize it as the same. Deanna is going to keep her job—she couldn't very well do anything else. But she realizes that she will have to be a wife, too, and she wants to be a good one.

And there will be a nursery in the new home and someday a family. A woman, in Deanna's opinion, who doesn't become a mother misses perhaps the crowning glory of life.

Hand in hand these two young lovers look ahead to a life together, a whole life. Ready to take its trials and its joys, its difficulties and its delights, sure of a deep spiritual happiness because of their love for each other. Sure of never being lonely as long as they live.

We can use some of that kind of happiness nowadays. We can stand to be reassured in the matters of love and of the heart and to know that wars and changes and revolutions cannot alter the most wonderful thing, the greatest thing in the world—true love.

That's why the story of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul is today Hollywood's greatest romance.

The End.



ABSENCE...

Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat . .



—makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

There's something about a clean shirt—I mean *really* clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and darned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I *feel* like it.)

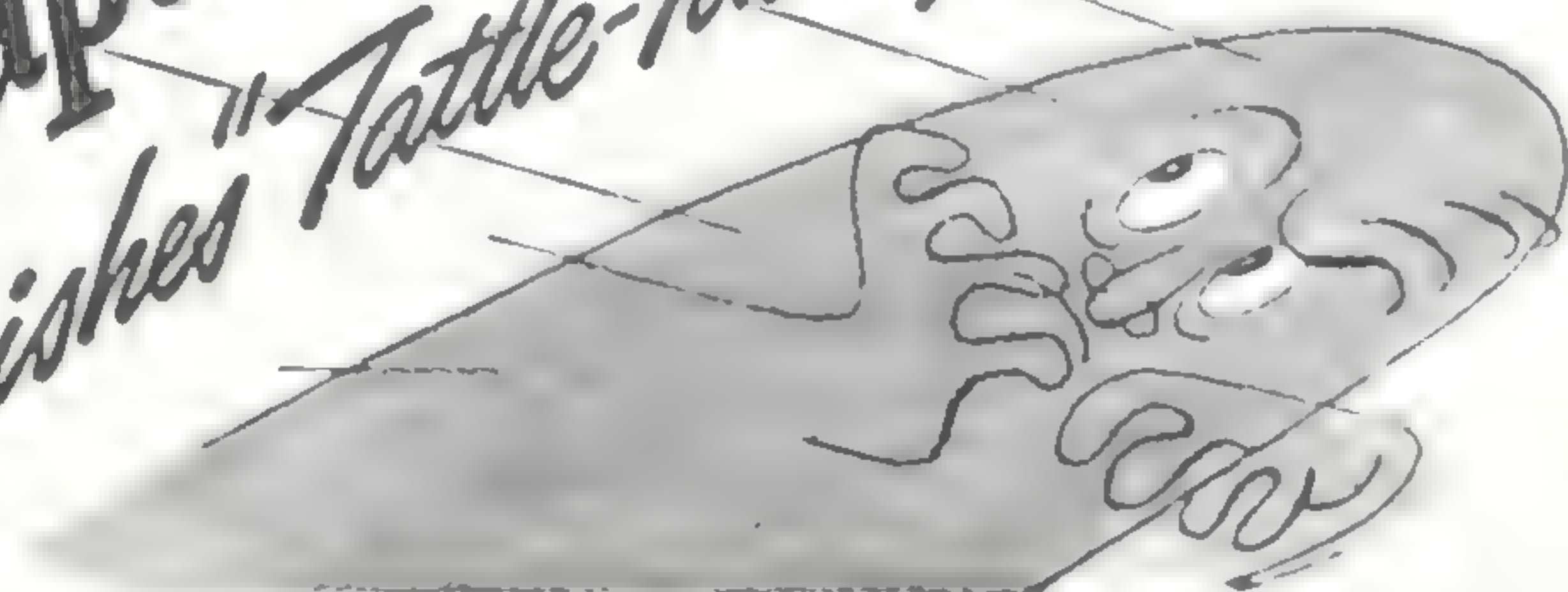
Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts. She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha

—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



The Tyrone Powers Fight It Out!

(Continued from page 39)

than when she is in love. But to get back to my thread of thought: I think any girl who has a point of view, an objective in life, is more interesting than a girl who just lops about doing nothing.

Annabella: Then you do think the working girl is more attractive?

Tyrone: I don't think a girl is more attractive or more glamorous just because she works for pay. A housewife, for example, who really works at her job is doing something quite as vital and is quite as glamorous as an actress.

Annabella: Can you say, then, what is this glamor?

Tyrone: I cannot. All I know is that it's not something you put on in the morning and take off at night. It's *eagerness*, perhaps; it's being curious; it's being altogether *alive*.

Annabella (anxiously): But do you think, then, I would be taking something away from you if I should go back to the screen, if I should go out of the home?

Tyrone (with another wink): I don't know. Can't say. You haven't been out of the home since we were married.

Annabella (earnestly): And we've been completely, what you call one hundred per cent happy, haven't we?

Tyrone (his eyes on her eyes): Completely and absolutely. In fact, one hundred and one per cent.

Annabella: Yes . . . that is why I would be a little bit . . . afraid.

Tyrone: Afraid? Of what?

Annabella: Of the risk. I would be thinking, *Should I take this risk?* You see, I think happiness is such a rare, wonderful thing. You have to think of it as something that grows new every day, and is very tender. It is such a fragile thing, happiness.

Tyrone: I don't agree, darling. I do not agree that happiness is such a fragile thing that you must hold it like a soap bubble in your hands, afraid to take a step in a new direction for fear it may break. I think happiness puts down strong roots, is a sturdy perennial.

Annabella: But there might be times when we would be apart. If I should be working, for instance, when you are not working, you might wish to go away for a trip, for a vacation.

Tyrone: I would not go away. You don't go away; why should I? When husband and wife have careers, it should be fifty-fifty. The man should expect no more privileges than the woman.

Annabella: If I should have to go away on location. . . .

Tyrone (promptly): I'd go with you, just as you go with me. Just as you went to Mexico City with me on location for "Blood and Sand."

Annabella (doubtfully): I don't know . . . There might be evenings when we could not have dinner together. . . .

Tyrone: That is not important. I think marriage goes deeper than that, whether you have dinners together or not.

Annabella (still doubtfully): I have seen such things hurt so many marriages out here in Hollywood—separations, jealousies—I am not so sure . . . and then, I have sometimes this thought. It is fantastic, but just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I should resume my career and, by one of those turns of the wheel of fortune that can happen here in Hollywood, by what you call the "fluke," I should become a bigger star than you, a bigger name. What then?

Tyrone (promptly): That would be a dreadful situation. A very difficult situation. A woman who has a greater position than her husband in the same field, a woman who takes precedence over her husband in the same field—that, I think, would be both difficult and dangerous.

Annabella: I think so, too. But why do you think so, Ty?

Tyrone: 'Because it offends the male ego. Because it is neither normal nor natural.

Annabella (teasingly): Then you do think men are superior to women?

Tyrone: I think women are superior in the home, functioning as women. I think that, in the home, the husband should defer to the wife. I believe that in business or in the professions the husband should have the upper berth in order to insure the contentment and happiness of both. I know there are cases, many of them, where women are superior to their husbands in the professions and on jobs, but I say that when such is the case it's difficult and it's dangerous. I wouldn't want any part of it. I shouldn't think a woman would want any part of it, either.

Annabella: Why do you say that? Why wouldn't a woman want it to be like that?

Tyrone: Because I don't believe a woman is happy with a man who is subordinate to her any more than a man is happy with a woman to whom he is subordinate. Besides, I don't think the



THE NAKED TRUTH

about BODY-BEAUTY is that many girls who wouldn't for a minute go without a perfect make-up pay no more attention to glorifying their bodies than a mere dunking in the tub. Bodies need beautifying, too. Now, if you've really set your heart on capturing Tall, Dark and Handsome, begin your bewitching ritual by showering your body from top to toe with lovely Mavis Talcum. It clothes you in a gossamer-like web of flower-fresh fragrance. White, Flesh and BODITAN (Rachel) Shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

MAVIS
THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS
talcum
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.

Postscript to a marriage: Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, her long-time friend and escort, pose for Hyman Fink after their sudden elopement to Yuma



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

instinct to work is as strong in a woman as it is in a man.

Annabella (quickly): Oh, I think you are wrong there, Ty, completely wrong.

Tyrone: Sorry, but I don't think I am. After all, we have to be our biological selves. Women's bodies have women's minds. The combination differs from the male combination. I mean, a woman who has no work outside of her home is a perfectly normal, natural individual. A man who has no outside work is a pitiable, totally unnatural individual.

Annabella: No, Ty, inside her heart a woman's work is as important to her as a man's work is to him. The only difference is that if she does not work, her pride is not involved.

Tyrone: And that's the heck of a difference. Hurt pride makes a toothache a pleasure.

Annabella: Yes, but it is merely a matter of the conventions, this difference you say. Mrs. So-and-So can take the money from her husband every Saturday night, but Mr. So-and-So cannot take the money from his wife. A man must work because convention says he must take care of his family. But this does not mean his work means more to him in his heart. It does not mean he loves his work more greatly.

Tyrone: Sorry again, but I'm afraid it does. Pride, convention and the traditions are not to be squeezed away, Madame. For instance, you have no objection to being called "Mrs. Tyrone Power," have you?

Annabella (eyes shining): Objection? No. I am very proud to be called that.

Tyrone (laughing): But I would object very much indeed to being called "Mr. Annabella." In four words, I would detest it.

Annabella: But I still say these things do not have to do with how a woman feels about her work, how I feel. Why, when producers talk stories with me, I feel drunk, like on wine. You say to me it does not mean as much because you have not ever seen me when I am crazy about a picture I am making.

Tyrone: I saw you when you were making "Suez" and you were crazy then.

Annabella (laughing): But that is not the fair test. Because we made that picture together and—we were in love. You have not seen me when I am, heart and soul, only for the work I am doing. If I work, I would not be thinking of our home. And a house without a woman in it is like a body without a soul.

Tyrone (making a Karloff face): "If we have to come to such a pass as a body without a soul, all the more reason for your doing something that is really important when you do go back."

Annabella: I think it will be like this: I will go back and make a picture only when we are both excited about the story.

Tyrone: But before that, don't forget our plan. Don't forget that we plan to do a play together, a play either on Broadway or on the road, or both.

Annabella (happily): That would be the best of all. To be together in our work. If we do that, a play together, I will not mind if I have the smaller part.

Tyrone (rising and kissing the top of the cropped gold head): What did I tell you? We have to be our biological selves. It is natural with women to defer to men, to . . .

Annabella: But I did not mean that . . . no, no . . . !

So then it began all over again, the old, old battle between the sexes to which there is neither victory nor defeat, but only armistice, a truce sealed with a kiss. Ty and Annabella sealed it with a kiss.



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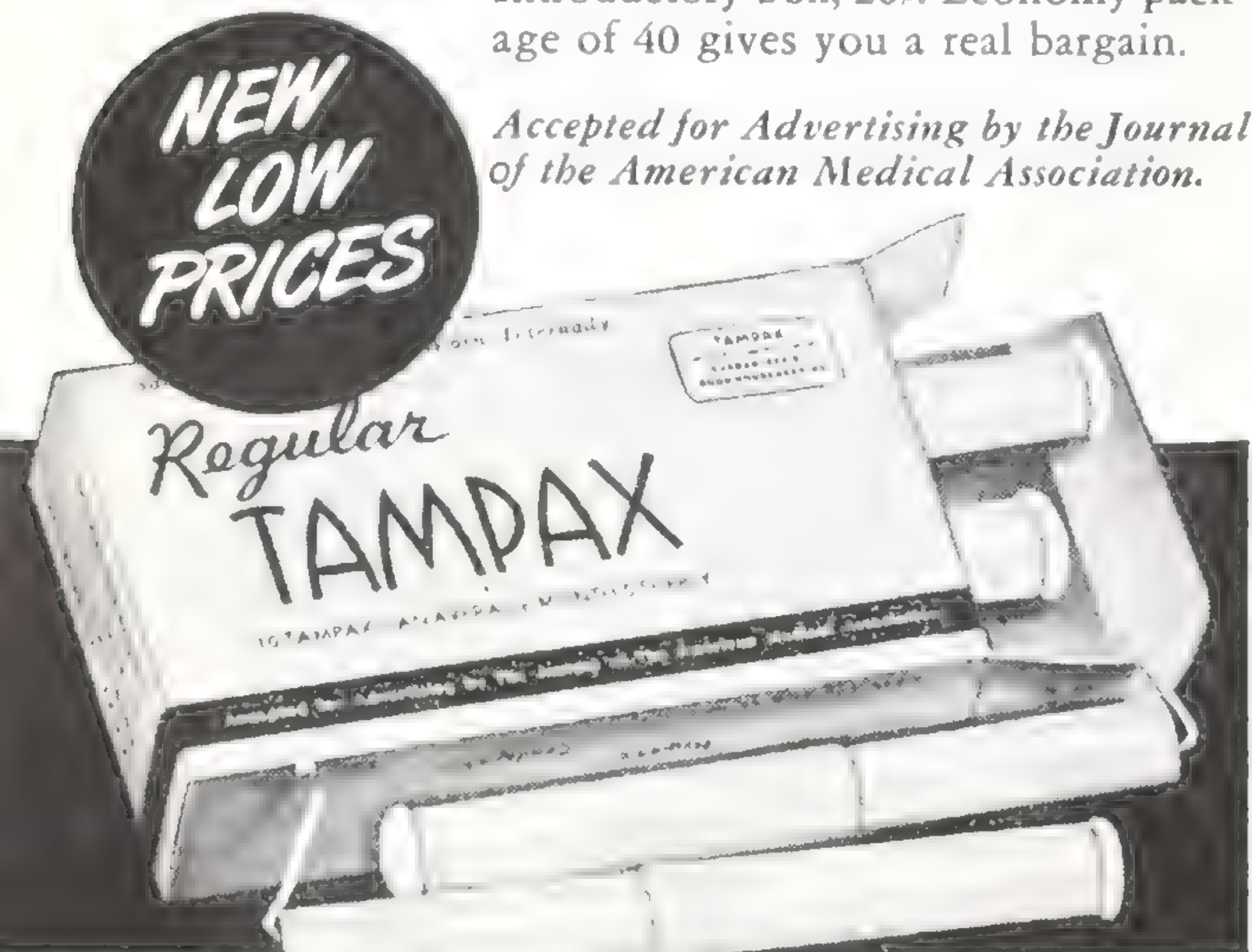
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Loretta Really Talks

(Continued from page 34)

herself. I can only offer a few thoughts for consideration. Any girl who puts her shoulder to the family wheel is taking a certain amount of responsibility from her husband. A man's pride is a strange and definite thing. Endanger that pride and one of two situations is bound to arise. If the man is strong, he will fight for his pride—fight even to the point of breaking up the home which has become to him no longer his castle. If he is weak, he'll let his end of things slide, accept more and more from his wife until matters come to such a pass that if they are to have a home at all, the girl finds she must be the one to furnish the major support. One day she realizes this and she feels injured. How fortunate she is that in feeling sorry for herself she will never find time to feel the guilt of selfishly robbing a man of his right and ruining his life!

TOO many women today, it seems to me, are throwing away the protection which marriage as an institution was created to give them, in an admirable but shortsighted desire to share the family responsibilities.

"To take onto your own shoulders the responsibility that is rightly another's is doing that person no kindness. Let me give you a specific example. I knew a husband and wife in Hollywood who had been happily married for some twenty years. There were three sons. The husband had had a good job with an insurance company for a number of years. Meantime, the boys had grown up and had begun to earn salaries which made things very much easier at home.

"One day the husband had a serious difference with his superiors. He considered he was being asked to do something which didn't quite live up to his code of business ethics and when it became a matter of either do it or leave, he left. And I say more power to him for that! So did his family.

"But this is what happened. The boys generously came forward and took over the household expenses while Dad was looking for another job. When it was a question of the family's getting a new car which would have to be done on the installment plan with the husband's greatly reduced budget, they said, 'Why pay more in installments when we've got the cash? Let us buy you the car!'

"And so it went until Dad was no longer looking too hard for a position. Months stretched into years. Finally the wife could stand the change in her husband no longer. She left him and a home of more than twenty years' standing broke up. The husband's fault? I say no. It was the children's; they stepped in where they should have stayed out.

"We hear a great deal of talk nowadays about one's personal and individual rights. Good thing too, and a healthy sign. The Good Lord in His Wisdom gave us among our other rights the personal privilege of standing on our own two feet and working out our own problems without interference until they become too big and then He gave us a voice to call for help when we need it.

"I CAN remember when I thought I needed an ermine coat to make my life complete. It was in my early years in pictures. The time had come when I had to have a fur coat. In those days my fur bracket was something like skunk. But the man in the shop showed Mother and me a long white ermine wrap. I thought it was the most beautiful thing

I had ever seen. Mother, ignoring my look of unabashed longing, gave the clerk a firm no and we left with the skunk. I decided life just wasn't worth living if I couldn't have an ermine coat. I used to dream about it.

"Years later the dream was realized. But by that time the thrill was gone; the coat had become merely an item of wardrobe necessary in my business. So I hadn't really needed it, after all.

"You know," Loretta's face, devoid of Hollywood make-up save for a touch of lipstick, was lovely in its earnestness. "a very dear friend who is a doctor said something which I shall never forget. He said, 'Appreciation is the gift without price.' Diamonds and pearls are no more than rocks by the roadside unless there is appreciation to give them value. A sunset can have more breathless beauty to the appreciative eye than a painting done by a master, which cost thousands of dollars . . . Or falling snow!" she added excitedly. "For the first time in my life I saw snow fall here in the East a few weeks ago. Think of having beauty like that every winter!"

"Only those who have appreciation are truly rich," said the doctor. And little by little I've come to understand what he meant. The richest person I know is a woman who lives just outside of Hollywood. Her wealth is her home: simple, unpretentious, radiating harmony. Her husband earns about seventy-five dollars a week, which takes care of the two of them and their five children beautifully. To some people it wouldn't be much, I suppose, but in her hands it's a fortune.

"During the months that followed my break with the studio under whose banner I had been serving for more than ten years—when I was low in spirit and beset by doubts as to the wisdom of my step, when Hollywood suddenly seemed a terrifying place of sticks and stones to break my bones—I used to go to her house. There all the tension relaxed and as she talked to me, her hands always busy with some household task of mending or darning, my sense of human values was restored. I could once more see the things that were worth while."

LORETTA suddenly leaned forward with intensity.

"Can you tell me that she hasn't done a bigger job than just to play a part well? I know she has and so do you."

"And now while we're talking sensibly, let's admit that women are pretty practical creatures. We are, in the main, more practical than our men. I never thought I'd admit that, but I do. During the dreamy period when we're planning the little cottage with the roses over the door, the news leaks through to us of our prospective husbands' income in dollars and cents. We change the specifications from American beauties to ramblers. But we make good on those roses because our husbands expect good housekeeping.

"The truth of the matter is this. Any thoughtful woman who loves a man enough to put her life into his hands—and take his into hers—thereby puts her seal of confidence on him—on what he is, what he does and what he makes—that last item meaning, girls, his income."

And there you have from the lips of Mrs. Lewis a fine definition of marriage whose finest point is that with her it is not just a thing of words but of daily living. Bon voyage, Loretta. You deserve your happiness!

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Flight into Nowhere

(Continued from page 29)

set in operation the machine that would blow the plane to bits and destroy all evidence of the device they were testing.

She sat calmly in her seat, watching the red plane come to earth. It seemed to float down. It didn't just land. But it wasn't a red plane now. It was a sooty black. Gay smiled grimly at that and wondered how far away she would be when her ship exploded.

The pilot was coming toward her, a tall young man with a scowling face. Gay expected to see a pistol in his hand and was somewhat reassured when she saw both hands were doubled into fists.

"Get out of that plane, you crazy little goof," he yelled at her.

Gay forgot all about spies. She forgot about everything except the insult from this flying maniac. Pure fury obsessed her. And, as always at such a time, she became quite the lady.

"And if I don't, you'll—ah—roll me in a block of cement. Isn't that what you do?"

"For Pete's sake, sister, jump," another voice bellowed.

Gay looked over the pilot's shoulder and saw a short, stocky, grizzly, red-faced man in the door of the other plane.

"Come on, come on," said the pilot. "Or must I come in and drag you out?"

THE air was heavy with dust and smoke. Gay's throat was irritated, but she would not cough. Her eyes were almost blinded with tears, but she would not wipe them.

The pilot of the red ship was coughing and weeping, but he was coming toward her just the same, his hands thrust out toward her, groping. "You've been smoking all over the sky," he managed to say.

"A sky traffic cop, eh?" she retorted. "I didn't see any 'no smoking' signs up there. Did you?"

With her left hand she touched a button and turned on a fan. When she looked at the pilot again she almost laughed. His face was blackened and glistening and there was a look of wonder and chagrin around his mouth and his eyes.

"You're not on fire?" he asked.

Gay stared at him a long time before she took her hand off the lever.

"You poor thing!" she said then. "So that's why you forced me down!"

"You saw my smoke and thought I was on fire and didn't know it," Gay said. "And I show my gratitude by blinding you and choking you half to death. I'm sorry. But I didn't know what you were—spies, kidnapers, killers, gangsters, or smugglers. It never occurred to me you might be gentlemen."

"You mean you deliberately made that smoke?"

"With my smoke wings. Little gadgets under each wing. I press a button, and there's a smoke screen. I press it again and the smoke stops."

The pilot was wiping his face with a handkerchief, taking evident care not to rub the soot into his eyes.

Gay reached into a compartment and brought out her vanity case. Her face was as smudged as the pilot's had been, she noted with great dismay.

"I'm so sorry," she said, speaking into a wisp of cambric and looking into her mirror. "I wouldn't have dreamed of making the experiment if I'd seen you first. I didn't know there was anybody else up at this hour."

"We were flying to Hollywood."

"Oh!" She looked at him, but his face



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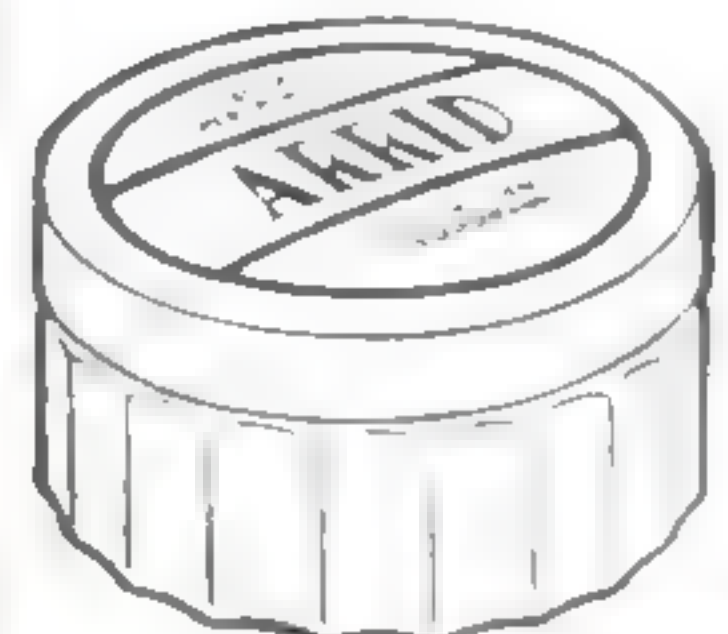


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was partly covered with the handkerchief and she saw dimly because of the effect of the smoke.

"You were experimenting with smoke?"

"Yes. A chemical non-evaporating smoke. For the Army and the Navy. My father invented it."

"Is that so? Your father's an inventor! Well, you can tell him you met a smoked California ham."

Gay saw him clearly then, the tall frame, the broad square shoulders, the vital face, the piercing blue-gray eyes.

"Robert Fuller!"

"Himself in person," and Fuller smiled his strong, masculine smile; the smile that had made him the dream and the despair of millions of women; the warming, intimate, hypnotizing smile that had thrilled Gay so many times in the movies.

"The flying star," he went on, "the synthetic hero of the cinema, Hollywood's holdout from the draft."

Gay's first impulse—after the thrill of meeting him had passed—was to pity him; to say, "Don't mind what everybody says, I don't believe you asked the studio to get you deferred and I certainly don't think you're a coward."

But something went wrong and another impulse forced her to say, "I wouldn't pity myself if I were you."

The smile didn't leave Bob Fuller's face, but it shifted from his eyes to his mouth, twisting his lips wryly.

"I see. You think that where there's smoke there must be fire. I can't blame you, Miss—"

"Miss Stevens. Gay Stevens."

"I can't blame you at all, Miss Stevens. I thought so myself, until a few minutes ago. Well, it was nice—almost rescuing you from a fire that didn't exist. Good luck to your experiment. I may need that smoke screen myself some day. So long."

He turned and walked away. Gay sat watching him, furious again, furious at herself. The red plane roared down the gravelly runway and took off. Gay did not stir until it had vanished into a cloud.

"I wouldn't pity myself if I were you," she repeated aloud, mocking herself. "What a thing to say! What a thing to say to him!"

BUT within the hour her fury had taken another angle. She hated Bob Fuller. He was just a stuck-up actor, after all. He didn't have to misunderstand like that; he didn't have to walk away without giving her a chance to explain; he didn't have to make her feel such a slimy worm.

By the time she had returned to the airport at San Diego, had made her report to her father, Major Henry Stevens, and had seen the gold and white speedster rolled into its hangar, Gay was half-convinced that Bob Fuller was the most insipid, the most odious, the most detestable specimen of manhood to be found anywhere in the three Americas.

She said something of the kind to her father at dinner that evening and was unduly provoked when he said maybe she was right.

"That reminds me," Major Stevens said. "We've been invited to visit his studio tomorrow. He is with Elwood Studios. isn't he?"

Gay tried to say something, but no sound came out of her throat. That annoyed her.

What annoyed her more was to discover that she was gripping the edges of the table with both hands and that her palms were moist and trembly.

"I didn't know hate could take such hold of me," she thought.

"They're trying out one of our ships at Elwood tomorrow," the Major went on calmly. "But they don't know it. All they know is that the Army has been kind enough to let them photograph a squadron of planes in battle maneuvers. Our Intelligence division arranged it. A public demonstration is not likely to attract the attention that would be given by various foreign agents to any private test. Paradoxical, but clever."

He took off his spectacles, wiped them and put them on.

"Queer you mentioned Robert Fuller," he mused. "Until you mentioned him I'd forgotten all about the invitation. Of course, it's not important, exactly. You don't have to expose yourself to this handsome young poltroon if you don't want to."

"I never said he was handsome."

The Major grinned diabolically.

"You didn't have to. No girl hates a man so virulently unless he's handsome and strong."

"If you think—"

"Miss Sphinx, I don't think of much these days but work."

"All right. All right. We'll go to Hollywood. We'll motor up tonight."

GAY was moody and untalkative on the drive up to Hollywood, but the next morning she was full of nervous excitement, excitement that persisted as they walked through the studios with their guide, a young man hatching his first mustache and thrilled to be showing such distinguished people through the lot.

"In a way," the guide said as the trio went into the commissary, "I'm kind of sorry you're not just tourists. It's fun to take green tourists around. But maybe there's something I can show you, somebody you'd like to meet."

"Nobody, thanks," Gay said.

"Isn't that Robert Fuller over there?" the Major asked mildly.

The guide followed the direction of the Major's glance. "Sure," he agreed, "with Muriel Cowley and Greg Fenton." Suddenly he shot back in his chair and a look of pain and astonishment came over his face.

"I'm so sorry," Gay cried. "I meant to kick my father's shins, not yours. But unfortunately I couldn't see under the table."

"That's all right," the guide said. But he did not resume his seat. Instead he bowed a trifle, by way of saying "excuse me," and limped over to Bob Fuller's table.

Gay felt her face getting hot. "You wait till I get you home, Father darling. Of all the deliberate, dastardly, unparental, snake-in-the-grass things to do!"

"Hush, my lamb, the destroying angel approacheth." The Major rose to grasp and wring Fuller's hand.

"Hey, why didn't you tell a fellow you were coming?" Fuller demanded. "I'd

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have rolled out the red plush carpet, the one we keep for visiting royalty. This calls for a celebration!" He summoned a passing waiter and ordered a table for six. "I have some friends at my table. You'll love them, and they'll love you." He turned with almost boyish excitement to Gay. "Miss Stevens, I didn't dream I'd see you again so soon. This must be my lucky day. And you, Major, I've been wanting to meet you ever since I heard about you. You will honor me, won't you? And you, too, Shorty?"

"Me?" said the guide.

"Sure. You brought them here, didn't you? You belong." Bob excused himself and went over to collect Muriel Cowley and Greg Fenton.

GAY liked Greg Fenton. He was a weak character, she decided, but a wholesome sort of man. She couldn't make up her mind, at first, about Muriel Cowley. She had seen her often on the screen. There had been something about her in a recent Hollywood column, but Gay couldn't remember exactly what it was.

Muriel seemed as friendly and as nice as Fenton, until she turned her attention completely on Gay.

"So you're studying to become a pilot," she said. "I do hope you don't become the usual type of woman aviator. My dear, did you ever see a frumpier lot of women than our female pilots? Bob, darling, light my cigarette."

She took the cigarette languidly from her mouth, thrust the blushing end of it into Fuller's lips and handed him her lighter. When the cigarette was glowing she took it from him and puffed it daintily.

Watching this little byplay, Gad suddenly remembered the gossip item she had seen. Miss Cowley had threatened to divorce her husband. And he had threatened to file an answer. No action had been taken yet. It was supposed that if and when the divorce was granted, Muriel would marry Bob. Oh yes, and there was a baby. An adopted baby. And there was some speculation as to what would happen in the event that its foster parents were divorced. The Child Welfare people might reclaim the child, one paper had hinted. Gay had paid little attention to this gossip—or dismissed it as probably exaggerated.

So it was all true! Anyway, it was true about Mr. Fuller and Miss Cowley. Apparently, at least; the way she looked at him; the way she made him light her cigarette; the way she patted his hand. It was like the way you pat a good dog—something you own and are fond of.

"Fly away, fury," Gay commanded herself fiercely. "Let me be a lady, even if it hurts."

Aloud she said, sweetly, "But I'm not studying to be a pilot, Miss Cowley. I've been flying for several years."

"Really? What an exciting life you must lead. And please forgive me. I was speaking generally, you know."

"Perhaps you were right," Gay admitted. "Some of us are pretty dowdy. I'm afraid we're devoted entirely to aviation and not at all to our glamour."

"I understand that, naturally," Muriel said, blowing her smoke in Bob's direction.

"And I'm also afraid," Gay hurried on, "that we're unduly proud of our independence. We don't rely on dressmakers, hairdressers, beauty experts, or diets. We don't go to charm schools."

"Evidently not," said Muriel.

"Speaking of oysters," the Major interjected solemnly in a valiant effort to turn the conversation, "even the worst of them,

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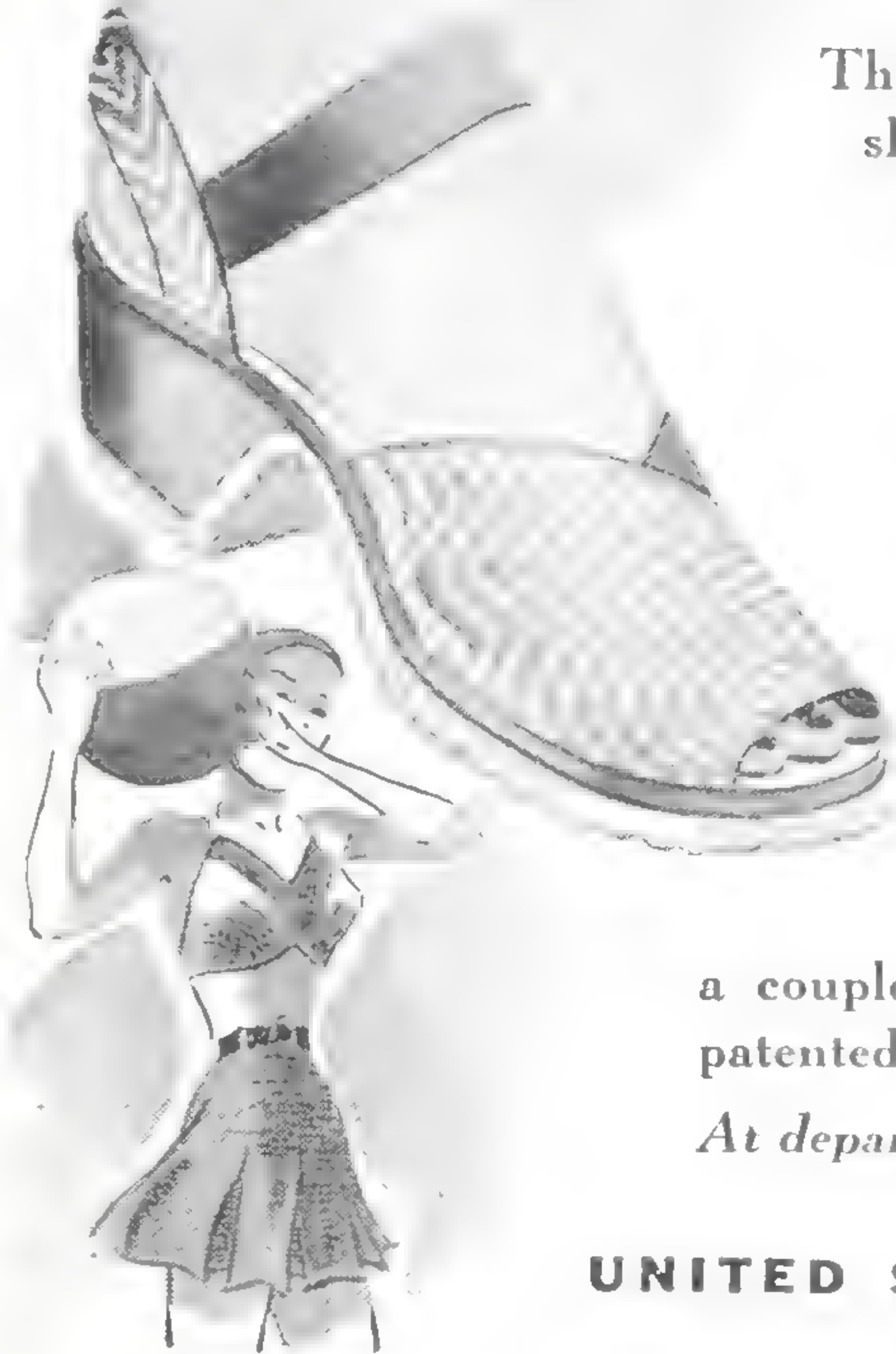


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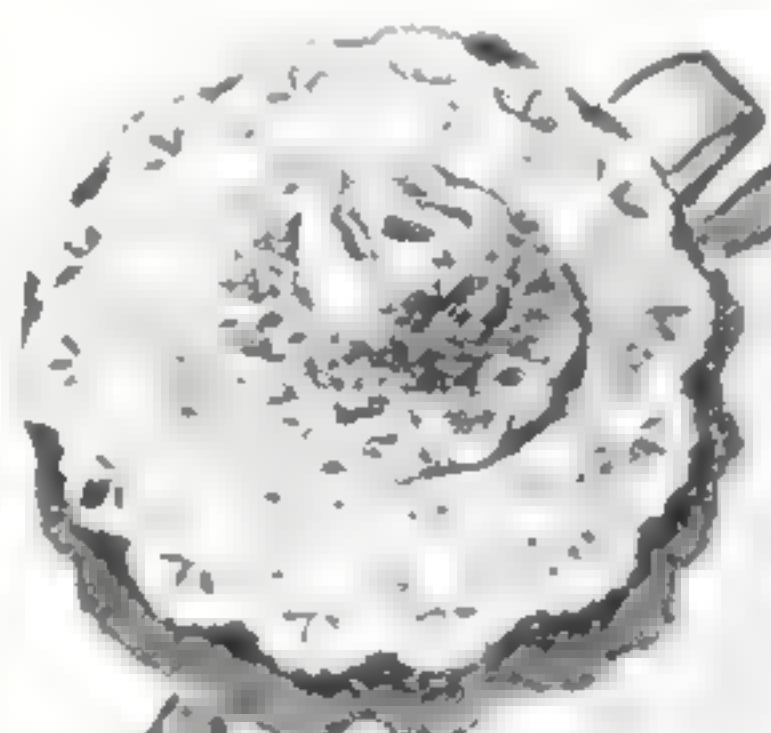
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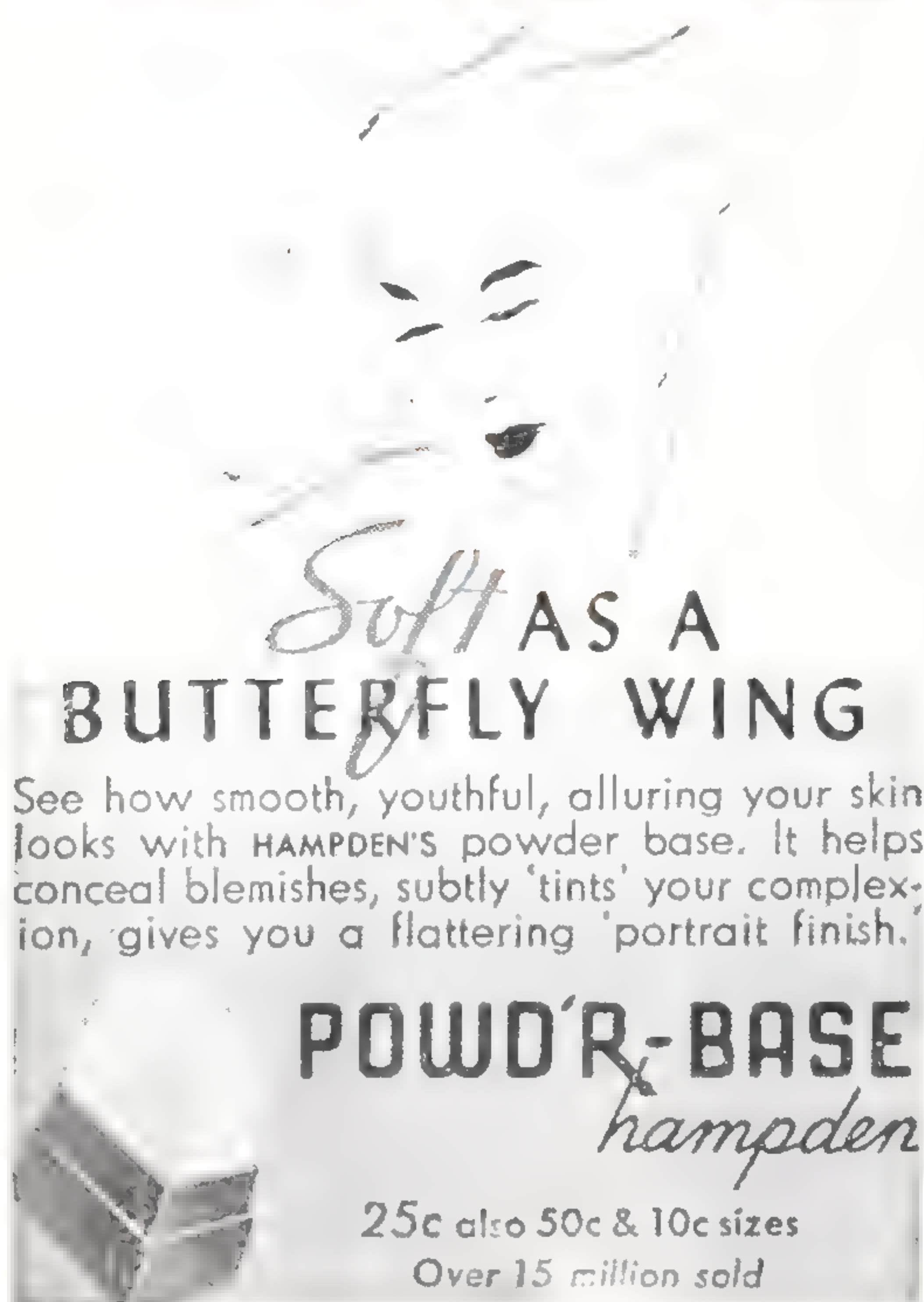


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—by a dancer

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you know, have their good points. Some even have their Blue Points."

"But we weren't speaking of oysters, Major," said Muriel, angry smoke racing out of her nostrils.

"We were talking of flying," Gay said. "Miss Cowley, I'd love to teach you to fly."

Muriel's apparent anger changed slowly into something like amusement, and even reluctant admiration.

"You wouldn't do one of those loops and drop me out, would you?" she laughed.

Gay's fury slowly dissolved in the quick-silver change of Muriel's mood.

"Not now," she said. And everybody laughed.

Luncheon proceeded smoothly after that, but Gay kept thinking—"Muriel Cowley and Bob Fuller. Bob Fuller and Muriel Cowley. I'm a jealous cat. I'm a fool. I'm a stuck-up prig with prisms and prunes in my mouth, a pussy smile on my face and petty malice in my heart. No, it isn't malice. I don't hate her. Unfortunately, I could like her."

And she kept thinking, "I'm going to be hurt. I'm going to be badly hurt. And I'm not even going to try to prevent it."

"I'm sorry to break up this party," the Major said, looking at his wrist watch, "but I want to see the planes take off this afternoon."

"There's plenty of time," Bob Fuller said.

"They're on location in the San Fernando Valley," her father remarked—and Gay stared at him. He could have said that last night. They could have gone directly there. They needn't have visited the studios at all.

"Let me take you to your car." Bob jumped up.

"Thanks," Gay said quickly, before Muriel could get her breath. "Will you excuse him?"

TO the guide, as they started out, Gay spoke hurriedly aside. "Do you mind going ahead with my father and sort of hold his arm? He may be a little testy, but don't mind that. After a full meal like this—well, anything can happen to him. You understand?"

"Oh yes, Miss Stevens. I'll be very careful with him." He moved on to join the Major.

Purposely she stopped to put on her gloves and to look into her bag.

"I had to be alone with you for a minute or two, Mr. Fuller," she began lamely.

His quizzical eyes held something more than curiosity in them. "I'm flattered, Miss Stevens," was all he said.

"I wanted to apologize. I didn't mean to be nasty to you the other day. When was it? Only yesterday? It seems longer ago than that. What was it I said that made you march away like a wounded brave?"

Bob Fuller brought a grin to his face that didn't want to come there.

"It was really nothing. I guess I was pretty rude, leaving you like that."

But Gay wasn't to be sidetracked. "I said 'I wouldn't pity myself if I were you.' And you said something about where there's smoke there's fire. You thought I meant that there must be some truth in what people said about you and that you didn't deserve any pity. I didn't mean that at all. Honestly I didn't. I meant that, after all, in spite of everything, you had the satisfaction of knowing you were still Bob Fuller. Therefore you didn't need any pity."

"Thanks," the actor said soberly. "It's nice to know I have one friend. I guess everybody in America thinks I'm yellow. Even the kids." After a moment he



The fantastic gets tripped:
Barbara Stanwyck and Jack
Benny burn up Ciro's boards

added with quiet bitterness, "Especially the kids."

Gay felt as if she must rush on to cover his discomfort. "And Miss Cowley—really, I have the most poisonous tongue."

"Aw," Fuller laughed abruptly, "Muriel had that coming to her. She gets out of hand a lot. But she has her good points, too, like your father's oysters."

"So I'm forgiven?"

An easy banter came back into his voice. "On one condition. That you let me take you out somewhere tonight."

Gay flicked her eyes up at him. "Why, Mr. Fuller, don't rush me. I couldn't possibly go before eight o'clock. The dear old Major, you know. I always tuck him in."

"I like girls who put their fathers to bed at eight Thursday nights," Fuller grinned.

They stood outside the car, seeing no one but each other, laughing at nothing at all, laughing just to be laughing.

Presently the Major came upon them. "Can I give you a lift, young lady?"

Gay stepped happily into the car. "See you at eight-one, Mr. Fuller!" The car pulled away from the curb. "The Beverly Hills Towers," she shrieked back at the waving figure of Bob.

THEY went to the Mocambo for dinner. And it started out to be a wonderful evening. The Major had stated he was driving back to San Diego that night, whereupon Bob had promised to deliver Gay there in his plane. During dinner they talked of aviation, of planes, of experiences in the air, of crackups and of races. They spoke of the Major, and his inventions, and how sweet he was, and how funny he was, and how wonderful he was. They spoke about the movies. They danced. And they had little silent spells, wherein they looked into each other's eyes, wherein they laughed, wherein they wondered and were lost. But as the hour crept toward midnight and the place grew crowded, Gay became aware of reality, of unpleasantness. A sudden tensing in Bob's arms, as they danced, a sudden stiffening of his carriage, a sudden hardening of his face gave warning.

Until she noticed these signs she had seen nothing unusual about her, nor felt anything out of the ordinary. Now she noticed the faces of people. Faces star-

ing. There was no particular malice or derision in them. But there was a strained curiosity in the eyes of most that made her flush with indignation.

They were polite enough, those staring faces, but she knew the thoughts they didn't express—or thought she did. They were passing judgment on Bob, or preparing to. They were wondering why a man so powerful, so intelligent, so commanding, should be exempted from the draft.

"Let's go," she said. "I've got a headache."

"No. Thanks just the same. Let's pretend I'm still a hero to my beloved public."

"Yes, let's," she said, pity for him surging through her. Pity and a quick, warm admiration.

She was glad when she saw Muriel Cowley coming through the tables with Greg Fenton. Here, at least, were friends marching to the rescue; but it took only a moment to convince her that she wasn't quite correct in that assumption. There was battle in Muriel's brown eyes.

"So nice to see you again," she greeted Gay. "And what a lovely gown! They do have nice shops on Main Street, don't they?"

"Oh this," Gay couldn't help saying. "Of course it isn't Paris. But I like it. You have nice shops in Hollywood, too, Miss Cowley. You look adorable."

MURIEL held out her arms to Bob and he danced away with her. Greg sat down with Gay.

"She's on the warpath tonight," he said. "She had another row with her husband and that started her drinking. She's really a right guy when she's in her right mind. But when she starts to drink she does the darnedest things!"

"You like Bob, don't you?" Gay said, not caring to discuss Muriel Cowley.

"You bet. And so do you." He waved aside her instinctive remonstrance to speak in grave earnestness. "Bob needs friends, Miss Stevens. Especially now. If he'd only unbutton those stubborn lips of his and talk, he'd—"

"Talk?" Gay leaned forward, her eyes eager.

"If he'd only tell everybody why he was deferred."

"Why was he? You can tell me."

"His lungs. He was asphyxiated a couple of years ago, rescuing a dog from a fire in the studio. Just a cur dog, but Bob risked his neck to save him. The fire burnt out his lungs."

The horror staring out of Gay's eyes made Greg laugh.

"Oh, of course I didn't mean that exactly. I mean it weakened his lungs. The doctors say he'll be perfectly all right again in, say, six months or so. But meantime he can't get into the Army. When the time comes, however, he'll go into the air corps. Until then, so long as he insists on keeping mum, he'll just have to swallow all they hand him. Hey—what's going on?"

The music had stopped, but only a few couples had left the floor. The others were grouped in a circle, some of them laughing. Some woman was making vehement clamor.

"Muriel!" Greg said. Gay rose with him, sensing an approaching crisis. She and Greg pushed their way through the crowd, to see Muriel and an elderly woman with thick glasses engaged in a controversy over a black straw hat with a white plume on it. Each was holding part of the hat and pulling with both hands. Bob stood by, making no effort to intervene.

"But, my dear old girl," Gay heard Muriel say, "I don't want the entire hat,

of course. I wouldn't dream of taking such a lovely hat away from you. It's only the feather I want. The beautiful white feather."

Her voice was a little thick, though her face seemed good-natured. And there was an impish grin about her lips.

"Let go," the other woman cried. "And don't call me your dear old girl!"

"I just want the feather, the lovely white feather," Muriel insisted. "I want it for a dear old friend of mine." Her eyes raised slowly, impudently to Bob's. He met them squarely, his face as blank as a mask.

Gay walked forward, smiling, placating. "It's all in fun," she assured the angry woman. "The stars are sometimes so weary of souvenir hunters, they turn souvenir hunters themselves. And if Muriel Cowley took your feather, well, it would be a feather in her cap. You see? It's really just a joke."

"Muriel Cowley?" The woman's jaw dropped and she stared hard through her heavy glasses. "Goodness! Why didn't somebody tell me? Of course you may have the hat, Miss Cowley."

Muriel handed the hat, not to its owner, but to Gay.

"Thanks," Gay said. "It's a lovely hat." She dropped it on a chair, took Muriel's arm and walked with her, laughing and talking, out past the cloak room into the street. The men followed in a few seconds. And, while the doorman opened the door of Greg's car, Gay leaned swiftly toward Muriel.

"You acted like a spoiled child," she said and slapped the film star hard, across the cheek.

ALL the way back to San Diego in Bob's plane she indulged her anger.

"It isn't fair," she said again and again to Bob Fuller. "You're so grand, and kind, and brave. Really brave. Yet you let a lot of crawling worms despise you—and a world of children lose faith in you. It isn't fair."

Bob said nothing in answer to this, until he had set the plane down on the field in San Diego and taxied to Major Stevens' private hangar.

"No," he said then, "it isn't fair. But there's nothing I can do about it—except take it."

"You could tell the truth."

"Sure. 'Listen, everybody. I'm really a hero, you know. That's why I have to stay out of the Army.' Who'd believe that tripe?"

He laughed, bitterly.

"It hurts that much?" she asked him. "You let them hurt you that much?"

"Sometimes," he said simply, "I wish I had died in that fire. That's how much it hurts."

He bent and kissed her quickly. Then he put his arms around her and kissed her again—not so quickly.

"Thanks for everything," he said, "especially for slapping Muriel. She needed that."

Without another word he climbed into his plane, taxied away and took off. She watched him, her mind in a whirl. Did he wave to her? She wasn't sure. Maybe he'd dip his wings to her. She watched the plane a long time, until it was almost a speck in the moonlit sky. And then she screamed.

He wasn't flying back toward Hollywood. He was headed out to sea!

Gay, a flyer herself, realizes there can be only one thought in Bob's mind now. How to stop him? The ruse she uses is a dangerous one; the outcome brings one of the most eventful moments in her life. Watch for your August Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

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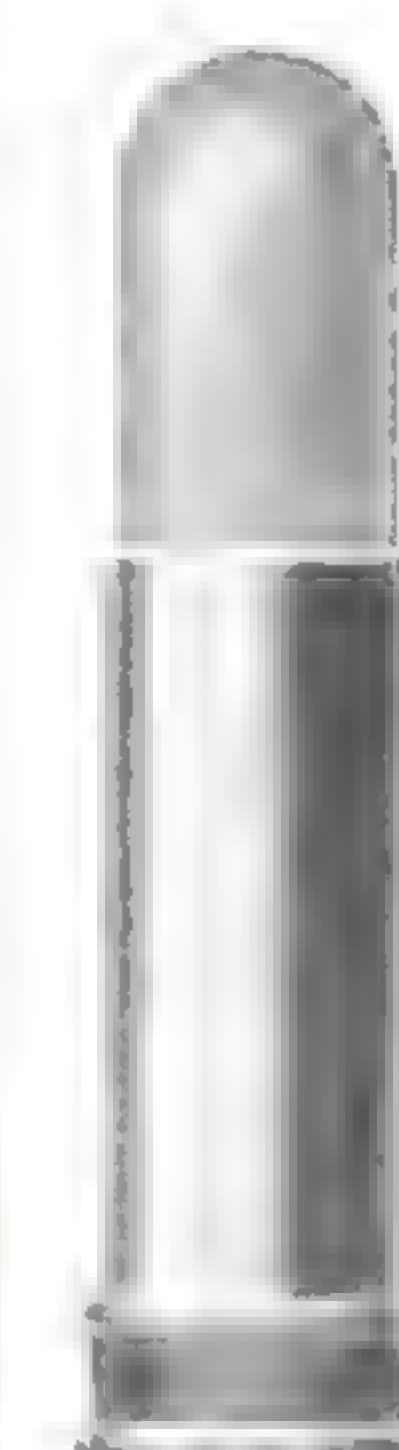
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More fun, more people kissed. A Spin-The-Bottle roundup at the ice cream social given by Barbara Jo Allen in Susan Hayward's own ice-cream store on Santa Monica Boulevard. Spinners are Rand Brooks, Maria Montez, Meredith Willson, Patricia Morison, the hostess and Mary Brian and Wyn Rocamora, who play a pretty game of post office according to the rules. A few days later, Miss Brian spun the bottle in more definite fashion by marrying Jon Whitcomb, illustrator

My Life with Caroline

(Continued from page 51)

inspiration," Paul broke in ardently, "to save me from my idle, useless existence."

"That's all very well for you two," Bliss said querulously, "but what about me? I'm very fond of my son-in-law."

"He's spoiled you," Caroline said. "He's given you more money than is good for you, paid your racing losses—"

"He has been very generous," Bliss said with dignity. He looked at Paul hopefully, but Paul ignored the hint.

From the amplifier overhead a metallic voice announced that the New York plane was ready to depart. The three rose from the table and walked toward the doorway and at the same moment Anthony Mason stepped from behind the concealing pillar.

"Anthony!" Caroline and Bliss spoke in unison, but while the girl's voice held only surprised consternation her father's was tinged with relief.

"Hello, darling," Anthony smiled. He kissed her lightly, then tucked her hand beneath his arm and turned to Bliss. "Hello, Father." He nodded toward Paul. "Isn't anyone going to introduce me?"

"Oh. Oh, yes," Caroline replied in confusion. "This is a friend of mine—of Father's and mine. Mr. Paul Martindale."

The two men shook hands with exaggerated heartiness, then Anthony gestured to a porter. "Get Mrs. Mason's bags out of the plane and put them in the car—that is," to Caroline, "I suppose the car's here?" She nodded and with a "Well, then—" Anthony, who seemed to have taken charge of the party, marshalled them back across the room and out the opposite doorway.

When they reached the white stucco

villa which was Anthony's winter home, the butler and housekeeper rushed down the steps and greeted him with obvious affection. Under cover of their conversation, Paul whispered to Caroline, "You haven't told him."

"I will," she whispered back, "as soon as I get him alone. You come back in an hour and I'll be a free woman, waiting for you with a cocktail."

"If she isn't," promised Bliss, who had listened unabashed to their whispering, "I'll take you to the races with me."

AS soon as Paul left and Caroline was alone with her husband she faced him squarely and said, "Anthony, there is something I want to tell you."

In her smartly simple travel frock with its round white collar, she looked, Anthony mused, like a little girl who has made up her mind to confess a naughty deed, unaware that the deed had really not been very naughty but that confession would bring disaster.

"Can't it wait, darling?" he asked gently. "After all, I haven't seen you for two months and I'd just like to sit back and look at you for a while!"

"No," she answered positively. "It's important. I was going to fly to New York just to tell you. And that reminds me—what are you doing here when I wired you I was coming to New York?"

"I thought it would be nicer," Anthony said easily, "since we wanted to see each other, for me to come down here instead. Now that I'm here, I think I'll stay a couple of weeks."

"Oh," doubtfully. Then, with determination, "What I wanted to tell—"

"You know," Anthony broke in, rubbing his chin, "I believe I need a shave." He started toward the stairs.

Caroline looked exasperated, but said doggedly, "I'll come up and talk to you while you're shaving," and pattered after him.

In his huge bedroom on the second floor Anthony drew her into his arms. "I've missed you, sweet," he said huskily.

When he released her, Caroline went to stand at the window with her back to him. For a moment she didn't speak and when she did the words came haltingly, as though she was finding them more difficult than she had expected.

"It's about Paul, Anthony. He's—he's a sculptor, you know—or no, you didn't, did you? He's changed my whole outlook on life. I know now that I need to be important to a man and to his work—and I'm not important to you that way, Anthony. You don't really need me—and Paul does. He needs me to be an—an inspiration to him." She took a deep breath then plunged on. "He wants me to marry him, Anthony, and I want you to give me a divorce."

There was no answer and after a moment Caroline said, "Well, aren't you going to say anything?" Still no answer. Caroline whirled around. The room was empty.

"Anthony!" she cried.

"Coming, darling," Anthony called cheerfully and emerged, wearing a bathrobe, from the dressing room.

"Anthony!" Caroline wailed. "Did you hear anything I said?"

"Sorry, darling," contritely, "I didn't. I'll tell you what," he added gaily, "you

go down and have Father stir us up a cocktail. I'll join you in a few minutes and then you and I—just the two of us—are stepping out for lunch."

He ducked into the bathroom and Caroline, shrugging helplessly, went down to the game room where she found her father behind the bar. A little later Paul came in.

"Everything all set?" he asked eagerly. Caroline shook her head. "Every time I try to tell him he starts talking about something else," she complained. "I've got another plan, though. If we go away—"

"That's what I've wanted you to do all along," Paul reminded her.

"I know," Caroline said, "and I've decided that it's the best way after all."

"We'll leave tonight," Paul said vigorously. "Now this is what we'll do. . . ."

WHEN Anthony sauntered into the room a few minutes later he cocked a surprised eyebrow at Paul. "Nice to see you again so soon," he observed.

Paul gulped his cocktail hastily. "I just—just stopped in," he floundered. "I live next door, you know," he added brightly.

"Paul's going to the races with me," Bliss said.

"Fine," Anthony said with enthusiasm.

"We're going to the races," Bliss repeated significantly.

Anthony nodded. "I understand." He pulled out his wallet and handed it across the bar. Bliss took out some bills and handed the wallet back.

"Thank you, son."

Anthony looked at the wallet, discovered that there were some bills still remaining in it and said with pleased surprise, "Thank you, Father." He turned to Caroline. "Remember our lunch date?"

Her answering smile made his heart beat faster. "I'll get my hat," she said and scurried out of the room.

"We might as well be going, too, Paul," Bliss suggested, but when they started away Anthony detained his father-in-law.

"Well," he said reproachfully when Paul was out of earshot, "don't you think you might have warned me about Caroline and your little friend Paul?"

"How could I?" Bliss protested. "I've had everything in confidence."

"Don't tell me you're going moral on me," Anthony said unbelievably.

"It's not a question of morals. If you kibitz all the hands in a card game you can't go on giving tips—that's all. Besides," he chuckled, "I knew as soon as you got that wire from Caroline you'd be down here before she could get away—you seem to have a sixth sense which makes you turn up whenever Caroline goes romantic." Anthony didn't answer and Bliss asked curiously, "Why didn't you let her tell you?"

"I don't quite know," Anthony admitted, "except that I had a feeling that if she did tell me I'd try to argue her out of it—and you know nobody has ever got the best of Caroline in an argument. I figured that the only way to handle things was not to let them come to a head, but let them drift along—try to prove to her that she's wrong but do it so she'll think she worked out the answer herself."

Bliss nodded agreement.

"But," Anthony said, "I don't know how I'm going to do that, playing shots in the dark as I'll have to do."

Bliss looked uncomfortable.

"I love Caroline, you know," Anthony said, "but maybe I'm not the right man for her. Maybe," reflectively, "she does

need someone more—well, more like Paul."

Bliss snorted. "You're a sentimental sap," he declared. "Caroline needs you the way a balloon needs ballast." He paused, then went on reluctantly, "Maybe I'm a sentimentalist, too—or a heel for breaking their confidence—but here's the plan. Helen's in on it."

"She would be," Anthony snapped. Helen Hamilton, brittle and self-sufficient, was Caroline's best friend and the wife of Ned Hamilton, Anthony's partner in the publishing firm of Mason-Hamilton, Inc.

WHILE you and Caroline are at lunch," Bliss said, "Helen will come over here and pack Caroline's bags and take them to her place—Caroline phoned her just before you came downstairs. This evening she'll call for Caroline they've worked out something to tell you about going to a strictly feminine cocktail party—and then," he hesitated, "then Caroline and Paul are going away!"

Anthony's dark eyes misted with pain. "So it's as serious as that, is it?"

"Yes," Bliss said sympathetically. "They don't want anyone to know what's up, of course, so Caroline will take the train at West Palm Beach at nine and Paul will get on at Hobe Station at nine-thirty. You've got all afternoon to make her change her mind, son," he concluded encouragingly.

Caroline and Anthony chose a fashionable inn overlooking the ocean for lunch. When they had found a table on the crowded balcony, Anthony said, "This is very pleasant—the sun—the sea—and the loveliest girl in the world. Even the music," he added. "Do you know what the orchestra is playing?"

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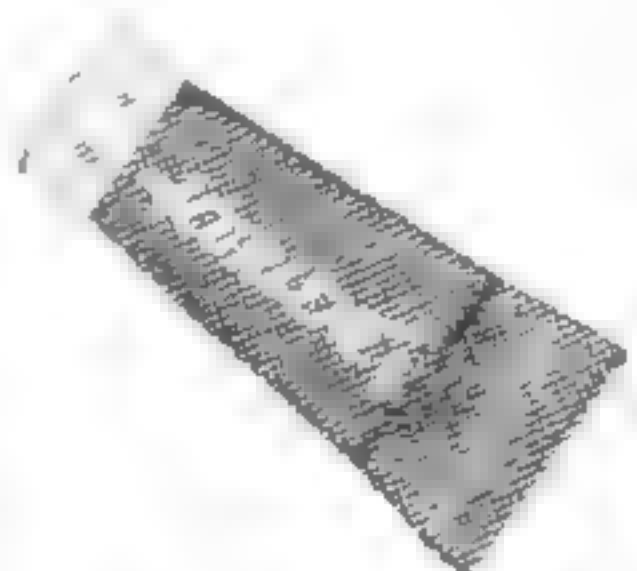
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"I don't believe—" Caroline began listlessly, then memory flooded her. "Why," delightedly, "it's the song the orchestra used to play at Monte Carlo when we were on our honeymoon."

"I've always thought that was a rather nice honeymoon," Anthony said teasingly.

Caroline's eyes and mouth were three round o's of incredulity. "Rather nice! Why, Anthony Mason, that was the most beautiful honeymoon in the whole world. Don't you remember. . . ."

Only when both the luncheon and tea crowd had disappeared and the restaurant was filling up with dinner customers did Anthony and Caroline tear themselves away.

ON the drive home, Anthony remembered his father-in-law's "You've got all afternoon to make her change her mind." Had she changed her mind, he wondered? Did her gaiety and tenderness of the past few hours mean that she really loved him, or were they a clever camouflage, hiding her desire to be with Paul?

They rushed into the house, hand in hand, laughing like school children. As the door slammed behind them the clock struck seven and Caroline instantly sobered.

"What is it, dear?" Anthony asked. "N-nothing," Caroline stammered, "only I didn't know it was so late. I'm supposed to go to a cocktail party with Helen at seven-thirty." She shook her head indecisively and a worried frown appeared between her eyes.

Anthony's heart began to race, but he forced himself to say casually, "Well, you don't have to go if you don't want to." She didn't answer and he said, "Do you want to go?"

Caroline fiddled with her purse, reluctant to meet his eyes. "Oh, I don't know," she burst out. Unexpectedly she threw her arms around his neck. "Do you love me very much, Anthony?"

"Very much indeed, darling," he answered. For a moment she clung to him tightly, her kisses as ardent as his own, then she pulled herself out of his arms and ran into her own room.

She was lying face down on the bed, trying to stifle her sobs in the pillows, when Helen Hamilton walked in. For a moment Helen surveyed the unhappy figure before her with a mixture of impatience and fond amusement, then she asked briskly, "What's all this?"

Caroline whirled over and sat cross-legged on the bed. "Anthony and I," she sobbed, "had lunch together—and we had such a beautiful time—and—" she sniffled disconsolately.

"—and you're falling in love with Anthony all over again," Helen finished sympathetically, "and you're still in love with Paul." Caroline nodded. "Well," curiously, "are you going—or staying?"

For a moment Caroline remained undecided, then she hurled herself off the bed. "Going, I guess," she said without much conviction and pulled Helen with her out of the room.

From his own room Anthony heard the girls descending the stairs and his heart fell. He'd been so sure, when Caroline kissed him there in the hall, that he had won her back.

If there was only some way, he told himself desperately, in which he could turn Caroline against Paul—but that was out of the question now that Caroline had gone.

That meant that there was only one hope left—he must keep Paul from taking the train. Paul must be at home now—Anthony could see his lighted villa through the trees—and Anthony, flinging himself excitedly out of the house, determined to keep him there.

PAUL was at home—and in a very perturbed state. Anthony's unexpected arrival that morning had upset not only Paul's plans but his peace of mind as well. He had drunk nearly a whole bottle of nerve tonic—with no benefit to his nerves. Anthony's entrance into his living room with one hand stuffed into his coat pocket as though it held a revolver shattered what little was left of Paul's morale and his "Good evening," was decidedly apprehensive.

"Good evening," Anthony replied non-committally. "Caroline isn't home."

Paul turned slightly green. "She isn't here," he said wildly.

"Of course not," Anthony said pleasantly. "She's gone to a cocktail party. I thought, since I had some time on my hands, I'd drop in and perhaps you would give me a drink. Oh," drawing his hand out of his pocket, "have one?" He held out a cigarette case.

Paul, letting out an audible sigh of relief, accepted a cigarette, then went to the bar in the corner and began mixing a drink, but his fright returned when he turned around and found Anthony



"You're sure," said Anthony, "you understand exactly what I want you to do?" Bill answered with a slightly bewildered nod

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

fingering the antique keen-edged dagger which served Paul as a letter opener.

"Interesting dagger," Anthony commented. "Spanish, I see. It could probably tell us fascinating stories of revenge—and jealous husbands—and faithless wives. It has an inscription, too. What does it mean?"

"D-do not d-draw me," Paul translated stammeringly, "except to avenge y-your honor. D-do not replace me, except with satisfaction."

"Charming," Anthony said. "And so right. As a weapon of revenge," he added with emphasis, "give me a dagger."

Paul dropped into a chair and mopped his brow and Anthony, apparently oblivious to his host's nervousness, pointed to a sculptured head which stood on a near-by table. "That's very fine," he said enthusiastically. "Who did it?"

Paul pulled himself together. "I did," he said overmodestly.

"No!" Anthony exclaimed admiringly. "Is it supposed to be anyone?"

Paul hesitated. "As a matter of fact," he answered uncomfortably, "it's Caroline."

"My Caroline?" Anthony demanded incredulously. Paul nodded. "Why is she wearing a helmet?" Anthony asked.

"It's—er—symbolic. Courage, you know—the Crusader spirit."

"But why has she got one eye shut?"

That, Paul explained, was to show that Caroline saw only the beautiful in life and was blind to everything ugly.

"I see," Anthony repeated. He spoke so quietly that Paul got up the courage to murmur apologetically something about having an appointment, but before he had said more than two words Anthony, surprisingly, was between him and the door, the dagger in his hand. Paul collapsed into his chair again.

Repeatedly during the next couple of hours he tried to break in on Anthony's inconsequential conversation with references to his evening's engagement, but each time Anthony picked up the dagger suggestively and Paul returned to his chair. When it was too late for Paul to have any chance of catching the train, Anthony left with polite assurance of a most enjoyable visit.

For an hour Anthony paced the moon-lit streets near his home. He had succeeded in keeping Paul off the train, but he still didn't know whether Caroline was on it or whether, alarmed at Paul's non-appearance, she had gotten off and gone—where? At last he turned into his own gate and met Bliss coming out. In one hand Bliss carried a powder compact.

"I was just starting to look for you," the older man said. "Caroline's home. She must be upset—she ran right up to her room and she dropped her compact," he held it out toward Anthony.

"Thanks," Anthony dropped the compact into his pocket. He turned around and started back along the street.

"Where are you going?" Bliss demanded. "Don't you want to see Caroline?"

"I think," Anthony said, "we'll see her quicker this way."

WITH Bliss tagging at his heels he led the way back to Paul's where, motioning the older man to silence, he tiptoed across the moon-drenched lawn to the concealing shadows of a large tree.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Bliss muttered.

"So do I," Anthony whispered fervently. "Look!"

Up the sidewalk sped Caroline, a determined Caroline, evidently in the grip of emotion, though whether it was fear or anger the watchers could not tell. They hurried toward the open windows

of the living room, reaching them just in time to see Caroline burst in on Paul and hear her say, "So you're alive!"

"Of course I'm alive," Paul said in surprise.

"You've no business to be," Caroline snapped. "You were supposed to be on a train—"

"I know, Caroline," Paul said soothingly. "Let me explain."

"There's nothing to explain," Caroline retorted. "When a man persuades a woman to leave home for him there's only one explanation if he isn't on the train and that is that he's dead."

"I got on the train," Caroline went on, "just as we'd planned. When you didn't join me at Hobe Station I was frightened—I went through the train looking for you—"

PAUL abandoned his efforts to make himself heard and picked up a pencil and paper and began to write.

"—so I got off at the next station," Caroline rattled on, "and came home. Anthony wasn't there—I thought he must have killed you and given himself up to the police—so I rushed over here—" Suddenly she realized that Paul was writing. "Don't you dare start writing notes the way Father does," she yelled, but when Paul handed her the paper she took it automatically and read aloud, "I missed the train because your husband made me miss the train."

"Anthony?" she said unbelievably. "He was here?" Paul nodded.

"I guess this is my entrance cue," Anthony whispered and, leaving Bliss alone, he started toward the door. By the time he had been admitted to the house, Paul was alone in the living room and Anthony pictured, in imagination, Caroline concealed in an adjoining room, her ear glued to the door.

"I'm worried about Caroline," he told Paul abruptly.

"Y-you are?" Paul faltered.

"Yes," Anthony strode about nervously and managed to slip Caroline's compact out of his pocket and onto a table. "She hasn't come home. I've telephoned everywhere—" he broke off and pointed to the compact. "That's Caroline's," he turned on Paul threateningly.

IN consternation, Paul's gaze followed the pointing finger. He went completely to pieces.

"How did it get there?" he shouted hysterically. "You put it there," he accused wildly. Anthony grinned sardonically and in a flash of understanding Paul saw everything clearly. "It's another one of your tricks! Everything was a trick—to keep Caroline from leaving you!"

"Yes," Anthony said quietly.

In her excitement at hearing this admission, Caroline forgot all about remaining hidden and burst into the room. "So you admit it!" she cried furiously. "It's just as Paul said," she blazed. "You knew what I was trying to tell you—and you wouldn't listen—you let me get on the train—Everything that's happened all day was just as you planned it—oh-h-h—" and she burst into tears, "that was part of the plan, too!"

"What was part of the plan, too?" Anthony asked.

"All the nice things today," she wailed. "Our lunch—being so sweet to me just so I'd fall in love with you again—Well, I know now I don't love either of you!" and she stormed out of the room.

She didn't get very far. Blinded by her tears she tripped over a rug in the foyer and fell full-length on the floor. Anthony was at her side instantly.

"Did you hurt yourself, darling?" he asked anxiously.

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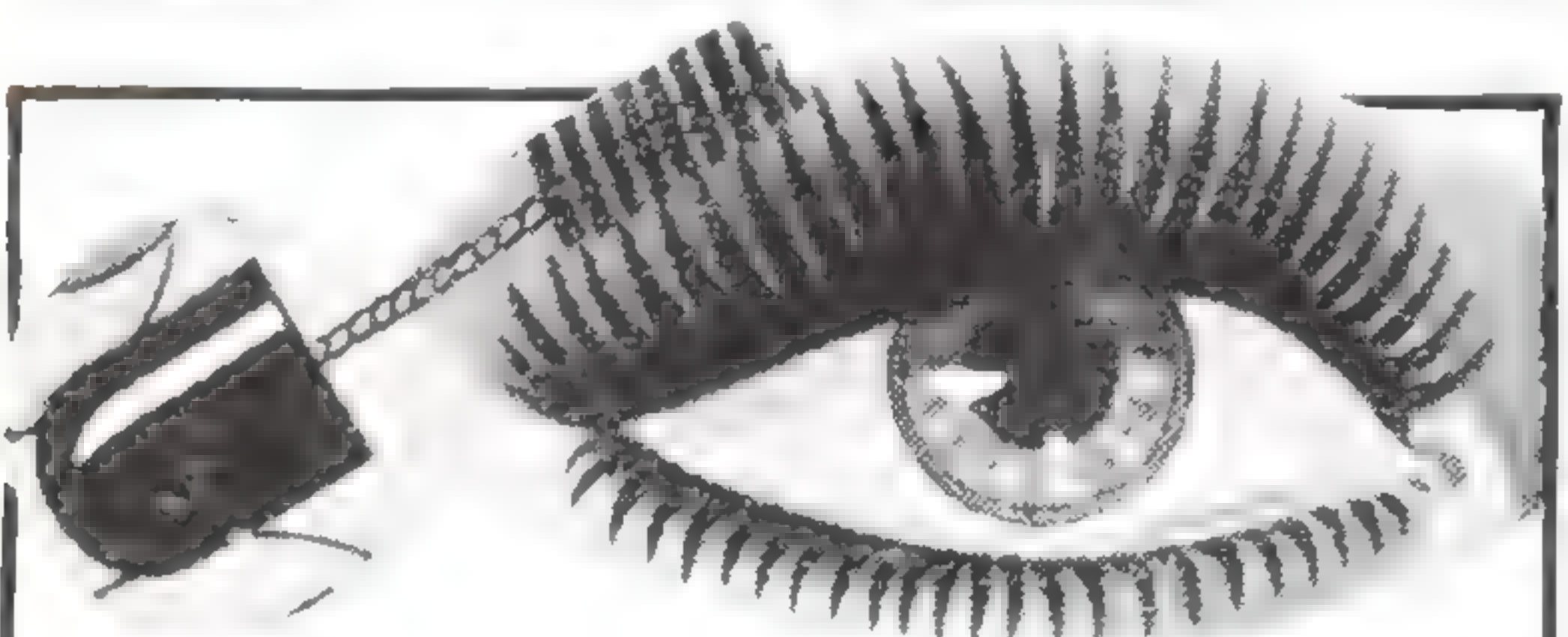
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"Yes," she sobbed, "but not as much as you hurt me."

Anthony dropped down beside her. "I didn't mean to hurt you, dear."

"You did, though," she sniffled, "and," irrelevantly, "I was so happy this afternoon."

Anthony wiped the tears from her face. "I was happy this afternoon too," he said. "Do you suppose," eagerly, "that we were happy together because we really love each other?"

Abruptly, Caroline stopped crying. "Anthony," she said slowly as though awed by the discovery, "that is the reason. We really love each other and," delightedly, "you knew it all the time, didn't you?"

Anthony's only answer was to take her into his arms.

TWO years later Anthony set his plane down on the landing field at Alpine Lodge, the newest, smartest rendezvous for skiers.

"You take over now, Bill," he told the pilot. "Sure you understand exactly what I want you to do?"

Bill nodded and Anthony set off toward the waiting room. There he slipped behind a pillar. Seated at a table near the bar were Caroline, Bliss and a younger man, who, like Anthony, was slim and tall and dark. The young man, although Anthony did not know this as yet, was Paco del Valle, a millionaire ranch owner from the Argentine.

"All my life," Paco was saying, "I've dreamed of the woman who would be my wife. A woman who would gallop with me across the pampas."

"—with the wind blowing through our hair—" Caroline took up the chant.

Anthony smiled indulgently.

"The sun beating on our faces," Caroline continued dreamily, "and—"

The amplifier announced that the New York plane was ready to depart. The three rose from the table, then Caroline

halted. "You know," she said frowning in concentration, "I have the funniest feeling as if all this had happened before—"

Anthony grinned understandingly, then glanced anxiously toward the landing field. Where in the world was Bill?

"—perhaps," Caroline was still talking, "in some former life—" she broke off in astonishment as Bill, Anthony's pilot, entered and marched slowly toward the opposite doorway. In his arms he carried the sculptured head of a woman wearing a gladiator's helmet beneath which one eye was open and the other tightly closed. As if hypnotized by the bizarre figure, Caroline turned and followed after it. Anthony stepped nonchalantly from behind the pillar and Caroline walked blindly into his arms.

"Anthony!" she cried unbelievably, then in involuntary delight, "Darling!"

Muttering, Paco had started forward, but that "darling" stopped him. He looked questioningly at Bliss, then turned away despairingly at the older man's satisfied, "Yes, that's her husband."

Caroline freed herself from Anthony's embrace. "Did you," she asked slowly, "get my wire saying I was coming to New York?" Anthony nodded. "That's why you're here," she said accusingly. "You knew—that I—that Paco and I—"

Anthony's lips twitched but he didn't answer.

"That's why," in a sudden burst of understanding, "you made Paul give you that hideous head of me, two years ago, so that you'd have it—to remind me—the next time I got interested in a man—"

Slowly, teasingly, Anthony smiled. "Yes, darling," he answered gently. He caught her in his arms again then and she felt the pounding of his heart. For a moment she tried to ignore its message, then suddenly she was clinging to Anthony, halfway between laughter and tears, and lifting her lips to his.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 23)

\$1.00 PRIZE Well, Why Not?

AM I sick of all these magazine articles as to whether Judy Garland should or should not get married!

As a pretty consistent movie-goer (at least twice a week) and a happily married woman I say what if she does marry Dave Rose? He looks like a gentle attractive sort of guy, they're both interested in music and apparently they're in love—so why not? As for alienating her fans—what nonsense!

Prize or no prize, won't you please print this to encourage the poor kids?

HELEN CARDEN,
San Francisco, Cal.

\$1.00 PRIZE Take a Memo, Hollywood!

WE constantly hear about the money producers spend in obtaining authentic details when making pictures. But they slip plenty wherever secretarial work is involved—and as a long-suffering stenographer, I'd like to voice my complaint.

I take lots of rapid dictation—and haven't time to rewrite anything. But if I followed the example of our movie heroines, I wouldn't get to first base! They either cross shapely legs, notebook on their lap, airily drawing little lines

therein (while their employer talks at a speed only a court reporter could follow) or else they stand up, notebook in one hand, writing a long involved letter with the other. I say—"C'est impossible."

In the first place, shorthand is a series of little characters which must be the right shape in order to be read back properly. And a girl standing up most certainly can't write these characters correctly! It's barely possible one could get by with the "notebook in lap" policy—but not for long. I tried it—and wound up with a pair of aching shoulders and some awfully messy notes—after five minutes!

To take notes properly, a stenographer must put her notebook on a nice, flat desk. Then she writes clear-cut characters—not just "M's" and "U's" across the page—and that not too nonchalantly.

As a typewriter-pounding "Kitty Foyle," I know!

ELIZABETH STURNS,
Denver, Col.

\$1.00 PRIZE Anybody See It?

I RECENTLY saw "The Westerner" and tried to forget it. I sat calmly in the theater enjoying the picture when it happened. The lamp globe disappeared. It disappeared before my eyes, I saw it!

Mr. Cooper came into the room, Miss Davenport rushed to meet him. In her left hand was a stick which her father

took, in the right was the lamp globe. Mr. Cooper spoke, she replied, my hair stood on end. The lamp globe was gone! The table was too far away for her to put the lamp globe on it. If she had dropped it, we would have heard it. What did happen to it?

The rest of the picture was spoiled for me; even when *Judge Bean* met Lily Langtry. I was more interested in what happened to the lamp globe.

HELEN SPELLMAN,
Phenix City, Ala.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Everything But Oscar

I AM going to speak my piece about a very great actor who deserves to win an Academy Award, but never does: James Cagney. I just can't understand it. He's got everything—personality, looks, technique—and yet he never gets an Oscar. Why? Is it the type of role he portrays on the screen? If so, why not give him other parts where he can display his talents more convincingly? I have not yet, in all the years I have been attending movies, seen any other actor who could compare with Mr. Cagney. That guy knows how to move around in front of a camera.

MRS. CONNELL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

I AM very glad that most of us evidently do not agree (according to the box-office reports) with the gentleman whose letter in your May issue so rants and raves against the MacDonald-Eddy musicals. Like millions of other fans, I find them attractive and something that comes all too infrequently in movie fare. I find music delightful. I am tired to death of gangster pictures and high school jitterbug pictures and South Sea Island sarong pictures, and I like some relief from these.

MRS. PEARL GREEN,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

I WAS amazed at Ida Lupino's acting in "The Light That Failed," even more thrilled at her role in "High Sierra" and sat spellbound through "The Sea Wolf," but now I want to see her in a new light. I want to see her in modern clothes, modern make-up and in a modern world.

MARGARET HUTTO,
Mobile, Ala.

ROBERT TAYLOR has certainly turned the tables on a lot of us who judged him only by his looks. His performances in "Escape" and "Flight Command" were great and we are happy for Bob that at last he is getting the breaks he deserves.

If he continues to get the right pictures and give out with such performances as he has shown in his last three pictures we see an Oscar coming his way soon.

ONDA LEE KRUEGER,
Elwood, Ind.

OF all the stories which have been published about her since Rosalind Russell struck Hollywood, none has come anywhere near hitting the nail on the head or given an inkling to the real Roz as the article by Howard Sharpe has.

From what I know of watching her grow up summers at a Connecticut beach, it gives a truly adequate picture of her.

The last time I saw Roz was on the other side of a tennis court.

She talked a good game and I ached from laughing. I'd advise her directors to give her plenty of rein and let her be herself—that's where she shines.

LESLEY ALDERMAN,
Milford, Conn.

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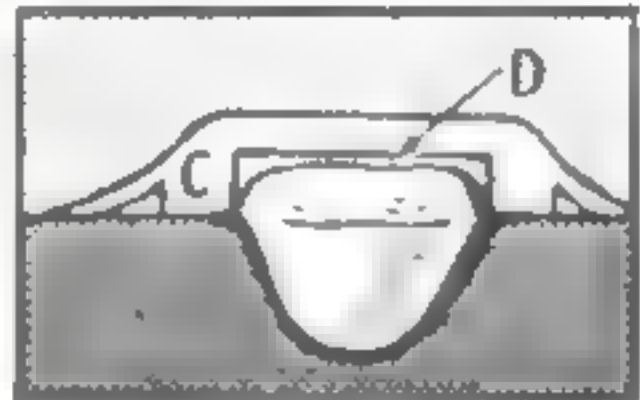
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Escape from the Nazis

(Continued from page 37)

society turned at their tables to stare in admiring appraisal at the big, broad-shouldered Frenchman.

Many of his pictures, films like "Pepe le Moko," "Grand Illusion" and "Port of Shadows" have played extended runs in New York's "artier" movie theaters and Gabin long has had a coterie of feminine fans among the patrons of the little foreign-language theaters.

"The Spencer Tracy of France," his discoverers in this country dubbed him. He was, they effused, more vigorous in appearance than Charles Boyer, more vital in manner than Chevalier, with an earthy quality about him, a promise of tremendous power and drive not usually associated with a Parisian matinee idol.

But after the long months of rationed food in France, Jean Gabin was too busy evidencing appreciation of the rich fare before him to notice the furore his presence created. When he had finally disposed of his second dessert helping of cheese and wafers, Jean leaned back, lit a cigarette and gave me the dramatic story of his adventures in war-wracked France.

"When the war broke out in September of 1939," began Gabin, "I was in the midst of a picture in Paris. A reservist in the Navy, I was called up in the first general mobilization and was assigned to duty as a gunner on a minesweeper, operating out of Cherbourg. Ours was the dangerous task of searching out the steel eggs of destruction laid by the Nazis in the Channel's shipping lane.

"In May, I was given my first extended leave and journeyed to the home of my sister in Dreux, outside of Paris. I arrived in Dreux the day the Germans occupied Paris but communications were so poor, we had no idea the enemy were so close.

"Then, the third day I was home, Dreux was the target of a terrific air bombardment. At one of the town's shelters I learned the invading German Army was within just a few miles.

"As a sailor, I would have been made a prisoner of war, if I were overtaken by the Germans, so I abandoned the shelter, managed to reach our house safely and there quickly changed from my navy uniform to civilian clothes. My sister and her family already had departed for the South, leaving behind a small roadster. I jumped into this car and started to head back toward my ship.

"AT the first town west of Dreux, I learned that the German drive had cut off any possibility of my reaching Cherbourg and rejoining my unit. A military officer advised me to head for Toulon, the nearest French naval station not yet threatened by the Germans.

"That trip from Dreux to Toulon, ordinarily only a two-day drive, took me almost three weeks . . . three weeks I shall remember as long as I live!

"You cannot imagine, without actually having seen it, the chaos and confusion of that flight of terror of the millions of refugees pouring Southward from Paris. There were not only French civilians on the road but hundreds of thousands of Belgians and others from the Low Countries. They were fleeing in every sort of conveyance imaginable. Taxis, buses, bicycles and horse carts crowded ordinary cars for space on the roads. Gasoline was at a premium and when a car ran out of fuel it was abandoned.

"Most pitiful were the weary women, pushing along baby carriages heaped with their few possessions, their children painfully trying to keep up in that

pathetic parade. So great was the crush, like a solid mass of ants inching along the roads, that some days I could make but a mile a day. The towns along the path of this great exodus were filled with ten and twelve times their ordinary population. There was not a bed to be had in any of them. Food was almost as scarce.

At the end of almost three weeks of slowly pushing along in the middle of this great parade of human misery, Gabin finally pulled into Toulon, the very day the Armistice was signed. As a sailor, he was automatically demobilized and without even waiting to learn more of the details of the surrender, Gabin moved on to Cap Ferrat, between Nice and Monte Carlo, where he knew he would be welcome in the home of his friend Jacques Menier, candy manufacturer.

Here Gabin took refuge in the dark, uncertain months that followed France's fall. To the soldiers and sailors who had fought on to the bitter end with no thought of surrender, the Armistice came as such a treacherous shock there seemed to be no future, Gabin says.

"You didn't ask: 'What now?' or 'What shall I do?' You just sat and waited in stunned silence. In Marseilles there was some talk of trying to resume production of motion pictures, but the last thing in the world I wanted to face just then was a camera."

These rumors of reviving commercial production in unoccupied France proved to be mere idle speculation, but later there came to Gabin the overtures from the German propaganda agencies which prompted his cable to Devan and his second flight from the Nazis.

JEAN was born in Paris, May 17, 1904, the youngest of six children of a minor music-hall comedian who billed himself, as French performers prefer to do, by his single surname of Gabin. When Jean was still a child, his family moved to the small village of Montataire, on the outskirts of Paris, and here the boy, relishing the outdoor country life, built up a magnificent physique.

From the time Jean was a small boy, his father hoped his son would join him in the world of the *Cafe Concert*. Jean had a fair singing voice and a gift of mimicry that the old clown Gabin believed would bring him fame in the music halls of Paris.

But Jean's personal inclinations leaned toward a more prosaic trade, where one could work with tools in his hands and axle grease, not paint and powder, on his face. At thirteen, when his father first tentatively included the boy in a vaudeville skit he was preparing, Jean ran away from school and succeeded in getting a job as a cement mixer in a Paris factory. Next he was an apprentice mechanic at the Renault auto works for two years. When, at seventeen, he returned home for a visit, he believed he had established the right to shape his own career.

The older Gabin, however, still nursed the dream that his son would keep alive the family name on the bill posters of the music halls. He persuaded Jean to accompany him to an interview with the manager of the *Folies Bergere*, and when that worthy offered the young man a bit in a revue at a salary many times his mechanic's wage, Jean accepted, principally to please his father.

"Little by little, I began to like the theater," Gabin recalls. "One role led to another. I played with Elsie Janis in

a second revue. Then I was cast opposite Mistinguette at the *Folies Bergère* and soon I had offers from a number of leading producers."

Jean was on his way to becoming a ranking favorite on the musical-comedy stage when he was called up for his year of required military training and elected to spend it in the Navy. On his discharge, with a taste for travel developed by a few cruises in the Navy, Gabin joined an opera company about to start on a tour of South America. In a tenor's tights, he serenaded dark-eyed señoritas from Rio to Lima.

Back in Paris once more, Gabin decided to try his acting ability in a straight drama and proceeded to make stage history in the title role of "Arsene Lupin, Banker." It was during the run of this play that he was sought out by a French film company and began on the movie career that was to bring him his greatest fame. It is interesting to note that when "Pepe le Moko" first was being cast, the title role was offered to Charles Boyer. Boyer turned down the part and Gabin was engaged for it.

"Pepe le Moko" was the turning point of Gabin's screen success and the film that finally established his popularity. When Hollywood bought the American rights to the story and prepared to produce it as "Algiers," Gabin was asked to come here and play opposite Hedy Lamarr. As he had done with previous Hollywood bids, Gabin declined and this time it was Boyer who, as second choice for the role, used it to clinch his status as a star in American pictures. Today Hollywood is watching curiously to see if Gabin once more will supplant Boyer as the film-goers' favorite Frenchman.

Naturally, after the months of darkness and dull despair in France the prospect

of the blazing lights, the gayety and the glamour of the shining city of Hollywood, had a tingling appeal for the pleasure-loving Parisian. But above all that, Gabin told me, he felt the same stimulation to be getting back into a studio, that a mechanic, long idle, feels when he first picks up his tool bag.

"What was your most vivid first impression on reaching New York after the blackouts, the rationings, the wartime regime of Europe?" I asked the actor.

He thought a minute and then replied: "The cars . . . the endless stream of cars . . . all moving about the city. It had been months since I had seen more than one automobile on the road at a time."

The chic, slim girls on Park Avenue . . . the food at the smarter restaurants . . . the hilarious high humor of such stage shows as "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "Lady in the Dark" . . . the flash of the legs of the Rockettes in Radio City Music Hall . . . the luxury of hot water in his bath in his hotel suite . . . these were the things that made his first few days in America seem like a lovely, restful dream after a disturbed nightmare, Gabin declared.

After a week's stay in New York, Gabin left for Hollywood and was immediately set to studying English by Zanuck who hopes the French actor may be ready for his first American film in about three months.

As his official tutor in English, the studio has engaged an elderly retired schoolteacher. What power Gabin will have at the box office in Hollywood-made movies remains to be seen, though this reporter is willing to go out on the limb with a prediction that he will be terrific. One thing is certain. Personally, Jean Gabin already is Hollywood's newest sensation.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓ The Devil and Miss Jones (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The adventures of a millionaire in the workaday world.

FUN, based on a logical premise, provides just about the best entertainment there is.

In this *Devil and Miss Jones* (what a charming couple) we have that coveted combination of sound basis and grand humor; the result is riotous.

Now take the idea of an immensely wealthy old dodo who, furious at the idea of being burned in effigy by employees of his department store, decides to get to the bottom of the trouble by becoming a store clerk himself. Can't you just picture the softening process of that bewildered business tycoon? What happens to him should happen to everyone, it's so humanizing. And Charles Coburn in this role is just perfect.

Jean Arthur, as the shop clerk in love with Robert Cummings, the radically minded head of the shoe department, proves again she's one of the top actresses of the screen. And with Cummings as competition, Miss Arthur must necessarily shine brightly. That Cummings boy has everything.

Spring Byington and Edmund Gwenn are delightful in their scenes. In fact, it's one of the best little movies to come along in a coon's age and we're sure you'll love it.

Your Reviewer Says: A honey.

They Dare Not Love (Columbia)

It's About: An Austrian refugee who finds love amid political turmoil.

WITH a more deft handling by writer and director, this would have, undoubtedly, resulted in a gem of a little picture. As it is, the slow tempo and faltering direction leave George Brent and Martha Scott more or less at sea.

However, two such performers as these can not fail to hold one's interest and George as an Austrian prince and Martha as an Austrian refugee inject plenty of human interest in this tale of Nazi invasion. George, as the *Prince*, bargains with the Germans in America for the release of seven friends in German concentration camps, with himself as the prize. The ultimate outcome of this proposed transaction has its exciting moments.

Paul Lukas and Roman Bohnen as Germans are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Newsreel events played in heart time.

✓ Major Barbara—Gabriel Pascal-U. S.

It's About: The struggle between the spiritual and material way of life.

THE second George Bernard Shaw picture ("Pygmalion" was the first) arrives from the midst of bombshelled London to entertain, amuse and confuse. We say confuse because the theme, espe-

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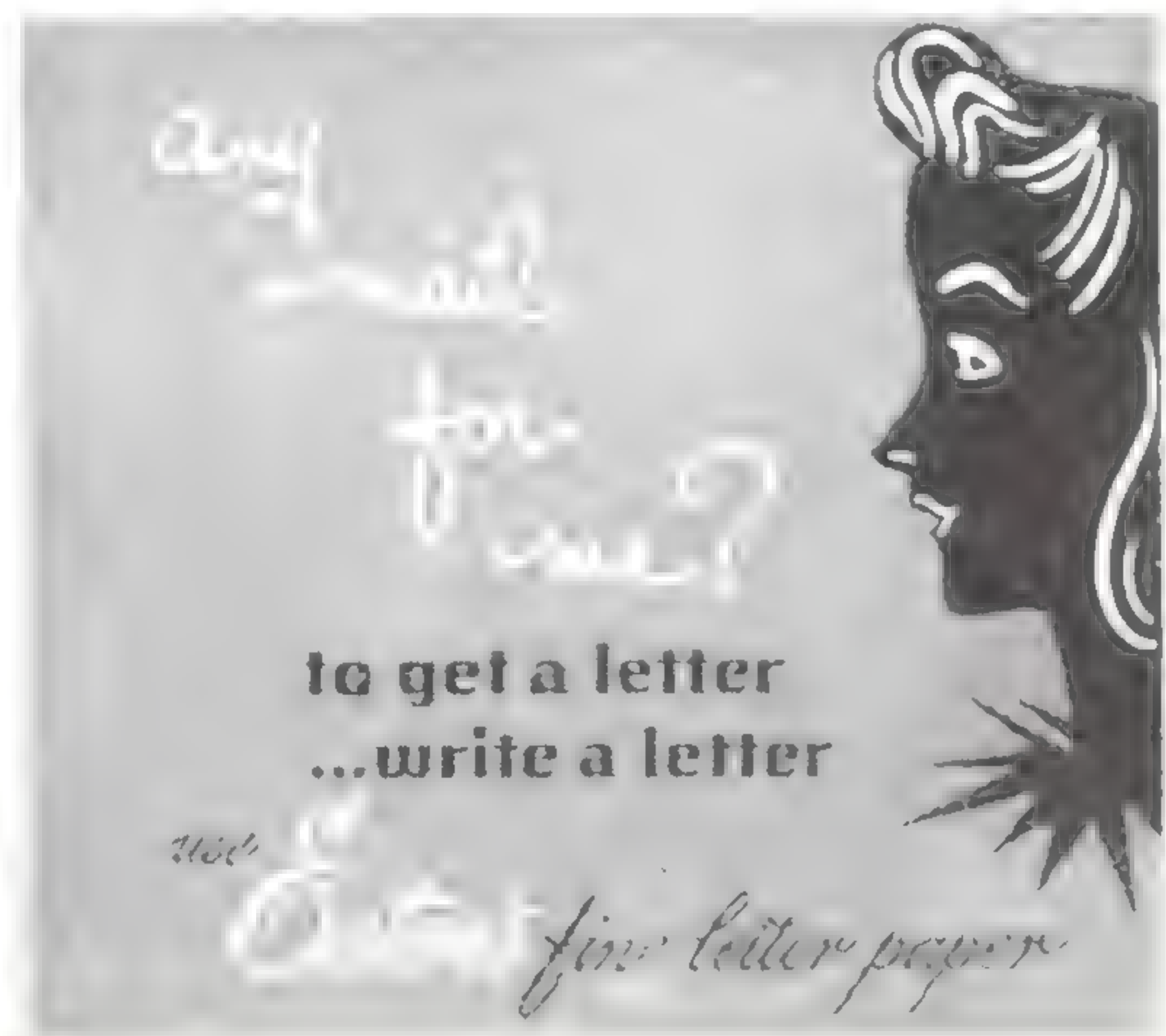
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| ☐ OPIUM POPPY, red-brown | ☐ WISTARIA, deepish orchid |
| ☐ CELESTIAL PINK, pinkish orchid | ☐ FLOWERING PLUM, vivid cyclamen |
| ☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD, darkly glowing | ☐ CANTON RED, deep garnet |
| ☐ EAST WIND, summer rose | ☐ MANDARIN RED, almost black |
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cially the end, seems blurred in purpose and reams upon reams of words are substituted for action. The cast, however, is terrific, with such splendid artists as Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley and Robert Newton contributing adult, charming and sophisticated performances. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army lass who loses ideals to find them again in a blazing, teeming munitions factory, and Rex Harrison as the Greek scholar who loses her, are especially clever. For average everyday entertainment, however, we question its value.

Your Reviewer Says: Oddly different but compelling.

✓ The Reluctant Dragon (Disney—RKO-Radio)

It's About: A man with an idea in search of Walt Disney.

ONE of the cleverest ideas ever to pop into that fertile mind of Walt Disney results in this rare combination of a Cook's tour through the Disney studio, a behind-the-scenes glimpse of Mickey Mousedom and two of Disney's latest cartoon features.

Cleverly thought out and executed, this story of Robert Benchley roaming at will through the studio was a happy one, for through Robert's bulging eyes everyone gets a peep at the inside goings-on of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins when Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disney the idea of filming "The Reluctant Dragon." Bob's mission eventually lands him in a projection room with Walt viewing—you've guessed it—the Dragon story that has already been filmed.

Long, and even a bit wearisome in spots, it nevertheless keeps up its interest due to the cozy cleverness of Mr. Benchley. Without him the Dragon would have been just another cartoon. And speaking of Dragons, this one is a riot—a bit on the—er—sissy side, shall we say?

For new, novel and so different entertainment we urge you to see this film.

Your Reviewer Says: The whole family will love it.

✓✓ Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)

It's About: The fate of three Ziegfeld beauties.

HOLLYWOOD at its lavish, gorgeous, musical best! Gowns, beauty, settings whirl and twirl before one's eyes to lure and fascinate. But when it's all summed up in the cold light of reason, the picture in our opinion does not stack up against the former Ziegfeld picture for either beauty or appeal. Yet it's good enough to rate a two check best—make no mistake about that.

Quite openly and even a bit cruelly, three players have been sacrificed for the sake of one. That one is Lana Turner, who emerges a star. Lana is so good one can almost overlook the shoving around accorded Hedy Lamarr, Jimmy Stewart and that potential star, Philip Dorn. As for Judy Garland, she holds her own and sings her numbers, especially "Minnie From Trinidad," with all the punch Judy can put into a song.

The thread of the story upon which all the beads and baubles are strung tells of three girls who enter the Follies at the same time and what befalls them. Two of them find happiness, one defeat. Jimmy Stewart as Lana's truck-driving sweetheart hasn't a chance to do much emoting but makes his every moment

count. Hedy does nothing but look beautiful and does that well, also. Judy romps through her role to success, but it's Lana who scores and to whom belongs the glory.

Charles Winninger as Judy's father is marvelous. Tony Martin sings several sure hit songs but has, quite obviously, been cut from many scenes. Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter and Philip Dorn, who has a pathetic excuse of a role, all come through with colors aloft.

It's big, mind you, and a whooper-doooper show, so don't miss it. It's more show for your money than you've seen in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A big-time musical extravaganza.

Washington Melodrama (M-G-M)

It's About: A blackmailer in Washington.

SEVERAL shots of adrenalin have failed to revive this old story taken from the studio shelves. Even though it's padded with a few timely features, it's still too wobbly to stand on its own, for our money.

But one or, no, two things it does reveal: Frank Morgan never gives a bad performance and Dan Dailey Jr. is an up-and-coming star. As the slug-nutty prize fighter in "Ziegfeld Girl," Dan smacks down Lana Turner to the count of nine. In this minor epic he flattens Anne Gwynne as no heroine has been socked before and he does it with such realistic villainy. It's good acting, Dan being such a nice lad.

The plot's all about a kindly Washington millionaire (Morgan) who befriends a chorus girl (Miss Gwynne) and finds himself blackmailed by Dailey. Ann Rutherford as Morgan's daughter and Kent Taylor as her best beau are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Any similarity to good entertainment is purely coincidental.

✓✓ Penny Serenade (Columbia)

It's About: Parents who adopt a child.

A HUMAN document, so true, so tender and expressive, lives and breathes upon the screen in "Penny Serenade," which, by the way, is a most incongruous title. Seldom does a picture remain so simple and lifelike in its story. There isn't a single glaring exaggerated moment to ruin its plain homey forceful message: That children tie and bind two people, cementing their love in one common bond.

Right here we want to go on record as saying Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever witnessed on the screen. Every joy, disappointment and sorrow of Cary's is shared by those out front. Not far behind is Irene Dunne as his wife; but it's Cary's picture, somehow, and to him we give the honor. In his first picture Edgar Buchanan scores roundly as Applejack and will undoubtedly find himself much in demand. The children portraying different ages of the little adopted child are outstanding in their roles.

A bit slow getting under way and lagging in spots, the film emerges, for all this, a truly wonderful picture, one women, and especially mothers, will remember a long, long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture that touches the heart.

The Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A cowboy meets and tames a temperamental screen star.*

WHEN a badly spoiled Hollywood blonde meets an immovable, cool-tempered cowboy—hi yi yippee! Exactly that happens when Mary Beth Hughes, a misbehaving actress, meets tall 'n handsome George Montgomery, a rodeo-riding Westerner. Because Montgomery is the first man who fails to yield to her tantrumy charms, the actress falls in love with him, even chasing him down in his own corral to get him.

The action pops from behind the Hollywood scenes to the wide open places, humor giving way to romance with the greatest of ease. The two newcomers make a great showing and are definitely on their way. We predict Montgomery will be another *beeg* moment in the lives of feminine fans.

Your Reviewer Says: Zippy and Yippee.

✓ The Great Lie (Warners)

It's About: *Two women, one man, one great lie.*

THERE is news in "The Great Lie"; news that is reassuringly heartwarming; news that that star of stars, Bette Davis, permits lovely Mary Astor to share with her the very brightest spot in the limelight and even, at times, to place the talented Miss Davis in the shade.

Make no mistake, Bette could have forestalled that event, for the star's requests are commands in Hollywood. But no, Miss Astor, as the musician who marries George Brent and then chooses her career in preference to marriage, is permitted to all but steal this picture. George Brent, as the man who finally chooses Bette for his wife when a technicality absolves his first marriage to Mary, is also terrific. The struggle over the rightful parentage of a child born to one of these wives becomes the Lie.

It's a trio of performers worth watching, a story adultish and sophisticated, abounding with drama, lines of smartness and even humor. It's a story women will love and men will like in spite of themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: A three-way triumph.

Reaching For the Sun (Paramount)

It's About: *A man's struggle against the machine-made world.*

DIFFICULT to classify is this strange little comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away from the city of machines and in the country where all things reach for the sun. In spots it becomes intensely intriguing; in others, unbelievable and dull.

There is no question, however, but that Joel McCrea, a man happy just digging clams, gives a sterling performance. Ellen Drew, the wife who attempts to hold him to the wheels and cogs of a great automobile factory, shows marked improvement in her work. Albert Dekker as the heavy seems lost in the shuffle of a little story not quite strong enough to overcome its too-whimsical motive.

Your Reviewer Says: Off the beaten path.

The Lady From Cheyenne (Universal)

It's About: *How women acquired the vote in Wyoming.*

FREAKISHLY different in theme and manner of telling, this amusing little story is a puzzler. While meant to be a pioneering type of narrative, underneath it's really a lighthearted trollop, robbing the serious theme of its well-meaning message for the sake of coquettish gaiety. What's more, it's a Western beneath its frivolous petticoats and no two ways about that.

Loretta Young is the determined young lady of 1860 who helps women win the vote in the Wyoming state legislature, which defeats the town scoundrel, Edward Arnold. Both Loretta and Edward are good. Robert Preston is the hero who loves Loretta and foils Arnold's bandits. To tell the truth we hadn't realized it was all so corny until this minute. So maybe the picture is a lot cleverer than we imagined.

Your Reviewer Says: Strange little thing.

The Flame of New Orleans (Universal)

It's About: *An adventuress who meets her fate.*

THE flame flickers quite a bit in this off-color little film that too obviously attempts to be naughty and gay. The dialogue, in one or two spots, crackles like a firecracker but otherwise it's a blackout.

Dietrich is, of course, too beautiful as the adventuress who moves in on New Orleans in the early days and captures the town's richest banker, played to a turn by Roland Young. Bruce Cabot, the virile sailor, makes quite a come-hither lover.

Spotted about the cast in mere bit roles are such players as Andy Devine, Melville Cooper and Mischa Auer. They don't help much, however. French Rene Clair has directed his story with a broad mind but slow tempo. Maybe he's not in his American stride yet. Anyway—

Your Reviewer Says: Little to recommend it.

✓ Pot O' Gold (Roosevelt-U. A.)

It's About: *A feud that ends in a radio program.*

PRODUCER James Roosevelt offers his first feature-length film in this little movie and it isn't bad at all. It's no new deal, however, for all the old tried-and-true gags and situations abound throughout the story. And why Jimmy Stewart should be scampering around in this particular piece is beyond us. After his Academy Oscar you'd expect bigger things for Jimmy.

The story has Jimmy a musician with an irascible old millionaire of an uncle who is constantly waging war on his neighbor, boardinghouse keeper Mary Gordon. Charles Winninger, the uncle, covets her property and wants to be rid of the infernal din of the band that lives there. The band, of course, turns out to be Horace Heidt and his boys who, along with Paulette Goddard, literally raise the roof.

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program forms the crux of the story, with lots of music flying about in all directions. It's cute, entertaining and amusing and a real treat for swing lovers.

Your Reviewer Says: Pert and lively.

The Wagons Roll at Night (Warners)

It's About: Romance among circus folk.

THEY can roll right on for all of us, those wagons. When they come rolling in with a little better entertainment we'll be tickled pink, for Humphrey Bogart and Eddie Albert are favorites of ours and we enjoy seeing them, but not in such hackneyed business as this.

This story has Humphrey, hard, steely owner of a flea-bitten circus, grabbing up country boy Eddie Albert and making a lion-tamer of him. When Eddie falls in love with Humphrey's young and innocent sister, Joan Leslie, Bogart arranges a neat little exit for the young lover that proves, we admit, quite exciting for a moment or two.

Sylvia Sidney as the circus fortune teller is good.

Your Reviewer Says: Keep on rolling along.

Model Wife (Universal)

It's About: A marriage that must be kept secret.

FANS, if you are planning to wed in secret, race to the nearest theater showing "Model Wife" and view the dire but comical consequences.

That already married pair, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, is the distracted couple who dare not reveal their marriage lest their boss (who is against married women's working) fire them both. That in itself wouldn't be so bad; but along comes Lee Bowman, the boss' son, who will not be denied dates with Miss Blondell and who, of course, cannot be told of her marital standing.

So there you have the groundwork for some hilarious goings-on, with Dick and Joan hitting on all cylinders. Charlie Ruggles, Lucile Watson and Ruth Donnelly are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: A cozy little honey.

Footlight Fever (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Two theatrical producers in search of an angel.

PHOOEY, this picture is awful. It should never have been born, as a matter of fact, for it certainly does nothing to advance the cause of anyone concerned, not even the motion-picture industry.

Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, a down-and-out stage director and a moth-eaten stage producer, try to find a backer for Mowbray's play and finally light on Elisabeth Risdon, the widow of a sea captain. Miss Risdon, who sees through their scheming, permits herself to become their angel.

Mowbray and MacBride ham all over the place.

Your Reviewer Says: See at your own risk.

Men of Boys Town (M-G-M)

It's About: That famed institution for boys and the tragedy and comedy within its walls.

SPENCER TRACY as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor take up the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our hearts and emotions with their truly wonderful performances. The stars have never been better and Mickey in his subdued sincerity outdoes himself. What's more, he has plenty of competition in Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn and that unbelievable tot Darryl Hickman, who is said to be a counterpart of just such a boy in Father Flanagan's retreat.

The cruel atrociousness of guards in



Something that seldom happens: Dick Powell and wife Joan Blondell, both working in "Model Wife," have luncheon together; eat Dick's favorite tuna fish salad by way of celebration

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

arious reform schools and the unending efforts of everyone to bring a smile from little Larry Nunn, whose back had been broken by a cruel guard in such a school, the abiding theme. No effort has been made to overstress the philosophy "there is no such thing as a bad boy" that belongs to this kindly priest. In fact, there is no overdoing on any score and the result is a box-office melody.

our Reviewer Says: A sincere and beautiful story.

Power Dive (Paramount)

It's About: Two brothers in aviation.

NOT in a class with the more pretentious air pictures, this one is, nevertheless, a mighty entertaining little number with a whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill. Richard Arlen is the older brother who tries to dissuade the younger brother, Don Castle, from following in his footsteps. Castle, a newcomer, is splendid. Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Cliff Edwards are right in there pitching.

our Reviewer Says: A good second-best.

Ride On, Vaquero (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The Cisco Kid cleans up a band of kidnappers.

HERE he comes again, Cesar Romero as the Cisco Kid. In this he is an engaging out-West Robin Hood who steals only to help others and who loathes kidnappers and, shall we say, legitimate crooks. Well, when some such rascals cross his path, the Kid sure gets busy. Mary Beth Hughes is the dance-hall girl again and Chris-Pin Martin as Gordito, the Kid's pal, is right in hand. It's all turrible exciting.

our Reviewer Says: Hero stuff.

Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A crook who impersonates another man.

THEY surely went far afield for this one; if memory serves, they thumbed back through the files and remade the story, implausible as it is. For instance, Henry Wilcoxon, a crook wounded at Dunkirk, emerges from the gray with his face remodeled to look exactly like the lost banker, Sir John, played by John Loder. The crook finds it very easy, indeed, to fool the banker's wife, Nancy Kelly, and even Scotland Yard for a time, but eventually Inspector Edmund Gwenn gets his man. Today's tempo in London is carefully maintained in this timely version, but there are too many unbelievable situations to make for intelligent entertainment.

our Reviewer Says: Cops and Robbers in modern London setting.

Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)

It's About: A quartette of vaudevillians who go West to collect an inheritance.

IT'S the style to feature orchestra leaders and their bands in movies. We, for one, will be glad when the fad hits theambo of yesterday's fashions, for while we love music, swingaroo or bugaroo, we like our movies straight—no chasers.

However, Tommy Dorsey and his band do give out with some sweet melodies, we admit. Bert Wheeler amuses and Phil Regan, who can sing like a whiz but doesn't have a chance to warble, is very good. Constance Moore is beautiful and Virginia Dale supplies the laughs. But it's music, Tommy Dorsey's music, that holds the fort.

Your Reviewer Says: Music everywhere.

A Very Young Lady (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A schoolgirl's crush.

REMEMBER Simone Simon in "Girls' Dormitory," her first American talkie? Well, vision Jane Withers in a modified remake and join us in the chorus of "Why do they do things like this?" Jane is cute as the schoolgirl who has a crush on John Sutton, a professor in a fashionable girls' school. Jane's crush, her rowdy tomboyism that grows into gooey feminine softness, causes the faculty quite a bit of concern and provides audiences with no little amusement. But Jane deserves better. Nancy Kelly is the girl who gets Professor Sutton.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly second-bill.

Repent At Leisure (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A runaway heiress who grabs off a husband.

SOMETHING old, something new, Something borrowed, something blue.

It's all here in this bride's story. The old and the borrowed have been snatched from a dozen such picture plots. The new is the splendid performances of Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor and the audience grows blue when the whole story develops into a clownishly unhappy climax. You know the time-worn plot: The rich bride-to-be walks out on the gold-hunting husband-to-be and marries the poor boy who loves her for herself. However, we've seen worse. And so have you.

Your Reviewer Says: One story, slightly used, for sale cheap.

The Great American Broadcast (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The romantic history of radio.

THAT surefire trio of "Tinpan Alley" fame, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne, now step up to the microphone and tell us the semihistorical story of radio, its beginning and its growth. Not quite up to the standard of "Tinpan Alley" this is, nevertheless, a mighty entertaining little picture with its catchy songs put over as only Alice can put them over and its broad humor slapped on as only Oakie can slap it. John Payne as the lad who wins Alice is a personable young man and gets into the spirit of the story in fine style. Cesar Romero is plain charming in his scenes, but hasn't nearly enough to do. Those three weird little mushrooms, the Wiere Brothers, the sinking Ink Spots, and the dancing Nicholas Brothers trim up the story like a Christmas tree.

Your Reviewer Says: Tune in on this.

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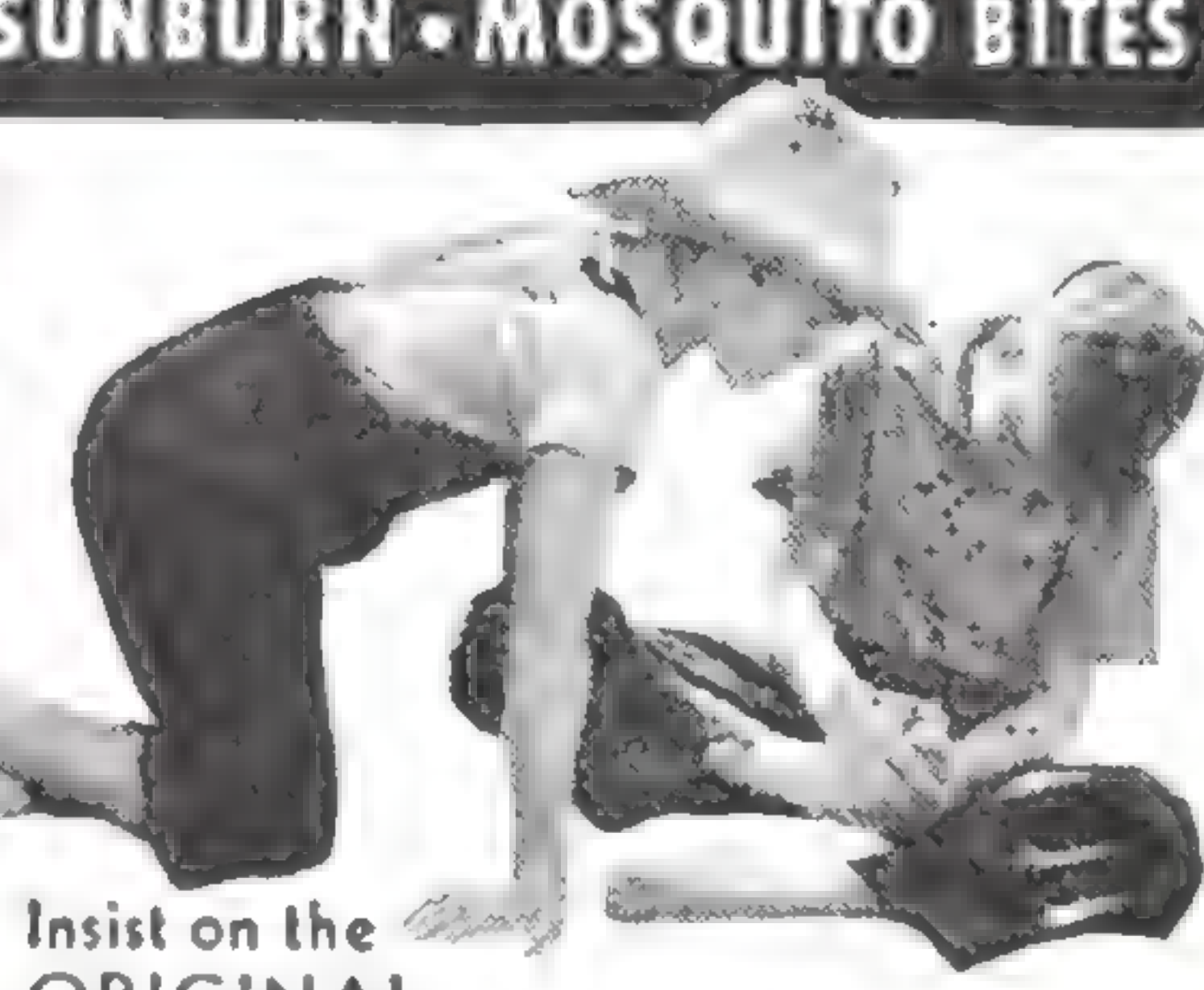
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How to Spoil a Romantic Moment (John Howard)

(Continued from page 58)

massage." He thought this over, shaking his head. "Funny thing," he agreed.

Note: For girls who crave a mane to woo
There are lions in the zoo.

"Of course," John went on, "my pet peeve concerns persons, men or girls, who insist on pretending to be authorities on some subject they know only fairly well. I remember that when I was in college, I was pretty much impressed with a girl I had met on a trip to Washington, D. C. She knew I was interested in music, so she gave me the impression she had studied quite widely. Well, on a picnic one night one of the fellows was chording on a guitar and singing 'Ole Man River.' When he finished, my girl friend said, 'That was wonderful. Play something else of Stephen Foster's.'"

"I was so surprised that I gulped before I remembered my manners. A few moments later she whispered, 'Wasn't that silly of me to say Stephen Foster when I knew all the time that George Gershwin wrote it!' I didn't gulp that time; I was floored completely."

OF COURSE, nearly everyone stretches his or her actual knowledge rather thin on occasion, but this particular girl's greatest error was in choosing to be an authority on music when that was John's forte. She should have pretended to be an expert on modern French painting, where it's every man for himself.

"While we're on the subject of conversation," John continued, "I've often wondered whether girls realize how much they talk about other girls. About other girls' clothing principally, or where some girl has been and how she got there. Or about some personal peculiarity of a woman friend; this one is extravagant and that one gossips; this one plays up to every man she meets and that one is a cold fish.

"Another favorite subject of feminine conversation that isn't too interesting to an unmarried man is baby lore. Gosh, I've listened for hours to a debate on how many ounces a baby should gain the first month, and so on. I've heard all about how soon a baby starts to focus its eyes and how soon it can sit up alone; how many times it gets fed a day and what the doctor said about that skin rash." He broke off suddenly to laugh. Apparently, while he had been diagramming these maternal conversations, he had been operating a side train of thought as well. That business of doing two things at once appears to be characteristic of the alert Mr. Howard.

However, he sticks to the point. No matter how far the conversation digresses, he accumulates the various strings of dialogue and knots them into a neat bundle of conclusions just when everyone else in the room has forgotten the crux of the discussion.

"Funny thing about Gary Cooper. We used to get our heads together about the nursery talk we had to endure. Then, first thing I knew, Gary had become a parent and you never heard anybody in your life who was more an authority on the care and feeding of the young than he. So maybe if I were married, I'd be all fascinated by this talk about babies."

When he was asked if he had any more complaints about feminine tongue exercise, he said, "Boy, am I getting myself in deep! I might as well admit—now that I've damaged myself this much—that

long-winded telephone conversations throw me for a loss. When I'm talking face to face with a person, I can be as voluble as can be, but I never recover from the mechanical awareness of a telephone. I simply swallow all the small talk on my tongue. I like telephone conversations to be brief, rapid and to-the-point."

We took time out to light another cigarette. He is a virtuoso of a cigarette smoker; he doesn't simply singe one after another, mainly letting them burn off themselves, he *smokes*. He smokes partly because it gives him a casual occupation, but mainly because he enjoys the flavor. Grinning, he admitted that a pipe was really *the* thing and he said he had tried to get several nervous women friends to take up the habit, but they seemed to have an aversion to the idea. "Probably because old grannies used to do it and nobody wants to be a granny nowadays."

After several puffs, he said, "Oh, say, there's something else that girls should know. They should be careful about choosing perfume. It would be better to use a good cologne than to reek of some concoctions."

Note: Constant chatter, noxious fumes
Seldom create brides and grooms.

"I hope," admitted John, his gray-green eyes twinkling, "that I'm being helpful. There are two other things—related, as a matter of fact—that completely muffle a romantic moment and I know this from my own experience.

"I don't think there are very many men who really *like* to go to night clubs on Saturday night. The spots are always crowded and frequently the ceilings are low so that the air gets thicker than barley soup and two degrees hotter.

"There you go—stumbling around without enough room to dance, and you begin to get sticky with perspiration . . . and Good Night! Where's there any pleasure in that? Yet lots of girls seem to enjoy the confusion and the noise. Of course, they're dressed so differently from the men that they don't suffocate.

"But suppose the girl happens to see this Saturday-night problem in a sensible light and agrees to go dancing early in the week, say Tuesday or Wednesday. Even then, plenty of girls want to dance every dance instead of sitting out a few so that the two of you can stay at the table and take advantage of the soft lights and sweet music, getting in the mood."

Note: A marathon, come Sat'dy night
Quickly puts a lad to flight.

"Well," sighed John, doing an Immelman turn on his chair, "that's all the constructive criticism on the subject of romantic moments that I can think up. Just wait until some vigorous girl gets busy and tells what men do to ruin a lovely evening and then you'll realize how fair and conservative I've been."

We explained that the wait would be a short one as Dorothy Lamour was going to take over for the girls and Mr. John Howard strolled away, thinking happy thoughts about his new contract with Columbia Studios. Girls may come and girls may go, but it looks as if John's screen stock is going up and up and up.

Note: Romantic moments should be showered
On men as charming as John Howard.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

How to Spoil a Romantic Moment (Dorothy Lamour)

(Continued from page 59)

been easier to work up a romantic fever in an exercise bar in the gym than with that lad."

Note to be painted on all sweat shirts: Muscles are nice—just look at Gable, But who wants them verbally flexed at table?

"Second on my list of male menaces is the boy who gets behind the steering wheel of a car and sets out to prove that he has descended from a long line of race drivers. To be fair, I don't think many men realize how frantic or how helpless a girl is in that sort of a situation."

A man has the steering gear to steady himself when he whirls around a corner in two wheels, but the lady in the case can hold to nothing but her composure. No matter how palpitant a girl might have been when she started out on the date, no tender sentence like, "Darling, I think you're the most beautiful girl in the world," is going to produce a thrill at ninety miles per.

"Then for heaven's sake, watch the road and keep me fit to look at," is the only answer possible from a girl putting in a Mexican jumping bean act in the front seat.

Note to be engraved on gear-shift handle:

What girl can exhibit that appeal known as "sox"

With her teeth rattling 'round like dice in a box?

SOcial sinner number three, in my opinion, is a chap who doesn't like the gay life at its gayest. By that I mean that there are times in every girl's life when she wants to go to the smartest spot in town on the night when things are the busiest. I like excitement and crowds and lots of laughs. I don't care particularly about dancing every dance, but no matter how jammed a dance square is, you can always manage to rumba a few times without being trampled."

We had purposely kept John Howard's side of the story away from Dorothy for fear she would skip any controversial subjects and—after all—what good is the battle of the sexes if it never comes to blows?

"I'll bet," she said suddenly, "that there isn't a man in Hollywood who hasn't raised his voice in protest against going to Ciro's on Saturday night. But," she added with an independent nod that every emancipated woman in the world would applaud, "I still think a girl is right in liking to be taken places where there's lots of hustle and bustle and fun. It's much more natural to be romantic after you've had a whirl and decided by those secret processes that a girl goes through at a night club that you're out with a Grade A, sixteen-cylinder member of the escort species."

WHILE on the night-club subject, Dorothy added Anathema No. 4 to the list: The table hopper. This type gets his girl friend cozily seated at a table, then abruptly spies a bosom friend five tables over, excuses himself with the explanation that he has to ask good old Joe a question, but will be right back.

"The first time I saw a girl stranded on the desert island of a night-club table, I never forgot the experience," Dorothy confessed. It happened in New Orleans when Dorothy was visiting en route to an eastern personal appearance.

Everyone in the night club had been quipped with crazy paper hats, horns, rickshaws, confetti and serpentine and Dottie thought it was a whale of a party

until, from the dance floor, she spotted a lone girl seated at a table for six. Obviously the other two couples were dancing, and the light of her life was giving a group at a distant table a wonderful time with a series of stories.

The girl he had left behind was wearing one of those I'll-look-as-if-I'm-having-a-wonderful-time-if-it-kills-me smiles; a paper hat was perched on her hair at a determined angle and she clutched a paper horn in both hands as they lay on the lonely expanse of the table top.

"Come on, Tommy," Dorothy said to the boy who was dancing with her, "I don't know that girl, but you and I are going over to get acquainted. I'm not going to have her sitting there like the last Republican on a Washington committee."

Note to be embroidered on gentlemen's evening scarves:

Night clubs are fun when entered with gusto,

But stick with your date or the evening's a busto.

"DON'T you think that's about enough complaining from me?" Dottie asked, squirming in her chair. "To sort of even things up, I'd like to tell about some of the really considerate things I've known men to do."

For some time, Dorothy went out with a well-known chap in Hollywood who was the sort of escort girls dream about after an evening lightly touched by all the above experiences. He always made his dates a week in advance (Oh, Allah, what a man!) and in addition to this benison, he made it a habit to telephone Dorothy the day before the scheduled date and check on arrangements.

Sample conversation: "I just wanted to tell you that I'm looking forward to tomorrow night. Say, have you ever eaten Turkish food? Would you like to try some? Good. I've ferreted out a new place down near the University and the reports about it are good, so I thought it would be something different for us to experience. Afterward we can catch up on our dancing at the Trocadero."

According to Dorothy there is nothing so much fun as exploring new places that the man has reasonably scouted in advance.

"That reminds me," she laughed. "I'll have to go back to the complaint section with one more item. It's about this business of a man's helping a girl out of a car. I know this is the age of self-reliant womanhood, but anyone who thinks it's easy to climb out of one of those low-hung bodies, wearing a tight suit skirt, or thirty yards of chiffon formal, is crazy, and a man to boot. Every girl knows what those hazards are."

It seems that Dorothy took a friendly interest in a newcomer to the studio a few months ago and accepted a date with him. They drove out to a small suburban town to catch a preview; the boy got out of the car, stepped onto the curb and strolled toward the movie.

Noticing Miss Lamour's absence from his side, he turned around to find her still seated in the car. "What's the delay? Hoist the body, babe, or we're going to miss the screen credits," shouted Sir Galahad over his shoulder as he continued to move in echelon toward the box office.

Note of surprise.

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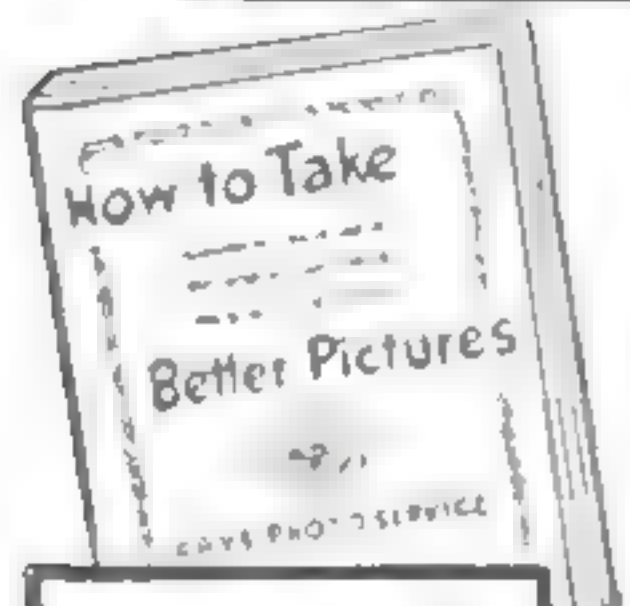
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"The Women in My Life"

(Continued from page 68)

move she made, melting with every note she sang. In 1925 and 1926, when Raft was playing four different spots at the same time, the big thrill was being with Morgan at the Playground (Morton Downey was on the same bill). "I wanted to marry Helen," Raft says, "but my wife wouldn't give me a divorce then any more than she will now."

But the Raft-Morgan romance blazed all through the halcyon days of Prohibition. George, then, as now, never touched a drop of liquor. He had merely to look at Morgan and he was ga-ga! She went for him in a big way, too, because he was one of the rightest guys on Broadway. Raft rarely turned anyone down on a "touch" no matter how phony the request. "My friends tell me I'm a sucker for giving five- and ten-buck bills away to every 'chiseler' in town, but I tell those friends that even if I get stuck ninety-nine times out of every 100 touches—the one deserving fellow makes up for all the phonies who may call me a soft touch."

If there are a few people who don't like Raft, they dislike him because of his caustic tongue. Raft is straight-from-the-shoulder. He hates phonies. He detests liars. If he has anything to say about anyone, he does it to his face. Once, when dancing at the Playground Club during Prohibition, the orchestra leader tried to break up Raft's act with a sour note. Despite the jammed house, Raft pitched right into the band stand, battled his way through a maze of twelve sets of fists. "I don't remember all the details of that one," Raft recalls, "but I do know one thing—I won!"

THERE were others in Raft's life, girls from different walks of life; girls from Broadway, Hollywood and the whole wide country in between.

But never once in all the time he's been going out has Raft been so daffy over anyone as he is today over Betty Grable. Even his best friend, Mack Gray, has never seen George this happy. "If I sound screwy when I say this or that girl is the best girl I've ever known, I mean just that," Raft says. "But when I talk of Betty then I'm talking of the very,

very best! I like her because she's really my type. We talk the same language. She's down-to-earth, good fun and a swell sport. Betty doesn't mind if some mug blows some cigar smoke in her eyes at a prize fight. Norma and Virginia had all the class in the world. But Betty's class is different—and I like it. There's no fuss or bother or primping about Betty. She's as comfortable in an old pair of slacks and no make-up at the Brown Derby as she is in evening clothes at the Academy banquet.

"That kid is the dancingest gal in the country," Raft told us. "And that was the first think I liked about her." Raft and Grable only knew each other to say hello in all the time they were at Paramount. He was a big star and she was the stock girl married to Jackie Coogan. "One night," says George, "we went dancing at Ciro's. We had a whale of a time on the dance floor." Some smart producer would be wise to team Raft and Grable in a dance picture, because cafe ringsiders know the couple to be dreamiest, snappiest on any dance floor.

Raft takes Grable to dinner one night, then to the fights; he takes her to dinner the next night and then to the baseball game; he takes her to dinner the next night and then dancing. The romance has grown rapidly, until today they spend every available minute together. If Raft isn't working on the "Manpower" set at Warners, he is over at 20th Century-Fox lunching with Betty.

"Betty is the first girl I ever went out with who could make me laugh," he confides, "and I mean really laugh. When I'm with her I'm completely happy and I don't give a hoot if the whole world topples on my shoulders—as long as she's with me and we're laughing."

Easygoing, good-natured George Raft usually gets what he wants. And he wants Betty Grable. So don't be surprised if one of these days Walter Winchell tells Mr. and Mrs. America—"After many years of separation, the George Rafts (she's the former Grace Mulrooney) will Renovate it."

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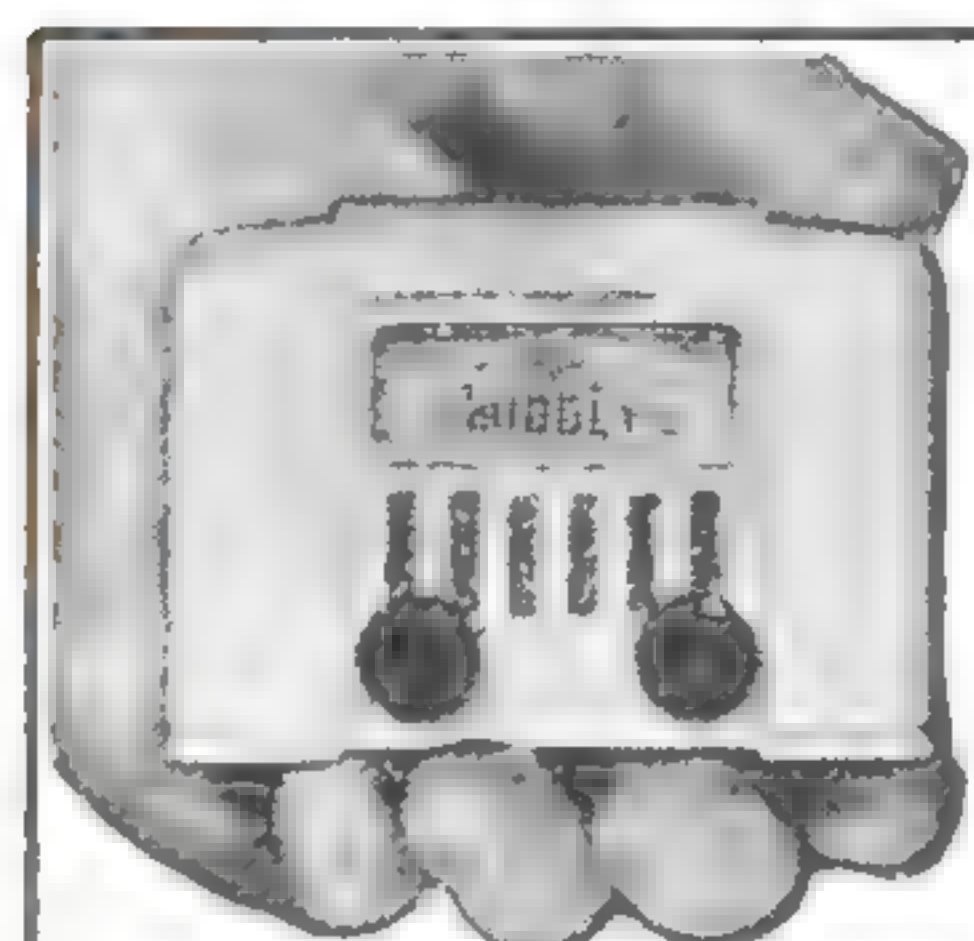
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The Truth about Stars' Ages

(Continued from page 65)

percentage of today's women stars are—but also the age range where a lot of stars are said to be and are not, being either younger or older, though appearing in similar, vaguely dated roles.

It is a theatrical rule that the longer you have been before the public, the older the public's memory makes you, which is tough on those who did start when they were genuinely young. For this reason, they are already editing the ages of Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple, but "veterans" like Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. are victims of the natural conclusion of the paying customers that if you have been around for a long while you must be antique. It seems a little fabulous that you can have been in pictures for eighteen years, as young Doug has, and still be only thirty, but that is true; or fifteen years, as Loretta has (if you count her service from the time she signed her first long-term contract with what was then First National pictures and is now Warner Brothers and ignore her actual childhood appearances) and still have that thirtieth milestone ahead of you.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is only a year older than publicized, having been born in 1928 rather than 1929, and Deanna Durbin is only two years older than registered, having been born in 1920. These "professional fibs" are harmless enough deceptions, but the case of years vs. Mickey Rooney is practically a tragedy. This is because of Mickey's shortness, which would seem to limit him to playing adolescents exclusively. *Andy Hardy*, Mickey's masterpiece and meal ticket, is airily indicated as being around seventeen or eighteen. Mickey is more than a bit past twenty. Can Mickey manage to ride over the space that is bound to widen between the youth of *Andy Hardy* and Mickey's real age?

Casting, as in Mickey's case, has a lot to do with making stars seem older or younger than their real years. Tyrone Power, still in his twenties, seems, through absolutely venerable casting, to be fifteen years older than Mickey and reversely, until he made the error of playing a mere strip of a poet in "If I Were King" in 1939, Ronnie Colman managed to convey the impression that he was still a gay blade, even though he is so close to fifty that it hurts. The draft board's revealing that he was thirty-two dispelled the impression Jimmy Stewart always gave of not being dry behind the ears, leaving Gary Cooper triumphant in appearing gangling, shy and bewildered, despite his first picture having been made in 1926 and his better than forty birthdays. And in this gents' department, let it be said that male actors are just as coy as females in revealing the starting date of their lives, though occasionally an honest one to match Miss Colbert pops up. One of these is Clark Gable.

This little episode took place several years ago, just after Clark had clicked at M-G-M. He was learning to ride and mighty proud of it and he took an interviewer along one day to watch him among the horses. It so happened that the riding academy brought out a very tall mount that day and Clark jumped on its back so effortlessly that he was justifiably boastful about it.

"Not bad for a guy of thirty-one, am I?" he asked, grinning.

"Wonderful," sighed the interviewer, who was a woman, anyway.

"Not even bad for a guy of thirty-five, which is what I actually am," said Big Ears, making the poor dame's heart crack wide open with desire.

Children are like roles, either aging or youthifying, and many a press agent has had many a sleepless night because of them. It was all fine and dandy when a gray-haired, bald guy like Guy Kibbee suddenly became a father to his first-born about six years ago and thus is temporarily bracketed in the public mind with a genuinely young father like Bob Young, but it's brutal when a fellow like Power turns out to have an in-the-teens stepdaughter or even when a young woman like Joan Bennett has to present tall, beautiful Diana Markey (nee Fox) as her own thirteen-year-old. Joan honestly was that story almost all professional mothers tell, a mere sixteen when this first-born made her debut into existence.

SOMETIMES, as in the cases of Marlene Dietrich and Walter Pidgeon, it is the studio rather than the player who tries to hide the second generation to do away with those age-betrayers. Back in the days when Marlene was still Paramount glamour girl, she kept on talking about her "baby," despite all press department caution to the contrary.

The next year, when she returned from her annual trip abroad, she brought "Baby" with her. Imagine Paramount's horror, when "Baby" turned out to be the beautiful but very leggy and decidedly close-to-the-teens Maria Sieber. The poor guy from the Paramount press department who was assigned to see that the reporters and Marlene discovered each other at the dock had to spend all his time hiding the bewildered Maria behind funnels, deck chairs and passing throngs.

Somewhat similar and equally deliberate is the thick shadow M-G-M throws over the daughter of Walter Pidgeon, a grand girl whose only crime is that she is a young woman rather than a child, though it must be said in Walter's favor that this hiding is none of his doing. He's proud of his girl, just as he is proud of his World War record, even though both of them serve as tip-offs to the fact that he's long since waved good-bye to forty.

BUT when it comes to the stories of years, one of Hollywood's favorites concerns the two character actresses who met each other on Vine Street one day recently. Here they must be nameless, since they are both still prominent in pictures, but suffice it to say they are now at the stage where it makes a better story to add to the number of their years rather than to subtract.

On this occasion they ran into one another while shopping and fell upon each other with glad cries, started reminiscing and reminding one another of this happening and that.

"To think," said the one of them, "that we two, once the toasts of Broadway, are now sixty."

"Sixty?" snorted the other, drawing herself to her full height. "You know perfectly well we are eighty."

A casting director who was passing by grinned at both of them. He happened to have a long memory and he knew that they were both seventy-one.

Which makes age in Hollywood, as age in any place, a matter that is dependent upon the point of view and upon who is doing the looking.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Casts of Current Pictures

"CITIZEN KANE"—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Orson Welles. Directed by Orson Welles. Cast: *Jedediah Leland*, Joseph Cotten; *Susan Alexander*, Dorothy Comingore; *Mr. Bernstein*, Everett Sloane; *Jim W. Gettys*, Ray Collins; *Walter P. Thatcher*, George Coulouris; *Mrs. Kane*, Agnes Moorehead; *Raymond*, Paul Stewart; *Emily Norton*, Ruth Warrick; *Mr. Carter*, Erskine Sanford; *Thompson*, William Alland; *Matiste*, Fortunio Bonanova; *The headwaiter*, Gus Schilling; *Mr. Rawlston*, Philip Van Zandt; *Miss Anderson*, Georgia Backus; *Kane's father*, Harry Shannon; *Kane III*, Sonny Bupp; *Kane*, age eight, Buddy Swan; *Kane*, Orson Welles.

"COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Walter Bullock. Original story by Walter Bullock and William Brent. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *Crystal Wayne*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Lank Garrett*, George Montgomery; *Phineas Johnson*, Alan Mowbray; *Don Courtney*, Robert Conway; *Bob Roycroft*, John Miljan; *Gilbert*, Richard Lane; *Mr. Gregory*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Murphy*, Minerva Urecal; *Skeeter*, Fuzzy Knight; *Melvyn*, George O'Hara; *Maybelle*, Monica Bannister; *Franklin*, William Halligan.

"DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE"—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: *Mary*, Jean Arthur; *Joe*, Robert Cummings; *Merrick*, Charles Coburn; *Hooper*, Edmund Gwenn; *Elizabeth*, Spring Byington; *George*, S. Z. Sakall; *First Detective*, William Demarest; *Allison*, Walter Kingsford; *Harrison*, Montagu Love; *Oliver*, Richard Carle; *Needles*, Charles Waldron; *Withers*, Edwin Maxwell; *Police Sergeant*, Edward McNamara; *Tom Higgins*, Robert Emmett Keane.

"FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE"—Universal. Original screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Rene Clair. Cast: *Claire*, Marlene Dietrich; *Robert*, Bruce Cabot; *Giraud*, Roland Young; *Zolotov*, Mischa Auer; *First Sailor*, Andy Devine; *Second Sailor*, Frank Jenks; *Third Sailor*, Eddie Quillan; *Auntie*, Laura Hope Crews; *Bel-lows*, Franklin Pangborn; *Clementine*, Theresa Harris; *Samuel*, Clarence Muse; *Brother-in-law*, Melville Cooper; *Sister*, Anne Revere; *William*, Bob Evans; *Cousin*, Emily Fitzroy; *Cousin*, Virginia Sale; *Cousin*, Dorothy Adams; *Opera Singers*, Gitta Alpar, Anthony Marlowe.

"FOOTLIGHT FEVER"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Ian Hunter and Bert Granet. Original story by Bert Granet. Directed by Irving Reis. Cast: *Don Avery*, Alan Mowbray; *Jeff Crandall*, Donald MacBride; *Eileen Drake*, Elyse Knox; *Aunt Hattie*, Elisabeth Risdon; *John Carter*, Lee Bonnell; *Spike Morgan*, Charles Quigley; *Imogene*, Georgia Backus; *Harvey Parker*, Bradley Page; *Willie*, Mantan Moreland; *Holly*, Chester Clute; *Miss Hughes*, Jane Patten.

"GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE"—20th Century-Fox. Original screen play by Don Ettlinger and Edwin Blum, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Vicki Adams*, Alice Faye; *Chuck Hadley*, Jack Oakie; *Rix Martin*, John Payne; *Bruce Chadwick*, Cesar Romero; *Secretary*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Singer*, James Newill; *Specialties*, The Four Ink Spots; *Nicholas Brothers*, Wierie Brothers; *Madame Rinaldi*, Eula Morgan; *Foreman*, William Pawley; *Justice of the Peace*, Lucien Littlefield; *Pianist*, Edward Conrad; *Announcers*, Gary Breckner, Mike Frankovich, John Hiestand; *Jimmy*, Eddie Acuff; *Jennie*, Mildred Gover; *Farmer*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Brakeman*, Syd Saylor; *Headwaiter*, Eddie Kane; *Mr. Porter*, William Halligan; *Shampoo Sam*, Harry Seymour; *Counter Man*, Frank Orth; *Doorman*, Herbert Heywood.

"GREAT LIE, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Lenore Coffee. From the novel by Polan Banks. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: *Maggie*, Bette Davis; *Peter*, George Brent; *Sandra*, Mary Astor; *Aunt Ada*, Lucile Watson; *Violet*, Hattie McDaniel; *Jefferson*, Sam McDaniel; *Joshua Mason*, Grant Mitchell; *Col. Harriston*, Russell Hicks; *Worthington James*, Thurston Hall; *Senator*, Charles Trowbridge; *Jock Thompson*, Jerome Cowan; *Maid*, Doris Lloyd.

"LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE"—Universal. Screen play by Catherine Scola and Warren Duff. Original story by Jonathan Finn and Theresa Oaks. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: *Annie Morgan*, Loretta Young; *Stephen Lewis*, Robert Preston; *Jim Cork*, Edward Arnold; *Elsie*, Gladys George; *Hank Freeman*, Frank Craven; *Mrs. McGinness*, Jessie Ralph; *George*, Willie Best; *Steuer*, Stanley Fields.

"LAS VEGAS NIGHTS"—Paramount. Original screen play by Ernest Pagano and Harry Clork. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Cast: *Bill Stevens*, Phil Regan; *Stu Grant*, Bert Wheeler; *Norma Jennings*, Constance Moore; *Mildred Jennings*, Lillian Cornell; *Patsy Lynch*, Virginia Dale; *Katy*, Betty Brewer; *Hank Bevis*, Hank Ladd; and Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

(Continued on page 101)



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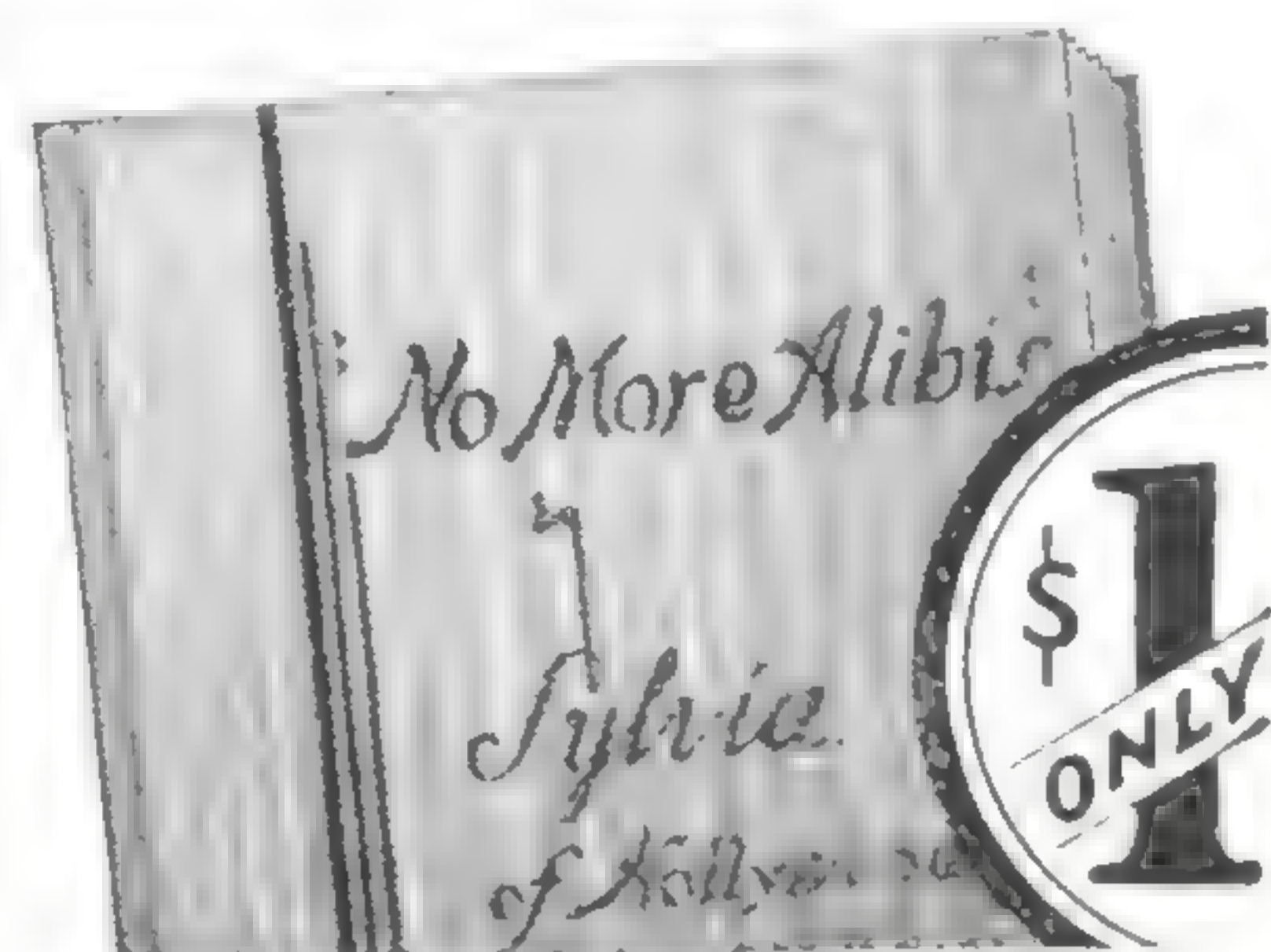
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SHE'S Beauty in July; in the midst of ever-rising temperatures, a calm, cool, collected lady who looks the way you long to feel when "cool" is just a word in the dictionary. Probably because . . .

She always uses bubble baths in hot weather for their luxurious cool-as-a-cucumber effect.

She wraps her bath towel in paper and cools it in the ice chest.

She keeps her cologne—a lovely light scent—in the ice chest too, and sprays her whole body, with an atomizer, directly after her bath.

She cleanses her face carefully, using a different cleansing tissue for each section so she won't grind the dirt into her skin; then she gives her face a new outlook on life by saturating tissues with a cooling skin freshener and bathing face and neck.

Sometimes she likes to use a liquid foundation because it keeps her skin from that moist summer-sun feeling and, most important of all, is a dewy fresh base for make-up.

She keeps a box of cleansing tissues in a handy drawer and every hour or so she saturates a tissue with cologne and dabs it on her face, wrists, neck; whereupon she feels and looks as if she didn't know the thermometer stood at 94.

She does a thorough job of making over her face just twice as many times as she would on a winter day.

She's the girl who makes you think of Christmas in July.

SHE'S Beauty bedraggled, and a worse sight you couldn't find on any summer day. Her hair is straggly, her eyes are dull, her whole attitude says, "It's a scorcher." Just looking at her you can feel the mercury rising. That's because . . .

She puts her heavy winter perfume on her crisp organdy and wonders why the air always seems a little heavy.

She just lets her hair hang, because brushing is such an effort in hot weather, not remembering that she can rid her locks of heavy dirt and oil easily just by wrapping tissues dampened in cologne over her hairbrush and brushing gently.

She comes in from a week end looking sunburned and miserable and when you wonder why she lets herself get that way she says, "I can't look pale in summer! I just have to get a tan and this is what I have to go through for that." She never caught on to that marvelous trick of sun tan that comes right out of a bottle, a liquid make-up that gives you a lovely even tan and is the boon of all fair-skinned sisters.

She counts sheep all through a hot summer night instead of giving herself a cooler than cool rubdown with rubbing alcohol before going to bed. It reduces body temperature in two seconds, any doctor will tell you that.

She's the girl that makes you wonder if you wouldn't rather live in Alaska, anyway.

BY GLORIA MACK

SHE'S the girl who upset the Hollywood glamour applecart.

She's the girl, too, who shines so triumphantly in her new "best yet," a film called "Manpower."

She is Marlene Dietrich, who knows her business. She looks the way every woman should look. Probably because of this idea of hers:

"For any woman young or old," she says, "make-up is her success or her defeat. If she uses it well, she does much for herself; if she uses it badly—oh, but that is such a pity, because it need not be. If she doesn't use it at all—but what can you do with a woman like that?"

"I have success with make-up because I work for it. Where do I begin? It is like this . . . very simple. Sit yourself before a stern mirror, pull your hair back, and look. Look a long time. See what is the most arresting feature of your face. For me, I exaggerate my cheeks. I use a darker foundation cream and darker powder just under my cheekbones. I exaggerate my eyebrows, too. But do not copy what I do unless you resemble me.

"Also, I use mascara on the outer, upper lashes of the eye and that is really good for many women—it makes the eyes appear longer.

"I think, too, it is helpful to study photographs of yourself.

"It is true that we motion-picture people have opportunity to study our own 'camera angles,' but I do not see why others should not do the same."

"MAJOR BARBARA"—Pascal-U.A. Scenario and dialogue by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Gabriel Pascal. Cast: *Major Barbara Undershaft*, Wendy Hiller; *Adolphus Cusins*, Rex Harrison; *Andrew Undershaft*, Robert Morley; *Bill Walker*, Robert Newton; *Snobby Price*, Emylly Williams; *Mrs. Baines*, Sybil Thorndike; *Jenny Hill*, Deborah Kerr; *Lomax*, David Tree; *Sarah*, Penelope Dudley-Ward; *Lady Britomart*, Marie Lohr.

"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"—M-G-M. Original screen play by James K. McGuinness. Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: *Father Edward J. Flanagan*, Spencer Tracy; *Whitey Marsh*, Mickey Rooney; *Peewee*, Bobs Watson; *Ted Martley*, Larry Nunn; *Flip*, Darryl Hickman; *Mr. Maitland*, Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Maitland*, Mary Nash; *Dave Morris*, Lee J. Cobb; *Mo Kahn*, Sidney Miller; *The Judge*, Addison Richards.

"MODEL WIFE"—Universal. Screen play by Charles Kaufman, Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett. Original story by Leigh Jason. Directed by Leigh Jason. Cast: *Joan Keating Chambers*, Joan Blondell; *Fred Chambers*, Dick Powell; *Mr. Milo Everett*, Charlie Ruggles; *Ralph Benson*, Lee Bowman; *J. J. Benson*, Lucile Watson; *Mrs. Milo Everett*, Ruth Donnelly; *Dominick*, Billy Gilbert; *Janitor*, John Qualen; *Jitterbug*, Lorraine Krueger; *Jitterbug*, Glen Turnbull.

"PENNY SERENADE"—Columbia. Screen play by Morris Ryskind. Story by Martha Cheavens. Directed by George Stevens. Cast: *Julie Gardiner*, Irene Dunne; *Roger Adams*, Cary Grant; *Miss Oliver*, Beulah Bondi; *Applejack*, Edgar Buchanan; *Dotty*, Ann Doran; *Trina*, age 6, Eva Lee Kuney; *Doctor Hartley*, Leonard Willey; *Judge*, Wallis Clark; *Billings*, Walter Soderling; *Trina*, age one, Baby Biffle.

"POT O'GOLD"—James Roosevelt-U. A. Screen play by Walter De Leon. From an idea by Haydn Roth Evans and Robert Brilmayer. Story by Andrew Bennison and Monte Brice. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: *Jimmy Haskell*, James Stewart; *Molly McCorkle*, Paulette Goddard; *Horace Heidt*, Horace Heidt; *C. J. Haskell*, Charles Winninger; *Ma McCorkle*, Mary Gordon; *Jasper*, Frank Melton; *Mr. Louderman*, Jed Prouty; *Willie McCorkle*, Dick Hogan; *Lt. Grady*, James Burke; *Parks*, Charlie Arnt; *Donna McCorkle*, Donna Wood; *Larry Cotton*, Larry Cotton; *Samson*, Henry Rockquemore; *Chalmers*, William Gould; *Judge Murray*, Aldrich Bowker.

"POWER DIVE"—Paramount. Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Edward Churchill. Based on a story by Paul Franklin. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Brad Farrell*, Richard Arlen; *Carol Blake*, Jean Parker; *Mrs. Coles*, Helen Mack; *Dan McMasters*, Roger Pryor; *Doug Farrell*, Don Castle; *Squid Watkins*, Cliff Edwards; *Brad Coles, Jr.*, Billy Lee; *Professor Blake*, Thomas Ross; *Johnny Coles*, Louis Jean Heydt.

"REACHING FOR THE SUN"—Paramount. Screen play by W. L. River. Based on a story by Wessel Smither. Directed by William A. Wellman. Cast: *Russ Eliot*, Joel McCrea; *Rita*, Ellen Drew; *Benny Hogan*, Eddie Bracken; *Herman*, Albert Dekker; *Amos*, Billy Gilbert; *Rita's Mother*, Bodil Ann Rosing; *Norm*, James Burke; *Johnson*, Charles D. Brown; *Little Benny*, Michael Duggan; *Interne*, Regis Toomey; *Front Office Man*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Truck Driver*, Charles Williams; *Nurse*, Nella Walker; *Percy Shelley*, Warren Hymer; *Butch Svoboda*, Billy Fletcher.

"REPENT AT LEISURE"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Jerry Cady. From an original story by James Gow and Arnaud D'Usseau. Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: *Emily Baldwin*, Wendy Barrie; *Richard Hughes*, Kent Taylor; *Prince Paul*, Rafael Storm; *R. C. Baldwin*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Baldwin*, Nella Walker; *Jay Buckingham*, Thurston Hall; *Mr. Morgan*, Charles Lane; *Mrs. Morgan*, Cecil Cunningham; *Miss Flynn*, Ruth Dietrich; *Rufe*, "Snowflake" Toones.

"RIDE ON VAQUERO"—20th Century-Fox. Original screen play by Samuel G. Engel. Suggested by the character the "Cisco Kid" created by William Sydney Porter. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero; *Sally*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Marguerita*, Lynne Roberts; *Gordito*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Carlos*, Robert Lowery; *Watchman*, Ben Carter; *Barney*, William Demarest; *Cavalry Officer*, Robert Shaw; *Clark*, Edwin Maxwell; *Sleepy*, Paul Sutton; *Redge*, Don Costello; *Sheriff*, Arthur Hohl; *Baldy*, Irving Bacon; *Curly*, Dick Rich; *Colonel*, Paul Harvey; *Dolores*, Joan Woodbury.

"SCOTLAND YARD"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Samuel G. Engel and John Balderston. Based on the play by Denison Clift. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: *Lady Sandra Lasher*, Nancy Kelly; *Inspector Cork*, Edmund Gwenn; *Sir John Lasher*, John Loder; *Dakin Barrolles*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Dr. Crownfield*, Melville Cooper; *Sir Clive Heathcote*, Gilbert Emery; *Lady Heathcote*, Norma Varden; *Henderson*, Leyland Hodgson; *Hugh Burnside*, Lionel Pape; *Lady Constance*, Lilian Bond; *Craven*, Leo Carroll; *Kinch*, Frank Dawson; *Tony*, Eugene Borden; *Pickering*, Edward Fielding; *Jeffries*, Robert De Bruce; *Scott-Bishop*, Denis Green; *Cockney*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Lorry Driver*, Yorke Sherwood; *Dr. Gilbert*, Lester Matthews; *Miss Harcourt*, Doris Lloyd.

"THEY DARE NOT LOVE"—Columbia. Screen play by Charles Bennett and Ernest Vajda. Original story by James Edward Grant. Directed by James Whale. Cast: *Prince Kurt von Rotenburg*, George Brent; *Marta Keller*, Martha Scott; *Baron von Helsing*, Paul Lukas; *Professor Keller*, Egon Brecher; *Baron Shafter*, Roman Bohnen; *Captain Wilhelm Ehrhardt*, Edgar Barrier; *Barbara Murdoch*, Kay Linaker; *Captain*, Frank Reicher.

"VERY YOUNG LADY, A"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Ladislav Fodor and Elaine Ryan. From a play by Ladislav Fodor. Directed by Harold Schuster. Cast: *Kitty Russell*, Jane Withers; *Alice Carter*, Nancy Kelly; *Dr. Meredith*, John Sutton; *Miss Steele*, Janet Beecher; *Tom Brighton*, Richard Clayton; *Madge*, June Carlson; *Brixton*, Charles Halton; *Professor Starkweather*, Cecil Kellaway; *Susie*, Marilyn Kinsley; *Linda*, JoAnn Ransom; *Jean*, Catherine Henderson; *Sarah*, Lucita Ham; *Beth*, June Horne.

"WOMAN'S FACE, A"—M-G-M. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul. From the play "Il Etait Une Fois" by Francis de Croisset. Directed by George Cukor. Cast: *Anna Holm*, Joan Crawford; *Dr. Gustaf Segert*, Melvyn Douglas; *Torsten Barrington*, Conrad Veidt; *Vera Segert*, Osa Massen; *Bernard Dalvik*, Reginald Owen; *Consul Magnus Barrington*, Albert Bassermann; *Emma Kristiansdotter*, Marjorie Main; *Herman Rundvik*, Donald Meek; *Christina Dalvik*, Connie Gilchrist; *Lars-Erik*, Richard Nichols; *Eric*, Charles Quigley; *Gusta*, Gwili Andre; *Wickman*, Clifford Brooke; *Defense Attorney*, George Zucco; *Judge*, Henry Kolker; *Associate Judge*, Robert Warwick; *Associate Judge*, Gilbert Emery; *Public Prosecutor*, Henry Daniell; *Police Matron*, Sarah Padden; *Court Attendant*, William Farnum.

"WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Fred Niblo Jr. and Barry Trivers. Suggested by a story by Francis Wallace. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: *Nick Coster*, Humphrey Bogart; *Flo Lorraine*, Sylvia Sydney; *Matt Varney*, Eddie Albert; *Mary Coster*, Joan Leslie; *Hoffman The Great*, Sig Rumann; *Doc*, Cliff Clark; *Snapper*, Charley Foy; *Tex*, Frank Wilcox; *Arch*, John Ridgely; *Mrs. Williams*, Clara Blandick; *Mr. Williams*, Aldrich Bowker; *Gus*, Garry Owen; *Bundy*, Jack Mower; *Wally*, Frank Mayo.

"WASHINGTON MELODRAMA"—M-G-M. Screen play by Marion Parsonnet and Roy Chanslor. Based on a play by L. du Rocher MacPherson. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Calvin Claymore*, Frank Morgan; *Laurie Claymore*, Ann Rutherford; *Hal Thorne*, Kent Taylor; *Whitney King*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Ronnie Colton*, Lee Bowman; *Mrs. Claymore*, Fay Holden; *Teddy Carlyle*, Virginia Grey; *Mary Morgan*, Anne Gwynne; *Mrs. Harrigan*, Sara Haden; *Parry*, Olaf Hytten; *Donnelly*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Simpson*, Cliff Clark; *Logan*, Hal K. Dawson; *Senator Morton*, Thurston Hall; *Phil Sampson*, Joseph Crehan; *Dean Lawford*, Frederick Burton; *Bishop Chatterton*, Howard Hickman; *Mrs. Curzon*, Virginia Brissac.

"ZIEGFELD GIRL"—M-G-M. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts and Sonya Levien. Original story by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Gilbert Young*, James Stewart; *Susan Gallagher*, Judy Garland; *Sandra Kolter*, Hedy Lamarr; *Sheila Regan*, Lana Turner; *Frank Merton*, Tony Martin; *Jerry Regan*, Jackie Cooper; *Geoffrey Collis*, Ian Hunter; *"Pop" Gallagher*, Charles Winninger; *Noble Sage*, Edward Everett Horton; *Franz Kolter*, Philip Dorn; *John Slayton*, Paul Kelly; *Patsy Dixon*, Eve Arden; *Jimmy Walters*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Al*, Al Shean; *Mrs. Regan*, Fay Holden; *Mischa*, Felix Bressart; *Mrs. Merton*, Rose Hobart; *Nick Capalini*, Bernard Nedell; *Mr. Regan*, Ed McNamara; *Jenny*, Mae Busch; *Annie*, Renie Riano; *Perkins*, Josephine Whittell; *Native Dancer*, Sergio Orta.

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Recommended to you by Judy,
the cereal-conscious Canova

BY ANN HAMILTON

EVERY once in a while it seems to me that the Hollywood publicity writers need a shot of Vitamin B-1 in their type-writers. A new face appears on the screen and right away we're flooded with stories about said new face and then little Miss New Star has her hands full trying to live up to—or live down—the reports.

Well, Hollywood's new young star, Judy Canova, will never have to worry about that. Judy is nobody's overnight discovery—she's been in there plugging since she was twelve.

She began her career by going on the radio and her hillbilly style of singing—it's essentially Judy's own and once you've heard it you won't accept any substitutes—was just about the most laugh-making thing that had ever happened to the air waves. That success would have been enough for most youngsters—but Judy, even at that age, was different. Instead of going to her head, success went to her feet; result, she worked like the little trouser she is at dancing lessons (there's nothing hillbilly about the Canova dancing technique) and singing lessons.

First thing she knew she was singing in New York night clubs and making vaudeville tours and literally slaying the customers. She went to England, too, and those staid English loved her.

On her return, Broadway became Canova-conscious through the hilarious hillbilly musical comedy, "Yokel Boy," with the lanky Buddy Ebsen. Then along came Republic and the picture "Scatter-brain." It was right up Judy's alley—and as a result of the drumbeating it rated Judy is going places very, very fast. Republic didn't lose any time about putting her into "Sis Hopkins," in which she played the title role, the same role which Mabel Normand had played when Judy was in pigtails. This picture was a riot and Judy was riotous.

Since she is a Southerner it isn't surprising that Judy has a gourmet's ideas

on food. More than that, stored away under that dark hair is information about what is good, what is good for us and how to prepare it.

"The most important thing about food," she told me while we were lunching at the Republic commissary a few days ago, "is eating the right thing at the right time. Like this," she indicated the bowl of crisp puffed cereal, served with sugar and milk—a favorite combination of hers—which she was eating.

"Cold cereals," she went on, "are good for breakfast, of course, but fine for a pickup when something heavier wouldn't be so good. I found that out when touring in vaudeville and also here when making a picture. Cereals give energy with no hangover of 'too well fed' feeling to interfere with work the rest of the afternoon or evening. And did you ever," she added, "use 'em in candy? Wonderful!"

Just to prove to you that Judy is right, here is her own recipe for puff balls.

PUFF BALLS

- 1 cup corn syrup
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tbs. vinegar
- 2 tbs. butter
- ½ tsp. vanilla extract
- 4 cups puffed cereal

Boil together syrup, sugar and vinegar until a drop of the liquid poured into cold water will form a brittle thread (265 to 270 degrees F.). Remove from heat, cool two to three minutes, then add butter and vanilla. Pour mixture onto puffed cereal, mix well and as soon as it is cool enough to handle roll into small balls. Place on waxed paper until hard.

Even in summertime we need hot dishes, but they must be light as well as nourishing, a combination which is easily achieved by serving lamb croquettes on pineapple slices.

LAMB CROQUETTES

- ½ cup chopped celery
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cold cereal
- 2 cups roast lamb, chopped fine
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 8 slices pineapple

Simmer celery in milk for three minutes. Remove from heat, add cereal, lamb and salt and mix thoroughly, then add egg which has been beaten lightly. Form into eight croquettes, using additional cereal if mixture is too moist to handle easily. Roll croquettes in crushed cold cereal, then dip into beaten egg to which has been added one tablespoon of pineapple juice, then roll in crushed cereal again. Arrange pineapple slices in shallow buttered casserole, top each slice with a croquette and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until golden brown. Serve with sauce made by cooking together over low flame one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon butter and one cup pineapple juice.

Another recipe which is a favorite of Judy's—and will be one of yours, too, as soon as you've tried it—is biscuit tortoni made with cold cereal.

BISCUIT TORTONI

- 2 egg yolks
- 6 tbs. powdered sugar
- ½ tsp. almond extract
- 1½ cups cream, whipped
- ½ cup crushed cold cereal

Beat egg yolks lightly, add sugar, almond extract and half the crushed cereal. Whip cream and fold into first mixture. Pour into small paper cups and sprinkle remaining crushed cereal on top. Place in freezing tray of automatic refrigerator until firm, about three hours.

Out of Henry Fonda's Attic

(Continued from page 63)

St. Paul. Grandfather Jaynes, for whom Henry had been named, did much to encourage Henry in his first groping efforts to express himself and guaranteed a reward of ten cents for every letter Henry wrote him.

Grandfather Jaynes himself was something of a poet and many of his letters to Henry were in verse, a hobby Henry was quick to imitate. Long letters in rhyme, profusely illustrated with crayon sketches of the subjects touched upon, passed between the two. One of the drawings Henry sent his grandfather which brought the warmest praise was a sketch of ex-President William Howard Taft.

When Henry was twelve years old, he was a Boy Scout usher in the auditorium at some civic event which was addressed by the former President. All through the distinguished visitor's speech, Henry sat in the first row industriously sketching Mr. Taft. When the former President had finished his address, Henry climbed up on the platform and joined the dignitaries crowding around the guest of honor. Henry was the only boy on the platform. Mr. Taft noticed him and called him to his side and, on being shown the pencilled sketch, complimented Henry and autographed it for him.

SHYNESS was a word that just wasn't in Henry's vocabulary or make-up. Bob Ellick, one of his boyhood cronies, tells an amusing story of how Henry and he were riding on a trolley car one day when two quite elderly ladies got aboard and took seats directly opposite the boys. The women looked so much alike that Henry ventured a guess they were twins.

Bob was doubtful. Somehow the idea of twins seemed reserved for little girls with identical hair ribbon bows. A whispered but heated argument developed. To settle it, Henry suddenly jumped to his feet and walked over to the elderly ladies, who, Bob recounts, were at least sixty years old.

"Say," demanded Henry, "are you two girls twins?"

At this flattering designation of "girls," the two ladies giggled delightedly and announced they were indeed sisters the same age. So pleased were they at Henry's discounting their grey hairs in his salutation, they launched into a long family history that lasted until the end of the line, several stops beyond their usual point of alighting, Henry and Bob suspected.

In fact, nerve was Henry's strongest suit. It was Henry who always was first to dive from the highest board at the swimming holes, Henry who was given the meanest mannered pony to ride, Henry who tested the rafters in that exciting pastime of investigating buildings under construction.

There were four or five families, all with children about the same age, who lived in our immediate neighborhood and Henry was accepted as the leader of the "gang," if it might be called that. It was Henry who organized our backyard circuses and, dressed in the high silk hat and long coat of the ringmaster, directed the ambitious acrobatics performed on clothes poles by the rest of us.

That happy faculty of being able to organize and direct games was to stand Henry in good stead later on, for at the University of Minnesota he helped earn his tuition by acting as a resident director of Unity House, a boys' settlement house in Minneapolis. But even at college, Henry steered shy of any theatricals that involved anything more professional in setting than a back-yard lawn.

In his freshman year he was approached by the director of the "Masquers," the college undergraduate dramatic organization, and asked to try out for a part.

"I st-t-t-uh-uh-stutter," glibly fibbed Henry and thereafter his extracurricular activities at Minnesota were confined to an occasional drawing for the college paper and his exacting duties teaching wood carving, scouting and basketball to the youngsters at Unity House.

It was the summer of his second year at Minnesota that the incident occurred which was to change the whole course of Henry's life.

One of Mother's friends was Mrs. Sam Burns, a director in the Omaha Community Playhouse, the "Little Theater" group in Omaha. A week before the scheduled opening of the Philip Barry play, "You and I," the juvenile lead fell ill. Mrs. Burns prevailed upon Mother to send Henry down to the Playhouse and he, thinking the job they wanted him to do was something like painting scenery, reported at a rehearsal to find the whole cast waiting for him to read lines with them.

Henry declares he was so nervous he could hardly find his voice, but he managed to get through the first rehearsal and by opening night was taking the whole thing in his stride and waving his arms about in gestures that, if not eloquent, were at least energetic.

With the first layer of grease paint, Henry succumbed to the spell of the footlights and the land of make-believe. For the rest of the summer he spent all his spare time, away from his odd jobs as telephone "trouble shooter" and garage helper, at the Playhouse. He designed and painted sets, he helped with the costumes and played everything from walk-ons to leads.

When college reopened, Henry decided to stay in Omaha and go on with the Playhouse and by the end of the year he had been made assistant director of the company at a salary of \$100 a month.

He remained with the Playhouse three seasons, with a three-month interlude during which he toured vaudeville houses of the Middle West in an act with George Billings, the famous impersonator of Lincoln. It was in his Playhouse days that Henry was involved in two pranks that are still remembered in Omaha.

Shortly after his flight to Paris, Lindbergh came to Omaha and was honored by a parade and a celebration. Visiting Harriet at the time was a boy from Wisconsin, tall, blonde and very closely resembling Lindbergh.

Henry had an old ramshackle jalopy. He let down the homemade top in back to form a raised seat on which he placed Harriet's friend and, just as the crowds were gathering on Dodge Street to greet the famous flyer, Henry and this tow-headed Wisconsin boy drove down the line of march, bowing and waving and acknowledging the cheers of the eager public.

If memory is not remiss, Henry even stopped at one point and mounted the back seat beside his guest to give a glowing speech extolling the virtues of the Lone Eagle.

The other episode also concerned an early-vintage car.

At a picnic in Valley, a little town in Nebraska near Omaha, at which Harriet and Lida Whitmore entertained some



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Treasure from the Fonda attic is this family snapshot for which Henry, Mrs. Fonda, Harriet, Jayne and Mr. Fonda struck a parlor pose in their Omaha house

Knee-pants view of Hank in a Busier Brown collar and a rural atmosphere: He feeds the chickens with Grandfather Ten Eycke Fonda and some assorted neighborhood small fry



twenty-five or thirty young boys and girls, Henry organized an impromptu funeral procession for a mythical "Mr. Jones."

From the running board of an old car, followed by the rest of us in other machines, Henry set up a doleful dirge that "Jones is dead." From the other cars came a mournful echo, "Oh, no! Say it isn't so!"

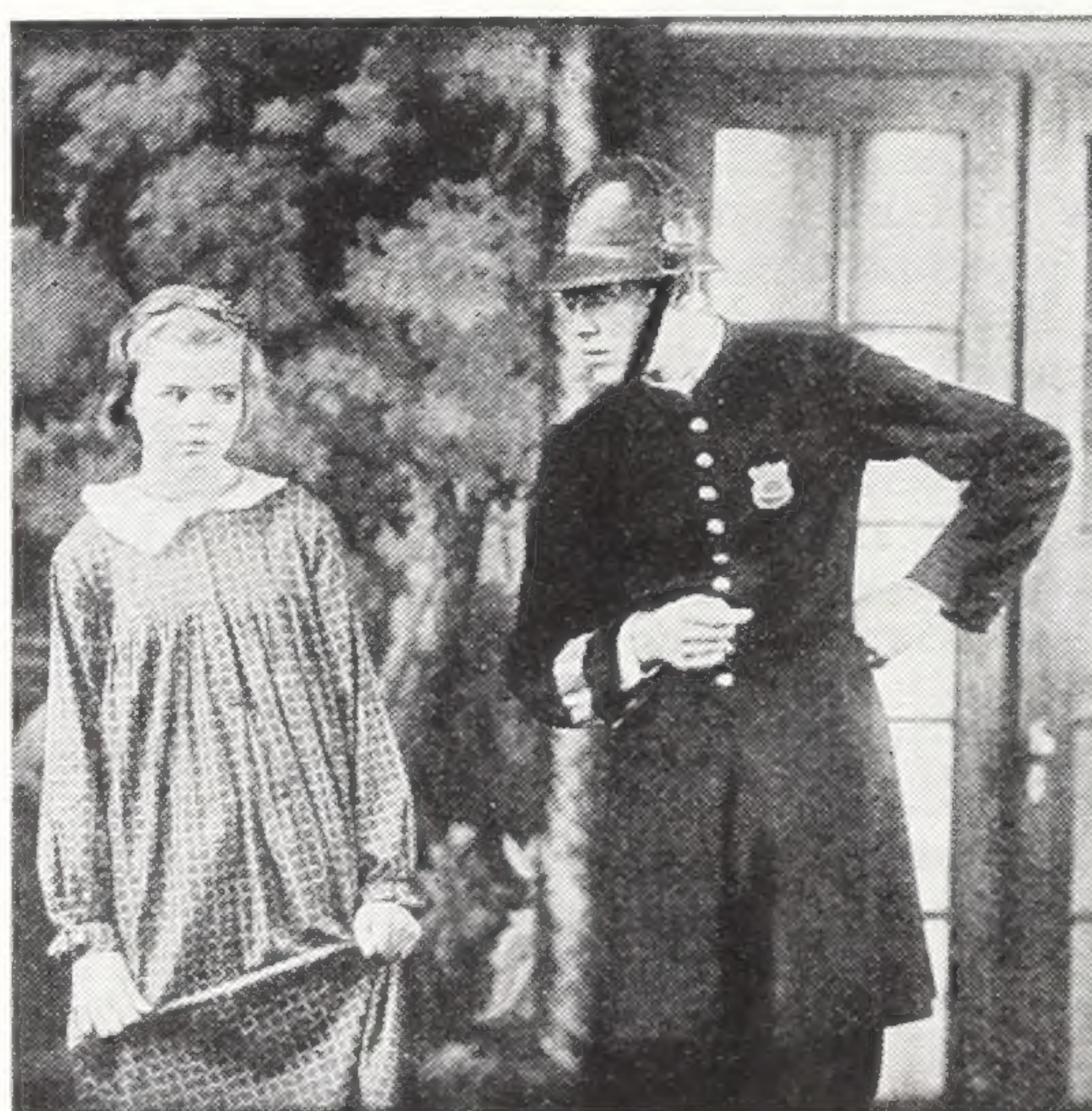
"Yes, by gory, Jones is dead!" Henry shouted to a startled populace of peaceful Valley who, unable to determine whether this was one of those strange Irish wakes they had read about, or merely a noisy bunch of youngsters, summoned the town constable.

Henry and two or three other boys were arrested and languished in jail for several hours until parents summoned from Omaha bailed them out with promises to the town magistrate that fitting punishment would be meted out at home.

Although he was an excellent dancer and popular with the girls, it was not until he had gone East to storm the citadels of Broadway that Henry was what you would call much of a ladies' man. All through high school, and his years at the Community Playhouse, his dates were more scattered than serious.

In fact, often it was one of us that Henry squired to high-school dances. These events were always preceded by a formal invitation with Henry using the downstairs phone and one of us answering on the upstairs phone, while he very stiffly asked if Miss Fonda would do him the honor of accompanying him to whatever function it was.

FROM the University Players Guild at Falmouth, on Cape Cod, where Henry spent several summers acting with a group of Harvard and Princeton boys, Henry made winter sorties into the theatrical world of New York. But the going was hard the first few years. Walk-ons and tiny parts in shows that quickly closed were his meager fare until the winter of 1935 when his work with the Westchester Playhouse at Mount Kisco brought him the lead in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," from which Broadway hit he was catapulted to Hollywood.



Big-time star in small-town role: Hank plays in "A Kiss For Cinderella," done by the Omaha Community Playhouse. The girl is Dorothy McGuire, now starring in Broadway's "Claudia"

Those lean winters, during which Henry subsisted on rice and cereals, eked out a bare existence by writing and drawing for the *New Yorker* and other magazines to add to his slim earnings in the theater, have been widely publicized. What probably isn't so well known is the fact that he turned down several earlier film bids because of a tenacious desire to make good first in the theater.

Through it all, and through his subsequent success in Hollywood, Henry has remained the same earnest, hard-working and utterly uninflated person he was when he thought \$50 a week was a fortune and a single line in a review magnificent publicity.

Last year both of us visited Henry and his wife Frances in Hollywood. These days Henry's talk is not so much of timing in acting, but the proper spacing of trees for the new ranch he is building.

Always fond of children, Henry is effusively happy with "Lady" Jane Seymour, his four-year-old daughter, Peter Henry, his year-old son, and Frances Brokaw, his stepdaughter. If ever there was a man who was the symbol of a proud papa it is Henry and all the affection and spirit of family unity that he once showed in our closely knit family life in Omaha is now lavished on his wife and three children.

Mother did not live to see Henry realize his stage ambitions. She died just as he was rehearsing for his first big New York hit, "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and Father died shortly after Henry went to Hollywood. Father, however, lived long enough to see—on a special screen in his sick room here in Omaha—Henry's first two film triumphs.

Were they alive, I am sure they would join us in our answer to that oft-repeated question, "Has Hank changed much?"

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